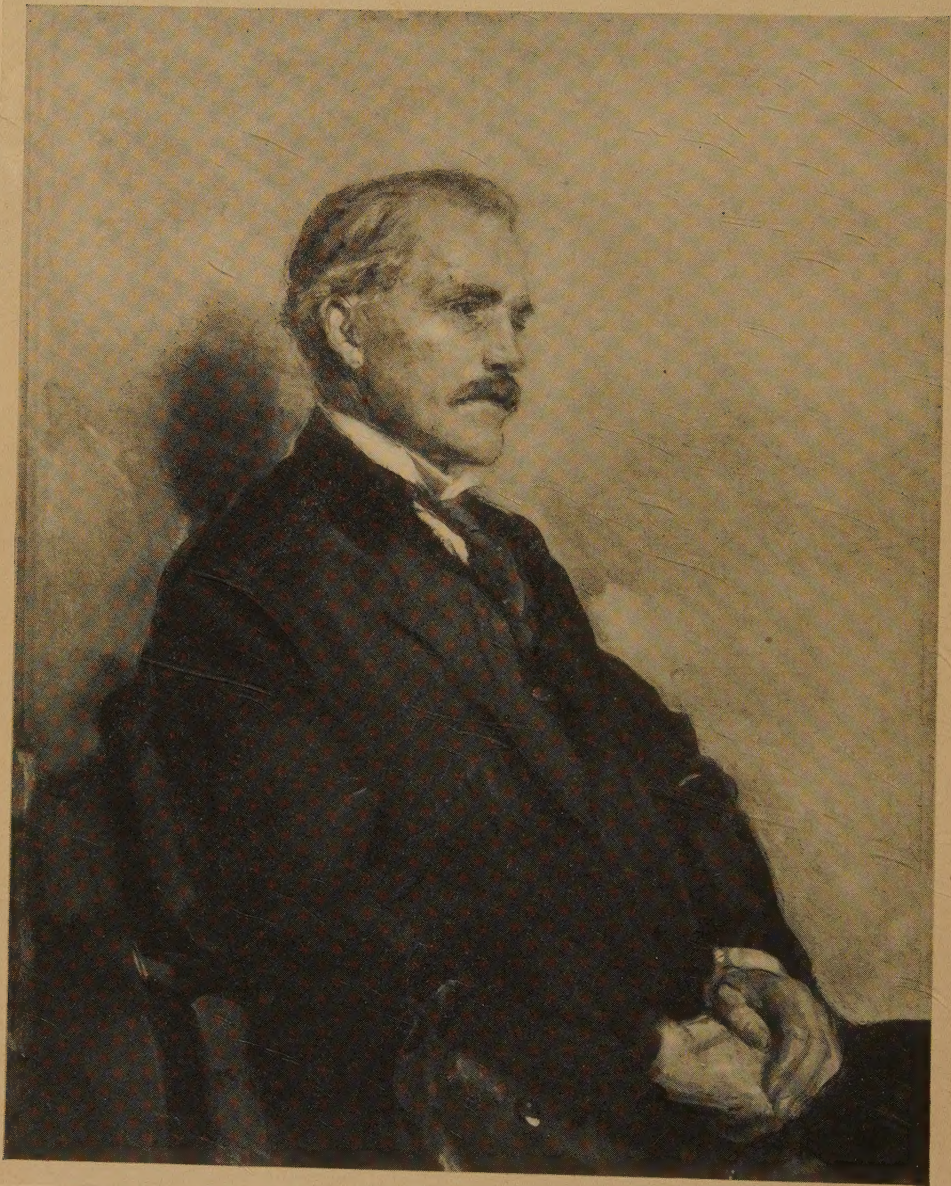
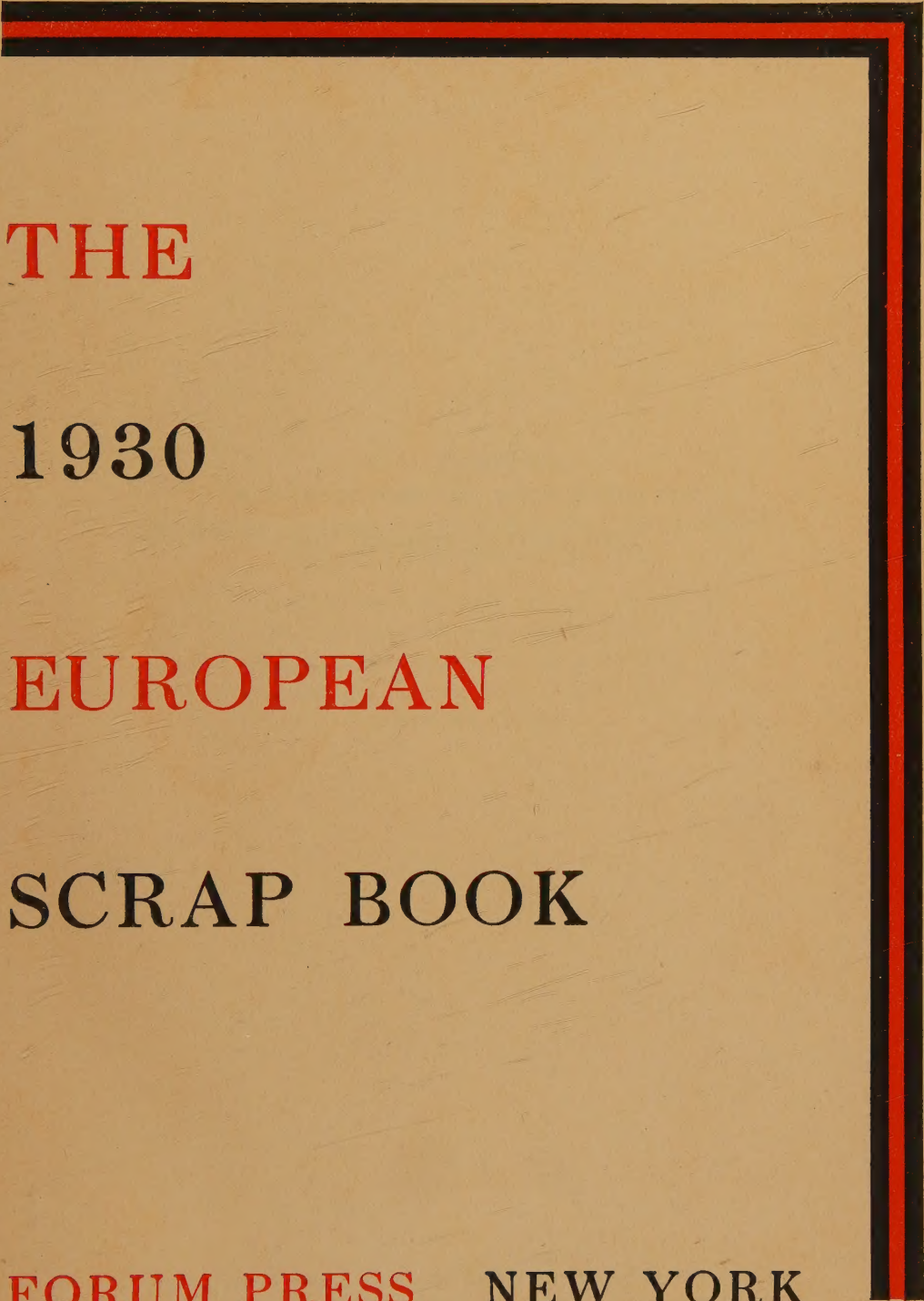


THE
EUROPEAN
SCRAP BOOK

EDWARD HENRY
1973



JAMES RAMSAY MACDONALD
From the Painting by Ambrose McEvoy, A. R. A.



THE

1930

EUROPEAN

SCRAP BOOK

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To
THE RIGHT HONORABLE JAMES RAMSAY MACDONALD
PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BRITAIN

WHOSE GOOD-WILL VISIT TO THE UNITED
STATES IN OCTOBER, 1929, ESTABLISHED A
PRECEDENT IN ANGLO-AMERICAN DIPLOMACY
AND MARKED A SPECIAL DATE IN THE CALEN-
DAR OF THE WORLD

FOREWORD

"I THINK the influence of great literature—the proper publication of earnest, stimulating thought—on both sides of the Atlantic, if we read wisely, may be a far better means of interpreting one to the other than can be accomplished by either politicians or the press," declares Stanley Baldwin, ex-Prime Minister of Great Britain, thereby voicing, inadvertently, the purpose and principle of this European Scrap Book and its companion volume, The American Scrap Book.

Scarcely a European man or woman of note in any sphere of human activity fails of representation in these pages. Their utterances may be confined to a paragraph or may occupy several pages. Dozens of weighty biographies and hundreds of essays, speeches, magazine articles are here set forth in condensed form. It is believed that no important utterance of any contemporary European has been overlooked in making this compilation a record of what has exercised the best minds of Europe during the past year.

A distinguished educator has aptly observed that if we remove from the population of any civilized nation, say, twenty per cent of the really "brainy" people, that is, those with an adequately developed brain, and an adequate education, modern civilization would quickly degenerate to the primitive habits of the caveman. It is from that twenty per cent, representing the notable achievements of the past twelve months in Statecraft, Science, Art, Literature, Music, Religion, Philosophy, Business, Exploration, Invention and other subjects that the material herewith presented is drawn.

Whereas The American Scrap Book is made up entirely of art and text matter of American authorship, The European Scrap Book is devoted solely to the presentation of things that originated in Europe, or, more accurately, the Eastern Hemisphere. The same plan of indexing has been followed in both volumes.

WILLIAM GRIFFITH, *Editor*,

Former Editor of CURRENT OPINION and
President of the Poetry Society of America.

THE
EUROPEAN
SCRAP BOOK

A NEW GOSPEL OF DIPLOMACY

by J. Ramsay MacDonald

Here are some representative passages from the valedictory address, delivered by the British Prime Minister before the Council of Foreign Relations in New York, on the eve of his departure from America after his now historic conversations with President Hoover. "In fifty years no finer address has been heard in America," writes Arthur Brisbane, chief editor of the Hearst newspapers. "Earnest, simple, sincere, it carried conviction to the minds of millions in America and in countries across the seas." This was the first visit ever made to the United States by a Prime Minister of Great Britain while in office; and it marks a milestone in the progress of civilization toward peace as a permanent goal.

... THERE is still that old leaven of diplomacy left in some quarters, mostly remote beyond the seas, that if two statesmen get together, talk together, arrange things together, come to agreements together, there must be something sinister in their hearts. The only remark that I make to those people is this, that they are very much out of date. Their suspicions do not arise because they know, they arise because they are old-fashioned; they arise because they have no conception of the new spirit that is making up its mind to govern and dominate the world, the spirit of an open diplomacy, the spirit of men coming together, not for the purpose of dividing the world into alliances and groups, but for the purpose of by their own agreements helping the world to come to a general agreement that will be universal and not particular. That was the spirit that made Mr. Hoover and myself meet together and talk over affairs of mutual interest to our countries.

I want to say quite definitely and clearly, I want the whole world to know it, and I say it without any reserve and any withholding of any kind whatever, that during the entire course of our conversations, there has never been any idea whatever of an exclusive understanding between Great Britain and the United States. There has been nothing discussed which the two governments would not be happy to see discussed on the same basis with all the Powers in the world. The understanding we have been trying to establish will always be incomplete and unsatisfactory until it has become the common possession of all the nations on the face of the earth. . . .

We have not come together for the purpose of enthroning peace over the Atlantic. We have come together for the purpose of trying to enthrone peace all over the world. . . .

We have declared that no war can take place between us. We have declared more, that we do not conceive, we cannot conceive, any circumstances

under which the armed forces of the United States and of Great Britain can come into conflict. So far, so good. Are we sincere? You have applauded that with extraordinary unanimity. The press of America has applauded it. How are you going to come with us or we go with you, to apply that doctrine, that faith, that determination, so that our national policies will reflect it?

Obviously, the very first step that can be taken to prove our sincerity is that you and we say to each other, "We are beginning to get indifferent as to our relative fighting forces. What is the use of troubling about something that is never going to be used?" Yes, but as soon as that is said, the old Adam in all of us comes back, our knees begin to tremble, our hearts begin to faint and to fail.

But we have declared something which I hope will protect us against the spread of that fear and that suspicion. We have said to each other that so far as our navies are concerned—the subject that we have been discussing in particular—there shall be parity between us, so that neither of us will have any advantage over the other, so that in the balance we are in a state of absolute equilibrium.

What is the effect of that? The Chairman [Elihu Root] referred to the reasons why people fight. He was perfectly right. People do not fight for the

Your President and I did not try to maneuver each other into position or out of position. We tried for no alliances and no balances of power. We did not sit down to play a creeping and a waiting game. We did not watch each other as swordsmen watch each other or as prize-fighters study the faces of each other. We did not begin by offering little things, trying to best each other, and then to advance step by step and stage by stage as the other forced us. We did not examine statements meticulously in order to discover how we could put something over the other without his knowing it.

The method was altogether different. We knew what we were out for. We stated the difficulties of our respective countries. He told me his; I equally frankly told him mine. He told me what he thought he could do; I told him what I thought I could do. He told me what public opinion demanded of him; I told him what public opinion demanded of me. In that sincerity, in that simplicity, in that informality, we conducted our negotiations and that is the reason why in four brief days we came to conclusions that under the old diplomacy would have taken at least as many months to have achieved.—J. Ramsay MacDonald, Prime Minister of Great Britain.

reasons that they give for it after they have got into war. People fight because something has happened; because a train of circumstances has happened which puts their nerves on edge, which makes them unhappy in their suspicions, which makes them feel unsafe and insecure—until, by a continuation of that mentality, they come to the conclusion, “For God’s sake, let us end it, whatever the price, whatever the result may be.” And before we know where we are, we are at war.

There is no better way to prevent the development of that national frame of mind than to prevent competition in armaments, because by competing in armaments every nation knows that it has failed to get security. And when it has spent its national income, when it has frayed its nerves, then it knows that war is absolutely inevitable, and that there is no cure for the conditions into which it has landed itself except the conflict of arms.

Limit the development of arms, and what do you do? You compel your statesmen, you compel yourselves, to trust to political security, the security of justice, the security of fair play, the security of rightness of position, the security of arbitration. Every agreement made subsequently between nations to stop threatening each other by competitive development of arms means that those nations are driven more and more into the judicial frame of mind, into the frame of mind which finds security in mutual conference and in mutual good will.

The mind, however, is furnished always with old furniture and it is very difficult for you to turn out of your mind the assumptions and fears that you have inherited and to furnish it afresh as you do your rooms in your houses. For instance, in our case, our navy is the very life of our nation. We have a romance surrounding it. We are people of the sea. We are a small island. Europe is at our doors, for good or for ill. The lines of our Empire

President Hoover came into office in March, 1929. I came into office in the following June. As soon as I came into office, I took down an old ax that I had been trying to wield in 1924, and with that ax in my hand I went to the end of the short trail that has up to now been blazed and cut along which the peoples of the world will have to march to peace. As soon as I got there, I found a man working in front of me, with his coat off. I said, “Hello! What are you doing?”

He said, “I am blazing a trail for peace,” and I said, “That is what I am here for. Who are you?”

He said, “My name is Hoover.” And he said, “Who are you?”

“Oh,” I said, “my name is MacDonald.”—J. Ramsay MacDonald, Prime Minister of Great Britain.

have been thrown all over the face of the earth. We have to import our food. A month's blockade, effectively carried out, would starve us all. Great powers on the Continent trust to their land forces. Our land forces must always be a secondary force in the event of any conflict. Great Britain's navy is Great Britain itself.

As I say, we are a people of the sea, and the sea is our security and our safety.

Ah, my American friends, I hope that your imaginations will enable you to see the affection, the real understandable human affection that is gathered around our ships of the sea when we look into the future, and how hard it is to get the British people to feel security if the naval arm is limited in any way whatever.

I put that in front of you, not as a final word, but as a plea for understanding, a plea for patience, a plea for good will. In that way, the very fact that you show that patience and that good will will enable us to change that part of the furniture of our mind and put in its place more modern, fairer, more comfortable, and more substantial furniture for future use. . . . — From the address delivered by the British Prime Minister in New York, October 11, 1929.



The Lord Christ Came to Notre Dame

The Lord Christ came to Notre Dame;

Unseen within the shadows there,

He heard the high resounding psalm,

The chanted immemorial prayer;

From a far wandering He had come,

The length and breadth of Christendom.

'Twas Christmas Eve; a solemn mirth

Filled the great fane with music sweet,

Singing the gladness of His birth.

The snow was falling in the street,

The world went by with homeless feet.

*"Peace and good will . . ." Beneath His
hood*

*The tears stole down—His dream of
good*

How little had men understood,

How often, calling on His name,

*Had these old streets run wild with
flame,*

And yonder river roared with blood!

Slaying each other for His sake,

Marching for Him with fife and drum,

Building with fagot and with stake

The gentle-hearted world to come,

With torture a new earth to make,

And call it Christendom;

With fury to make fury cease,

*Dancing in blood, sweet land of
France,*

To teach the nations how to dance,

And out of murder to bring peace;

Forging new chains to make men free,

And call it Liberty. . . .

—Richard Le Gallienne, in *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

LOOKING AHEAD WITH RAMSAY MACDONALD

by J. Ramsay MacDonald

This interesting and important forecast was written by the British Prime Minister shortly before he led the Labor forces to victory, and it appeared shortly afterwards as a prominent feature in one of the most conservative London publications. But for his triumph at the polls it is probable that the same journal would have no more featured a pronouncement by the head of the British Labor Party than an organ of the Ku Klux Klan would have printed a speech by Governor "Al" Smith during the last Presidential campaign in the United States.

SINCE 1914 the self-determination of nations has been the great cry; it will be displaced by the still more important cry of self-determination for individuals. Nationality, which in the practical work of the affairs of the world is precious but limited, will have to be supplemented by individuality and personality. . . .

In speculating on the political outlook for the coming decade, the first thing one thinks about is: What will the League of Nations be like in 1940? And the answer depends upon the moral and political power which the smaller states of Europe are to acquire in the interval.

If they can make themselves really felt at Geneva, there is no reason why, within the next ten years, we should not have something corresponding to a United States of Europe.

If, on the other hand, they fail to do this and the Great Powers continue to dominate at Geneva, and use the machinery there primarily to transact their own business and carry out their own policies, the condition of affairs will be less hopeful and more confused.

The Powers will try to maintain peace because it will be a condition of their domination, but they will be inert, as an old generation is in relation to a younger. They will act as fathers, telling other nations how to behave and keeping them in order, but they will retain the powers of initiation and will impose their own will. That, in the long run, is not a condition of stability. . . .

So long as America remains aloof from the League the complete organization of Europe is difficult, almost impossible. The world is getting so small that no agreement can secure freedom and self-determination for Europe unless the agreement covers every important state in the world.

I think there is little chance of America joining the League within ten years. It will, however, be associated much more closely with League activities—the International Court and so on—than now.

Before ten years are up Great Britain and America will have come to an agreement upon the old irritating question of the "Freedom of the Seas," and that will lead to further American-European understanding.

An important factor in Europe will be the growth of the financial power of America, which will be considerable and may be influenced by whatever success the United States may meet in forming a Pan-American federation—not in name but in understanding.

Mexico will continue to be a hard problem in the development of that policy, and as the South American States grow in self-consciousness and prosperity they may also be unwilling partners to any agreement as full as the United States would like. But it will be hard to resist the United States propaganda and capital.

Before ten years are over the Western races will also have to face some very difficult problems in relation to the Eastern races.

One of the almost unobserved effects of the Russian Revolution and the very short-sighted policy we [Britons] have pursued during the last four years has been to make Russia turn its face eastward. Its influence on the whole at present is mischievous, and we have made that unfortunate development of policy not only easy but inevitable.

The greatest problem that confronts us now is: How is the present period of transition between the days when the West dominated the East by force of arms and those when the East will be regarded as equal for the purposes of negotiation to be bridged over?

Russian influence is trying to answer that question by means of revolution, or at least of a revolutionary mentality.

I mean by that that the East is assuming that the only way it can win freedom and assert its self-respect is to say to the West:

“We shall not negotiate with you. Your dominion over us has to be ended in accordance with our will. We do not trust you to make changes by reason and by your sense of fair play. *This* is what we want, and by boycott and force we shall compel you to accept it.”

In this attitude the question of democratic progress is involved. In days of revolution democracy is of no use. It is meant for days of peace and conditions determined by peace.

I do not believe that ten years from now dictatorship in Europe will have strengthened itself, nor do I believe that European dictatorships are in the end to damage European democracy.

It will probably be found that if European democracy is shattered the real blow will come from the failure of the West and the East to come to such friendly terms during the transition period as to justify democracy both in the East and in the West.—From an article by the Prime Minister of Great Britain, in the London *Sunday Dispatch*.

Now and again, say every hundredth year, we might make a memorable at-

tempt to discover whether the Scots have any deficiencies.—Sir James M. Barrie.

A CRITICAL SITUATION

by J. Ramsay MacDonald

The reaction of the British press and public to the pessimistic views on Anglo-American relations expressed in an American weekly by the Labor Prime Minister some months before he replaced Stanley Baldwin, is voiced by the London Morning Post and the Daily Telegraph. The former deploras "the fulminations of professional pacifists, who cannot be persuaded to observe more reticence and leave Anglo-American relations to silence and slow time. . . . If America desired a navy twice as great, no power could gainsay her. With all her wealth and inexhaustible resources, effective rivalry would be impossible."

. . . THE European war left for the United States and England times full of petty irritation. The burdens of debt, revolutions in industry and in world markets, the problems of political readjustment in a world which has undergone more change than people really imagine, and, in some respects, the even more difficult mental readjustments that are called for, are not good for an equable temper. And when we come down to actual business, we find ourselves still more immersed in the strangeness of the change which has taken place.

The whole world today is calling for peace and security against war, and when a simple declaration against war which avoids every practical difficulty is put before the world, the world hails it with acclamation, signs it—and relapses. To those of us who believe that to bring the nations out of the war age is the divine task of this generation, the temptation to lapse into cynicism rather than continue in an energetic faith is very great when we find that armament expansion both in Europe and America has been decreed by the same hands and the same pens as signed a solemn bond to eliminate forever the consideration of war from national policies.

There is something wrong somewhere. Somehow, the distinction in Christian conduct between Sunday and the rest of the week seems to be creeping into international policies.

The first reflection which we are apt to make on such a situation is that some nation other than our own is perfidious. That has the demerit of leading us nowhere except up the dangerous way of self-appreciation and it also happens to be inadequate as an explanation. The fact is that every nation is rent between two opposing and hostile moods. Everyone wants peace, but no one will accept and pursue a policy based upon peace assumptions. The practical policy of the United States and Great Britain is exactly the same as that which preceded and prepared for the late war. . . .

Here in Europe those of us who are devoting our lives to the elimination

of war from the national records of the times to come are nearer to the frontiers from which war alarms come than you are in America, and we, therefore, see phrases and words with a meaning in realistic policy somewhat different from the meaning you see in them. But we know that with America indifferent, or neutral, or pursuing its own way, our tasks are to be heavy and our defeat is to be more possible. Therefore it is imperative that steps be taken at once to end all this foolish and mischievous feeling which is alienating the United States from Great Britain. . . .

I want to involve the United States in no European escapade and no entanglements. It ought to praise its Creator night and day that that necessity is not imposed upon it, as it is, alas! upon us. But those of us whose lot is cast here, and whose fate it is to struggle against the powers of militarism which have been wounded but certainly not killed in the late war, should like to feel that an American hand will always be placed in ours for encouragement, and that the relations between your country and mine can be held up to the world as an example of what we are striving to establish everywhere.—From *The Nation* (New York).

The House of Disillusion

The House of Commons is not "the finest club in Europe." It is too much like a big office with a lot of backbiting between the clerks. Where formerly if there were a difference of opinion one member would assure another he was mistaken in his facts, there is a likelihood now that he would bluntly be called a liar.

Not only do M.P.s show less respect for each other, but there has been a slump in respect on the part of the public for politicians. Politicians themselves are responsible because they encourage the public in the belief that most of the others are "on the make" for their class. The suspicion has grown that brilliant men are not so much statesmen as careerists—where they are going being the first consideration.

The daily Press pays less and less attention to Parliamentary proceedings—and this not because the public lacks interest in national affairs; it is because

the quality of the speaking has deteriorated. . . .

No doubt, by the counting of noses the House of Commons is more representative than it was; but to the man with a fair amount of conceit and ambition it is the home of disillusion.

Here, then, is the secret why the health of many members decides them not to seek re-election next year. . . . It is human nature that once in the saddle a man is not going to dismount because some importunate fellow thinks he could ride the horse better. Anyway, it is notorious that there are capable men on the back benches who are never given a chance to mount, and there are some men on the Treasury bench who are not gifted riders. . . .

One of these days there may be a chance at Westminster for the independent, outspoken patriot who thinks more of his country than his party. But not for a long time.—Sir John Foster Fraser, in the *London Graphic*.

THE COMING CIVILIZATION

by George Bernard Shaw

The founder and chief spokesman of the Fabian Society of London here makes a remarkable forecast of the form of economic and political society that is taking shape as a heritage of the World War. These passages are from a lecture on The Future of Western Civilization delivered before the Fabian Society, and are part of a stenographic report.

CIVILIZATION is not a thing that you must consider as something single that is going to grow and grow and grow. Of course, most English people have a conception that civilization is English civilization, and that it is going to broaden down from precedent to precedent and going on getting grander and more enlightened until it reaches—well, until it practically grows up to the heavens. But that is not what happens. Civilizations are like men and women in respect of the fact that they die. They begin, they grow, and when they have reached a certain point they decay and they perish. But, unlike men and women, they do not die outright. They do what gardeners call dying down; they die down and then they begin again.

I am by no means convinced that the next growth of civilization will be an English growth, or even a Western European growth. It might possibly be a negro growth, it might be a Chinese growth, not perhaps in the old sense; but the next great civilization might be a civilization of persons of different color to ourselves, and we will have reason to be extremely thankful if that is the only difference. Because we have no reason to suppose that the powers that created us are as yet exhausted, and they might produce a civilization of men and women who would be sufficiently enlightened to see that their first duty was to exterminate us. Perhaps it would be just as well if we remembered that occasionally, and were correspondingly a little careful in our conduct—at least a little more careful than we are at present.

Civilization in future is going to consist to a great extent of a struggle between the men who will not believe anything except on laboratory evidence, who are not even conscious of the fact that they themselves manufacture the evidence; and, on the other hand, the men who have normal capacities of observation and judgment, who know almost by intuition and by unconscious observation, by watching experiments, and by studying history, have an enormous mass of knowledge which is entirely independent of any such manufactured evidence. On the one hand you will find—I do not like to call them the materialists, but the naturalists in the narrowest sense; and on the other hand you have the poet and the philosopher; and what is going to happen in the future, as I say, will be largely a struggle between them. . . .

One of our difficulties at the present time is that we have to employ

persons who have made a special study of certain branches of knowledge; not only science, but law, religion, the army, navy, the church and the stage—that is the old formula. But at any rate you get through this necessity what are called the professions; and the professions, speaking quite roughly, at the present time are all humbug. . . .

The matter with all the professions today is what in industry is called workers' control. The moment you put the workers in control of the organization of their work, then look out—I won't say for bad work, but for work that is hopelessly and completely out of date. You are going to have a continuation in future civilization of a struggle which has been developing continually between the producer and the consumer, for control of the whole processes of production. That is going, of course, to figure very largely, always must figure, in the life of a nation. . . .

But now we come to a rather more serious thing, because it is a more permanent thing. We are all agreed that war is horrible and we do not want to have any more of it; but the excuse for war has always been that it gets things done, that under the strain of war men will do things, some of which are very desirable, which it is impossible to get them to do in time of peace.

Before the war there were lingering in Europe three monstrosities, one of which was the Russian Empire, the other was the Austrian Empire—the inheritor of the Holy Roman Empire—and the third was the German Empire. Before the war there was not the slightest reasonable prospect of getting rid of any of them. There they were; nothing would shift them. Well, the war has shifted them, they are gone; and they are replaced by bourgeoisie republics. But matters have gone a little further than that. The war not only shifted

I have often thought of what has been my own lot in life: that I have walked through the streets of London as a young man and I have seen all the tremendous display of wealth of every kind, of sport and luxury, and I could not buy a single farthing's worth of it. If there had been a Woolworth's in existence at that time I could not have gone in, because I had not got literally a penny; I could not go to a theater because I could not afford the price of a gallery seat.

Later on in life, by a chapter of accidents, there came about a time when I walked about the streets of London and I had money enough to buy any of those things, from a box in the opera to a Rolls-Royce motor car, without imposing any sensible privation on myself; and, curiously, the result was exactly the same. I went home; there was nothing that I wanted.—George Bernard Shaw.

the empires and established bourgeoisie republics, but in Spain and Italy it has shifted the bourgeoisie republics and produced a provisional form of dictatorship which we are all looking on with great interest to find out exactly what is going to come of it. . . .

If you are going to get rid of war you will really have to consider what is going to be substituted for the strain of war, when really large things, things on a large scale, involving a change of habit, have got to be done. You see, war is very largely caused not altogether by the great capitalists and the ferocity of mankind and its pugnacity, though these things have their share in it; they really do very largely come about by our waiting until the necessity for some event in civilization, until that event is so long delayed that it absolutely breaks its way destructively into existence, instead of being intelligently anticipated and brought about.—George Bernard Shaw, reported in the *New York Times*.

“AE” on Censorship in Ireland

The Irish Government has provided us with a Censorship Bill . . . thinking that a nice fight about censorship might slake our thirst for kicks and blows. Besides, one must realize that Ireland is the most moral country in the world, so moral indeed that it cannot bear the sight of a naked baby. A few years ago a soap manufacturer posted an advertisement which showed a naked baby reaching for his soap. Such a scandalous sight as the exhibition of a naked baby naturally aroused spiritual indignation. So much so that the guardians of our morals in Cork and Louth went to the bill-posters and insisted that they paint trousers on the body of that naked infant, that it might not injure the purity of life in Ireland.* The bill-posters obeyed. . . .

A generation ago our literature was the most idealistic and mystic literature in Europe—with Yeats, O’Grady, Synge, James Stephens. Now, as a reaction—see Joyce, Sean O’Casey, Liam O’Flaherty—we have the most realistic literature. The poets of a generation ago explored the palace chambers of the soul, the

writers of to-day find the palace chambers too ethereal and have gone down into the cellars and sewers. A necessity, this change, just as when, having looked at red, you must see green when looking away. The next generation will, of course, get tired of realism and will try to evolve a new kind of literature—if only the censorship permits. . . .

There is not such a thing as the real Irishman. Ireland is the country of individuals. Bernard Shaw, George Moore, Yeats, Joyce, Stephens, each of them is a nation in himself. The Government is trying very hard, through a Gaelic education, to make an Irish nation, to standardize a type. But possibly when they have succeeded in creating an Irish nation, there won’t be a single Irishman left! As to me, I would prefer four million people, all thinking by themselves, to four million Irishmen all thinking the same. Theoretically it seems pleasant to have people who agree with you on everything all about you, but in fact what boredom there would be in the evenings!—“AE” (George William Russell), in an interview, in *The Irish Statesman* (Dublin).

HOW THE ARMISTICE WAS SIGNED

by Marshal Ferdinand Foch

Here is the last published utterance made in his lifetime by "the greatest soldier since Napoleon," who died in Paris, March 20, 1929. As Generalissimo of the Allied armies in the World War, Marshal Foch commanded successfully the greatest military force ever gathered together on the face of the earth. He died regretting his inability to complete his memoirs, upon which he had been working for two years when he was stricken with influenza two months before he succumbed. His dying words were, "Well, then let us go there," addressed to his attendant and referring to his narrow brass bed, from which he had been removed to an arm chair. Jean Folaize, the attendant, and sole witness of his death, says: "I drew his arm chair away from the window through which he had been gazing, and was about to take him in my arms when I saw him turn strangely pale and raise his head as though straining to look through the upper pane. As I caught him, his head dropped forward. Marshal Foch was gone."

WHEN, on Nov. 8, 1918, a chilly and cloudy morning, General Weygand came to my car and announced, "Here they are," I slightly raised a blind and looked through the window. We were in one of the densest corners of the Compiègne Forest. It had rained for several days and the ground was a mere lake of mud. Although the German train was only sixty yards distant from my own train, a sort of gangway had been thrown on the soil and four men were seen striding along it. I looked at them and said to myself, "So this is the German Empire. At last, it is beaten and begs for peace. Well, I am going to treat it as it deserves, without hate or brutality, but with firmness."

When, a few seconds later, they entered my drawing room in the car, I saw them standing, pale and stiff. One of them, whom I guessed to be Mathias Erzberger, asked in a rather weak voice, permission to make the presentations.

I simply said, "Gentlemen, have you any documents? We shall examine their validity." Then they showed me documents signed by Prince Max of Baden, which I deemed to be satisfactory. Then turning toward Erzberger, I said to him, "What do you want?" He replied in a still troubled voice, "We have come to receive the proposal of the Allied Powers in view of an armistice." I cut in rather sharply (and this was the only time I was sharp), "I have no proposal whatsoever to make."

The four Germans consulted one another with their eyes. "Well," said one of them, Count Obendorff, "tell us, Monsieur le Maréchal, how you wish us to express ourselves. Our delegation is prepared to ask you the conditions of an armistice." I insisted, "Do you ask formally for an armistice?" "Yes,

we do." "Then, please sit down and I will read the conditions of the Allies to you."

I began to read the conditions of the armistice slowly. After each paragraph I stopped to permit the interpreter to translate. Then I looked at my interlocutors and followed the impression of their faces during the translation. Gradually I saw those faces change. Winterfeldt especially was very pale. I even think that he wept. When I had finished reading I simply declared, "Gentlemen, I leave this text with you; you have seventy-two hours to reply to it. Meanwhile, you may present observations of details to me."

Then Erzberger became pathetic. "For God's sake, Monsieur le Maréchal," he said, "do not wait for those seventy-two hours. Stop the hostilities this very day. Our armies are a prey to anarchy. Bolshevism threatens them, and that Bolshevism may gain ground over the whole of Germany and threaten France herself."

I replied: "I do not know in what state your armies are; I only know in what situation mine are. Not only can I not stop the offensive, but I am giving orders to continue it, with redoubled energy."

Winterfeldt intervened in his turn: "Monsieur le Maréchal, it will be necessary for our staffs to consult each other and to discuss together the whole of the details of execution. How will they be able to do so if the hostilities be continued? I beg of you, for technical reason, to stop the hostilities."

Again I retorted: "The technical discussions can just as well take place in seventy-two hours. Until then the offensive will continue." This time it was finished. The four plenipotentiaries rose and withdrew.

The early part of the night of Nov. 10 I did not sleep at all. A little after 2 o'clock in the morning of Nov. 11 [the expiration of the seventy-two hours] the German plenipotentiaries came back into my car and started a supreme discussion. They requested that, in consideration of the troubled state that prevailed in the whole of Germany, the army be permitted to retain a greater number of machine guns for the purpose of maintaining order. I granted them 5,000 machine guns and 100 auto trucks. Then that was all. . . . And at 5:15 A. M., exactly, they signed the deed of the armistice in large letters.

At 7 o'clock I ordered my car and started for Paris. At 9 o'clock I arrived at the War Office, Rue Saint Dominique, and was ushered into the presence of M. Clemenceau. He did not appear to be in good humor and asked me grumblingly: "What have you yielded to the Germans?" I tendered him the deed in reply and told him that at 11 o'clock the gun should be fired to announce the end of the hostilities. He wanted it to be fired at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, at the moment when he would ascend the tribune of the Chamber. I insisted: "In two hours," I said, "the last shot will be fired and on all the front the struggle will have ceased. It is impossible that the Parisian population remain in ignorance of it."

Other persons who were present in the Cabinet of the Prime Minister, M. Barthou, for instance, insisted with me. "Well," ordered the old Tiger at last, "let the gun be fired at 11 o'clock." All that remained for me to do was to withdraw.

"Mr. President," I simply said, "my work is finished. Your work begins."—From an interview by Stephane Lauzanne, editor of *Le Matin* (Paris), on the tenth anniversary of the signing of the Armistice.

U.S.E. and U.S.A.

The United States of Europe—that is an excellent phrase which can be twisted to mean anything! Employed in Victor Hugoesque fashion, we may all applaud it. But as a synonym of our old friend the Bloc Continental, which as formerly conceived was directed against Great Britain and may now be directed against the United States of America, it arouses suspicion. . . .

If we are to talk about the United States of Europe, let us bear in mind that it is the goal and not the starting point. It has nothing to do with immediate practical politics. There is something ludicrous in calling on Europe to federate, when France and England cannot even agree, without prolonged discussions, on the date and meeting-place of their ministers; when Czechoslovakia and Hungary are squabbling about some spy case or other; when the Foreign Offices are working overtime in drawing up treaties of alliances and counter-alliances; and so on. . . . We must not put the cart before the horse, and imagine that a general proclamation will produce a condition of affairs which is belied by a hundred specific national rivalries, jealousies, ambitions, fears, and animosities. Phrase-making is not peace-making. . . .

The analogy of the United States of America is not cheering to the expo-

nents of a united Europe. It took the thirteen American States which had won their independence a long time before they could make up their minds that, as Benjamin Franklin told them, they must hang together or hang separately. They had fought their war—all on the same side. They spoke the same tongue, they had the same culture, and they were for the most part compatriots. Nevertheless the original States tried to maintain their individuality. Agreement on union was reached slowly and the greatest difficulties were experienced. In point of fact, many years after a loose federation had been in existence, and had been more or less welded by other wars, there was a rebellion against federal claims and a Civil War was fought.

Europe, with its thousands of years of history, has always been divided against itself; and it has been, within recent years, more divided than ever before. Over a hundred languages are spoken in Europe; there is a new nationalism, a new insistence on race, local tradition, and religion; there is a vivid memory of wrongs, freshly perpetrated, of intensive propaganda conducted with all the resources of our time. It would be wrong to say that political unity is permanently and ultimately impossible; but it is sheer midsummer madness to assert that political unity is within sight.—Sisley Huddleston, in *The New Statesman* (London).

THE KAISER REVEALED IN HIS LETTERS

German monarchists have been deeply stirred by the publication of these, among other, letters written by William II to the former Germany Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Bernhard von Bülow. Germans still faithful to the Hohenzollerns resent the light they throw upon his character. One apologist, Freiherr von Sell, an official in charge of the property of the former royal house, asserts, in a letter commenting on their translation, that "they have no historical significance. Every man at one time or another indulges in utterances to a friend, such as Prince Bülow then was to the Kaiser, which he would not regard as suited for print and to which he would not wish to give permanence." Their historical significance is for the reader to judge.

They were written at a period when, for the first time in the reign of the Emperor, the British Government, through Joseph Chamberlain, then Foreign Secretary, was making serious proposals of an alliance with Germany. If the British advances had been favorably met in Berlin, the English-French-Russian Entente would have been prevented and the World War might never have occurred.

Wilhelmshöhe,
August 22, 1898.

AT LAST I have the British, squirming and struggling, exactly where I want them. Yesterday, in the course of a very penetrating, really serious, and extremely candid conversation with Sir Frank Lascelles [British Ambassador in Berlin], I gleaned the information that Chamberlain's treaty proposal has now been changed to an offer of a "defensive alliance." The gist of it is that England solemnly undertakes, in all seriousness, to come to our aid with men and horses and vehicles, that is, with all available means of combat by land and sea, in case "we are attacked by two powers at once." He begs us to do the same in case "England is attacked by two powers at once"! Now that has a very different sound from what was said in April of this year: "You are to kick Russia out of China for us."

This astonishing turn of events, which is, for us, very much like the famous "guarantee treaty" that Bismarck had with Russia, provides an acceptable basis for negotiation and is entirely due to the endeavors and the zealous labor of this fine fellow, Lascelles! He had his first glimpse of the documents of Chamberlain and Balfour during his summer trip to England. It is incredible, but true!

Thereupon, in his direct, frank manner, he told the astonished Chamberlain that, in the first place, he had no chance of getting Germany to declare against Russia, and in the second place, that the Germans did not need his help! He told him that with the whole English Navy it would be impossible

to make a Cossack budge out of East Prussia! And that England could not possibly do as much harm to the Russians as the Russians were capable of doing to Germany. Chamberlain was so flabbergasted (excuse the expression!) that he stared at the good Lascelles absolutely speechless and with his mouth hanging open. As someone has said, "For once this man was utterly without an answer, which never happened to him, and he remained so until after lunch!"

Thus, it has finally been given an Englishman to show the British clearly that their plausible, prodigious, and, in their own estimation, priceless offer of aid has not the great value for us that they attach to it. Frankly, this deserves to be called a deed of rescue, a deed of emancipation! As soon as the veil had been withdrawn from the eyes of the British, it was evident to them after lunch that we had no kick whatever against Russia. On that account, they have tuned their lyres in a key which makes an entirely different sound and which in my opinion has produced very agreeable results! Now we can negotiate and feather our own nests in the process. And, if Heaven wills it, I shall bring good wishes in person to my grandmother on her eightieth birthday next year! Lascelles must reap a special reward!

Wilhelmshöhe,
August 9, 1899.

Your message crossed mine, and if I had been in Ilmathen I should have said, "*Les beaux esprits se rencontrent.*" Many thanks for your interesting news. The most astonishing, although hardly the most surprising thing was, again, the attitude of the fat British Prime Minister. Three weeks ago he was full of anxiety, attention, and ardent wishes for an interview with me; now the situation is just the opposite. I take this to mean that his wife has again come to the front, for she manages him; and, in general, British womenfolk seem to stir up a breeze that blows contrary to me and my plans. Well, one must accept this and reckon with it. It's a great thing to see what a fine impression it makes on European society when we greet Madame Galliam on the promenade and she tilts her parasol to the other side and bows to us and stands for a moment engaged in friendly conversation with us! That has more significance for the peace of Europe than ten Hague Conferences and several dozen blockheads from peace tribunals, courts of appeal, and adjustment and arbitration conferences. . . .

August 30, 1905.

At last! A difficult disentanglement! Theodore Roosevelt has done his job admirably! He must have knouted the Japs! But even the Japs are shrewd people and have abandoned their original demands—at any event, those made for trading purposes. Britain's absolute refusal to support Roosevelt by bringing pressure to bear on the Jap ally is interesting. It's a good thing that this thorn is left sticking in the President's side.

It is noteworthy that the Americans, during the peace negotiations, have gradually turned away from the Japs and toward the Russians—in spite of Witte.

This is a proof that they see further than England does and recognize the community of the white race, which ought to present a solid front to the yellow race. It is, in fact, a race question, and the opposition between yellow and white will soon become noticeable between America and Japan, since the Japs will never pardon the Americans for having thus let them down. . . .

Neues Palais, December 31, 1905.

Your very interesting letter, with the inclosure from Wetterlé, impressed me greatly. The information that in France 150,000,000 francs have already been spent secretly for war preparations is especially serious and worthy of consideration. It is all the more so since up to now I have had only the slightest inkling of it from either the military or the naval attaché. By this move the French have won a very important advantage over us. We must try next to discover for what these sums were spent. . . .

If you, dear Bülow, reckon with the possibility of a war, which might arise from France's attitude at the Morocco conference, then you must busy yourself energetically with our allies. Their aid must be solicited without conditions, for their existence would also be at stake, since it would be a world war.

Above everything else an alliance must be made at once with the Sultan, cost whatever it may, in order to put the Mohammedan forces in the broadest sense at my disposal—under Prussian leadership—and also with all the Arabian rulers. For we are not in a position to make war alone against France and England combined.

The next year is especially unfavorable, since we are engaged in equipping our artillery with a new gun, which business will not be over for a year. Also, the infantry is undergoing the process of re-equipment and is receiving new rifles and munitions. Everywhere near Metz there are unfinished forts and batteries, which will be the first to be attacked.

So we are not, in the technical, military sense, at a stage at which I, as Supreme War Lord, would agree light-heartedly and without further preparation to involve my army, especially over Morocco.

The trouble with the situation is this: that (1) our diplomacy in England has absolutely failed to understand how to present itself to Edward VII and to win him over; (2) our Press in the most shameless manner—consciously or unconsciously—has irritated and angered the English to a dangerous degree; (3) the Reichstag, through its refusal during the first ten years of our reign to build up and increase the fleet, has so weakened us in comparison with the other sea powers that we are almost verging on a condition

of helplessness. We are absolutely defenseless against a combined French-English fleet. . . .

In this also our contemptible Press has committed horrible sins! For the windows smashed by it since 1896 the bills anticipated by me are now being presented to us, even in committee report form. So I should like to advise you urgently to direct affairs so that as far as possible a decision to go to war is spared us for the present.

In addition, at such moments as these, when the Socialists preach and prepare open revolt, I cannot withdraw a man from the country without the greatest danger to the lives and property of the citizens.

First shoot down the Socialists, behead them, and make them innocuous if necessary by a blood bath—and then a foreign war! But not before and not *a tempo*. . . .

Your true friend, WILHELM.—In *The Living Age* (New York) translated from the German in the *Berliner Tageblatt*.

“I Remember the Duke of Wellington”

I can remember, when I was young, helping the Duke of Wellington, the victor of Waterloo, home from church on Sunday mornings. He attended the service in the chapel in Hobart Place; and invariably, when he came out, there was an immense crowd to see him, pressing on him, cheering and staring.

He was getting a little feeble in those days, and took my arm to steady him as he made his way through the crowd. I considered it a great honor then, as I do now.

The Duke seldom was influenced by popular applause. He knew how little it was worth, how soon it sprang into being, and how soon it died. He had known both the day when he was a demi-god of the London mob, cheered and acclaimed as the national savior, and the days in the anti-Reform Bill riots when, because of his views, the mob stoned his house and broke his windows.

He had heavy iron shutters put up in front of all the windows at Apsley House after that, for the stones and missiles cut some very good pictures, and he never had the shutters taken down. They remained there, mute witnesses of his disbelief in popular applause, until after his death.

It was always said that one day, some considerable time after the riots, the old Duke was riding up the Mall and was followed by an immense crowd, who cheered and applauded him as though he were a Cæsar.

He rode impassively on, his two fingers occasionally going to his hat in a quiet salute, his face absolutely immobile, as though carved in granite, until he reached the gates of Apsley House, when he turned in his saddle to the cheering crowd, pointed with his whip to the iron-shuttered windows of his house, bowed sardonically, and rode in without a word.—The Earl of Coventry, “Father of the Turf and the Peerage,” in the (London) *Graphic*.

WHY THE KAISER REFUSED TO ABDICATE

by William Hohenzollern

Early in November, 1918, facing an open revolt in Berlin and of the sailors at Kiel against the Imperial Government, coincident to the proclaiming of a republic at Munich, Chancellor Prince Max of Baden implored the Kaiser to abdicate and sent a Parliamentary commission under Prussian Minister Drews from Berlin to the spa where he was staying. On November third the court preacher, Dr. Vogel, conducted his last military service before Wilhelm II, and remained to discuss the situation. Here is his record, recently made public, of what the Kaiser said.

Six days later, November ninth, Germany was in the throes of revolution. That night, after a long argument at headquarters, it was decided to send the Kaiser by train to Holland. Thanks to the drunkenness of the revolutionary troops and the darkness, it was possible for the royal train to pass the frontier, carrying Private Citizen Wilhelm of Hohenzollern into exile.

DAY before yesterday [November 2, 1918] Prussian Minister Drews came to me on the part of the so-called Government in Berlin to urge me to nothing less than abdication. Well, first I let him talk himself out. Then I looked at him, so, and said: "What? You, a Prussian official and a subject who has taken the oath of fidelity to your king, dare permit yourself to come before me with such a proposal?"

You ought to have seen how the fellow collapsed. He hadn't expected that and immediately made a deep bow. "All right, good," I said. "What do you foresee as the result of such action? You are in the administration and must be able to understand the situation. My sons have solemnly promised that no one of them will take my position, so with me the entire house of Hohenzollern resigns."

You should have seen his panic. That was one he hadn't expected, he and the entire clever Berlin Government with him. "And who," I asked him, "would accept the regency for a twelve-year-old child, for my grandson? Perhaps the Chancellor? I have just heard from Munich. They haven't the slightest intention of recognizing anything like that. So what will happen?" I asked.

[Here the Kaiser described how he had told Drews what his abdication would mean. He said all German dynasties would fall; the army would be left without a leader; the front would dissolve and stream back across the Rhine; faithless soldiers would collect and go through the country, hanging, murdering and plundering, helped by the Allies; the faithful part of the army would return to Berlin and perhaps overthrow the Government.]

"But all this can not happen," I said, "because I have not the slightest intention of abdicating. The King of Prussia cannot be faithless to Germany. I haven't the slightest intention of abdicating for the sake of 200 Jews and 2,000 workmen. Tell that to your friends in Berlin. . . ."

I recently told Berlin just what I think and described the entire business. I wanted my statement printed as an appeal to the people. No, it did not happen. It isn't possible. At least not so far. Well, we shall see what comes out of it. My principle always has been to wait, just as our Lord said about the weeds in the wheat—let them both grow. So now it is better to let the whole excitement grow until every German sees just what is behind it. I understand their mood. They had divided everything so beautifully—all Belgium, northern France, etc. Big industry had already laid claim to God knows what, and now they have to change it all and they complain as if it were my fault.

Just imagine!—the Rheinisch industrialists, whom I raised from the root, now negotiate with the Entente and in order to have a good peace without me rather than a worse peace without me they would throw me out. Now they want me to come to Berlin. But I sat there for six weeks, completely useless. I telephoned Max and asked what I should do, since about all the notes they sent they did not even ask my opinion.

Well, I remained three-quarters of an hour hanging on the receiver, and might still be there. I haven't the slightest intention of returning to Berlin. As commander in chief I belong here with my army and shall lead it to the front. That annoys them, naturally, because they know that without an army they can't do anything. Gen. Linsigen is in Berlin with faithful troops and other big cities also are garrisoned, and we are sending more troops. And I tell them if the slightest thing happens to me I will write them an answer with machine guns on the pavements, even if I have to bombard my own palace, for order must be kept.

I don't know what will happen to me, but I am certain of one thing—that the Lord God wants me to do my duty and follow my conscience. The whole thing is only caused by Berlin, and the German people haven't the slightest intention of making a revolution.—Kaiser Wilhelm II, in a conversation with his pastor, Dr. Vogel, shortly before his flight to Holland. Radiographed to the *New York Sun* by its Berlin correspondent.

Believe no one who tells you that men will always fight and that war will always be inevitable. The mammoth and the mastodon have vanished from the earth and war is also a vanishing anachronism. And this new spirit of help

and kindness between the nations is giving it the final blow. The nations are drawing together in a new and constantly maturing spirit of friendliness.—Katsuji Debuchi, Japanese Ambassador to the United States.

THE GERMAN DEBT TO STRESEMAN

by Count Coudenhove Kalergi

This tribute to the German statesman, who served his country so eminently as Chancellor and as Foreign Minister until his death on October 3, 1929, is paid by the Viennese leader of the United States of Europe movement and president of the Pan-European Union. It is of interest to recall the commotion raised a year or more ago by the portrait of Dr. Stresemann painted by the English artist Augustus John, pronounced "one of the most cruel portraits in the world . . . and one of the greatest of this era."

EVERY German owes Gustav Stresemann gratitude for what he did, at the risk of his life, for the nation. This service is greater than that of any other German statesman or politician since Bismarck.

Whoever doubts it needs only to compare the situation of Germany in the beginning of the Stresemann era with its position today.

When Stresemann assumed the Chancellorship Germany was economically and politically in desperate straits. The Ruhr was occupied; the mark had sunk to one billionth of its value; business was in a state of anarchy; Bavaria and the Rhineland threatened to drop away from the Reich; Communists and local parties were on the edge of revolution; Germany's international position had shrunk to nothingness; Germany as a power no longer existed.

At that moment the German nation sought and found a man who was strong and shrewd enough to save the Reich. In this parliamentarism justified itself. It put the right man in the right place at the right time. Stresemann undertook to govern and justified the confidence which the nation had shown in him. For the last five years Stresemann has been Germany's political leader—as Chancellor or as Minister of Foreign Affairs. He has represented Germany in the eyes of the world; his signature has been Germany's signature; his words have been Germany's words; his acts Germany's acts.

These five years have fundamentally altered Germany's position. This steady upward progress is coincident with the Stresemann era. Under his leadership Germany has been recovering. Since the moment when he began to exercise a decisive influence Germany's fortunes began to mend.

Germany's restoration is Stresemann's first great work. His second is his work for European peace. Without being a pacifist Stresemann has done more for peace than all the German pacifists. He has established the peace of Europe without the blessings of the pacifists, following the difficult path which led him from London to Locarno and Geneva, from the Ruhr capitulation to

the Dawes plan and from that to the Locarno pacts and entrance into the League of Nations.

Every one of these decisive steps had to be made in bitter conflict with his domestic political associations. Ratheneau's fate always menaced him.

In this fight, with public opinion and against public opinion, Stresemann exhibited the finest quality of the statesman—moral courage. This courage, which had cost Ratheneau his life, became for Stresemann a means of political success, for nothing impresses the hesitant more than the willingness of the leader to stake his own person and fortunes on his convictions.

Stresemann fought for peace, not from love of peace but from love of Germany. So he fought for Europe, not from love of Europe but from love of Germany. He knew that Germany's future is unalterably linked with Europe, in that it cannot, like France or Italy, turn to Africa, or, like Spain and England, to America, or like Russia, to Eastern Asia. Germany's future stands and falls with the future of Europe and for Germany a European policy is the only national policy possible in the long run.

In this view Stresemann was a Pan-European—not in the sense of an organization, but in the sense of an idea. He recognized the economic conflict of European internal tariffs and the national fear of a European war.

This increasing Europeanization of Stresemann was comparable with Bismarck's development from a great Prussian to a German and Napoleon's development from a Corsican to a Frenchman and from a Frenchman to a European.

As Bismarck became a German mostly because he realized how tightly Prussia's future was bound up in the German idea, so Stresemann became a European from a realization of the European future of Germany. As Bismarck surrendered nothing of his Prussianism for the benefit of Germany, so Stresemann surrendered nothing of his Germanization for the benefit of Europe.—From the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*.

Spring in the West

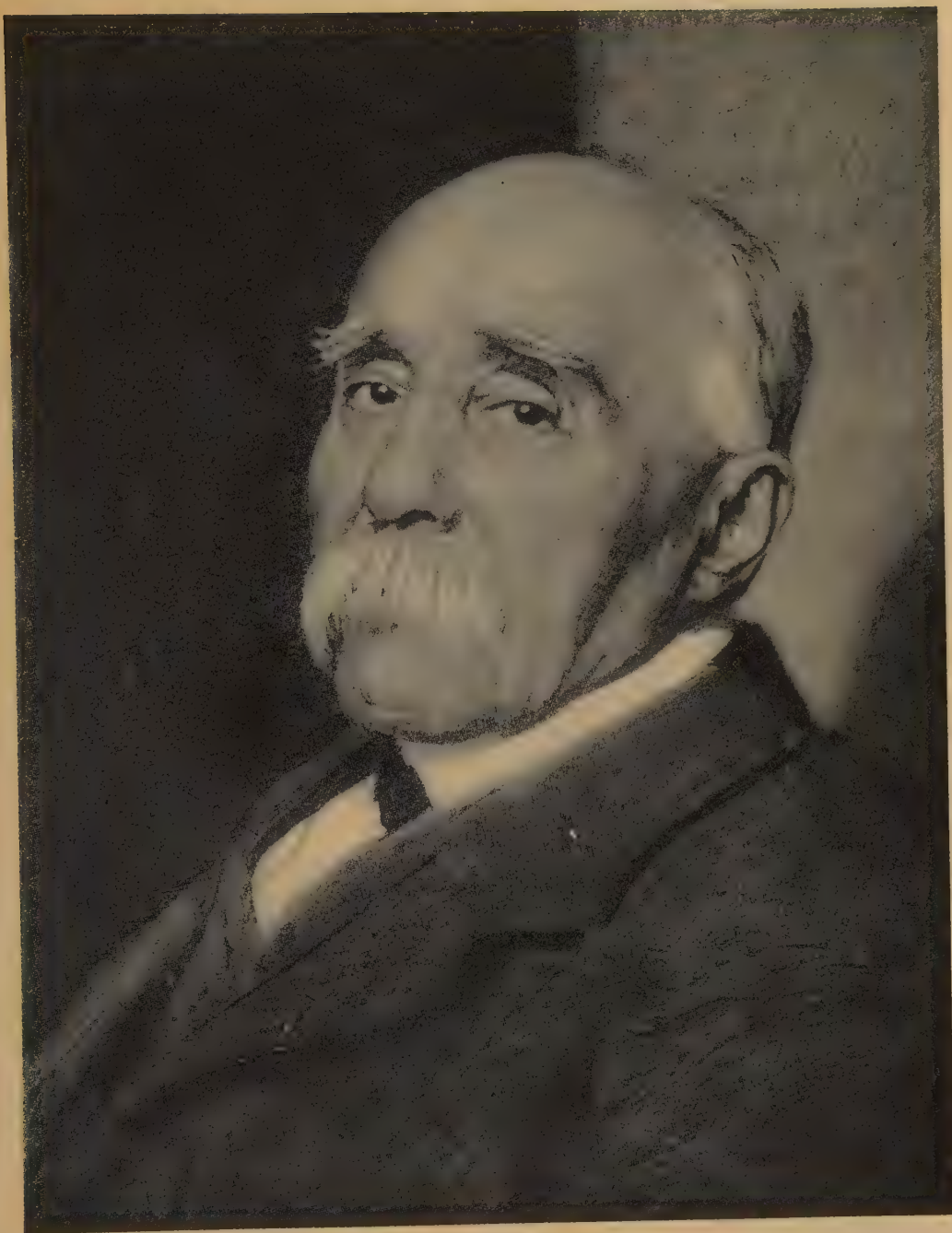
*Soon amid the inviolable places
Will green rustling steeples chime again
With the sweet, glassy bell-notes of the
wren.*

*Soon the plain shall lie beneath blue
spaces—
Bold and broad and ruddy in the sun,
Long and lean to the moon when day is
done.*

*Soon will come the strange heart-lifting
season*

*When through the dark, still dawns,
where nothing was,
Steals the mysterious whisper of grow-
ing grass;
And a joy like pain possesses the soul,
without reason,
Between the budding of day and the
lapse of night,
With the clear, cold scent of wet star-
light.*

—From Mary Webb's *Poems and the
Spring of Joy* (Jonathan Cape).



GEORGES CLÉMENTEAU

From a Painting reproduced in *L'Illustration*

The great War Premier of France, who died in Paris and was buried in his native Vendée, November 25, 1929, shortly after the publication of his autobiography, In the Evening of My Thought. (See War Clocks and Peace Pendulums. Page 25)

WAR CLOCKS AND PEACE PENDULUMS

by Georges Clémenceau

"I approach the portals of death and see before me the Angel Gabriel with his trumpet. He says to me, 'Have you anything to say before you pass these portals?' And I turn to him and reply, 'I should think I had something to say, and I say it here in this book.'" Thus the eminent French elder statesman, whose pugnacity in politics and patriotism won for him the sobriquet "*The Tiger of France*," referred to his two-volume valedictory on man and the universe, in which the ensuing passages occur. At eighty-eight, with death in sight and destined to touch him, November 24, 1929, the man who guided his country through the World War felt that "*peace based on superior military strength will still long be imposed on the world*," despite these "*peace parliaments*."

IS war really the natural condition of all living creatures? The controlling law of the universal struggle for existence so decrees. We have only to look about us to become convinced of the fact. Everything conflicts. Every element reacts against every other. Even mutual aid is but the substitution of one possible combat for another. To be sure, fighting can continue only in a rhythm of alternate intensity and relaxation. Do the periods of relaxation which are sometimes brief and sometimes prolonged, and which are but opposition under new forms, succeed in creating the elements of that increasing stability called peace, that is, a struggle under better control?

What is war and what is peace? What distinguishes them in their methods, in their arrangements, and in their results? Since war is a method by which humanity destroys itself, peace might appear as a reparatory rhythm in which human beings abandon themselves to the oscillations of a compensatory altruism. Thus, indeed, words paint the picture. Nevertheless, how can we fail to discover under our altruistic phrases the brutal reality of unchecked egoism?

The fact is that the law of the struggle for life universally sets men to quarreling over those appropriations by individuals which are the condition of their existence. "*Economic war*" is the current phrase for describing this state of affairs. It seems to me an accurate definition of our armed peace, which is actually only another form of war, though slower in its effects.

I will not dwell on the pacific phraseology in which we disguise economic war, which, quite as much as armed conflicts, sheds the blood of the weak in order to increase the vital resources of the strong. The case is too plain to admit of argument. It is true that on the field of battle, as in the wars of peace, we have reached the point of gathering up the wounded and of dressing their wounds. These are but two rhythmical reactions which, based

on an identical impulse to help, impel us to make partial reparation for the evil which we have conscientiously brought about.

Our ideology has grappled earnestly with this difficult problem, a fact which has the supreme advantage of keeping the question pending as much in our uneasy minds as in our emotions. If there should result from it the abolition of violence, I should be only too delighted, but I am afraid I must admit that such an outcome does not seem to me probable. I do not see that the peace of the strongest, with its treaties—"scraps of paper"—has produced any appreciable degree of security. The institution of a peace-parliament no whit changes the unavowed cupidities, the combinations of opposed interests, or the hypocritical discussions with which we seek to disguise them. However the seat of force may shift, the peace based on superior military strength will still long be imposed on the world, and its frightfulness will be justified on empirical grounds.

By way of diversion, conquerors and "saviors" may appear. They will be men like Alexander, Attila, Buddha, Jesus of Nazareth, and great hopes will be founded on them. However, on every occasion when peace is violently disrupted, man will be called upon to save himself.

If war and peace both derive from the driving power of the struggle for life, war will continue to produce only increased carnage, whereas peace unquestionably holds out hopes of that approximate justice of which man is capable, and which, for a long while yet, will be hardly more than a balancing between lesser evils. Even so, such a result should not be disdained. War noisily concentrates its massacres within a small compass. Peace parades its inadequacy everywhere at once. Justice is an abstraction, an absolute; man is a complex of relativities, a link in a chain of beings, a transient synthesis of organic impulsions which bring about the more or less acceptable decisions of the law of the strongest.

The most republican of republics can be an advance only if it helps man to govern himself. Indeed, to establish institutions on paper and to administer them in harmony with their spirit are two very different things. Man conceives grandly and persists in living meanly. The discrepancy between what we say and what we do lies at the very heart of our difficulties. Moreover, we magniloquently discuss rules which we are eager to apply to others, but which, whether consciously or not, many of us do our best personally to evade. Under the yoke of our inadequacy, we are all eager to give the best and the worst of our darkened and even sometimes enlightened consciousness. And, as to the triumph of character, the wisest course is not to count on it.—Georges Clémenceau.

If the law that imposes a universal struggle on all forms of life results in unavoidable contests in which everywhere and always the strongest triumph, it behooves every organism to continue its individual effort to attain a less miserable state, according to the pattern and in the proportion imposed upon it by its personal complexities. Among animals, hunger is the cause of war and, when hunger is satisfied, their recruited energies merely make them ready to renew it. Thus, without further theorizing, was it to be with man. Nevertheless, with the aid of the conventional phrases, he will some day be filled with pity for himself and for his fellows. . . .

Amid the rhythmic rise and fall of races we nevertheless see the finest flowering of art and of intellectual cultivation develop in the same soil as the most atrocious cruelty. . . . In every defeat there is a preparation for victory, and in every victory there is the potentiality of defeat. The fact is that historical formations must constantly be recast, must constantly be returned to the workshop. Turn by turn, force protects the just and the unjust; but force changes its place as often as does the ideal of justice. How many are the irreparable miscalculations in the formulæ of our dreams! . . .

The nations are so far from establishing harmony in their own domains, even when the people are of a common ethnic strain and of a common culture, that we cannot seriously anticipate any deep sympathy and understanding among peoples whose whole history has been, and still is, one of perpetual dissension. Between now and the time when humanity shall have reached a higher stage, let us hope that men will declaim as little as possible. That is a consummation most difficult to reach. So long as man shall be what we see him today, may he be permitted to consecrate himself to the ideal of a higher humanity, either, as occasion may require, through the daily sacrifices of a life of abnegation, or by completely devoting himself to an armed resistance to armed aggression. Through every form of violence we progress toward an ideal of peace, some parts of which it may be the fortune of our posterity to realize—parts that, alas, will be all the fuller of risk because they are greater and nobler.—From *In The Evening of My Thought*, by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company (Boston).

To be one's self is at once the worst and best thing in life according to whether one wants to be a fool and have happiness based on ignorance, or an intellectual and have unrest based on understanding. How few people are really their own selves! How few are original!
—Georges Clémenceau.

The present political structure of Europe may not be perfect, but it contains nothing which is worth a war, no grievances which cannot be remedied by pacific means if conciliation and arbitration are given a real chance and war ruled out.—Dr. Gustav Stresemann, late German Minister of Foreign Affairs.

DUSTBINS

by W. M. Letts

*At night it makes me laugh to see
The dustbins standing in the street,
They look like squat old revellers,
Dishevelled, dirty, full of guile.
The haughty houses of the Square,
So prim and Georgian, so demure,
Pretend the dustbins are not theirs,
And shut their eyes with careful blinds.
But as I pass the dustbins seem
To leer at me with oafish jests:
"Oh! ho!" they say, "we stand outside,
But still we haunt you like your sins.
Dust to dust—so ends your pride!
We keep your secrets in our bins.
Tall your houses are and great,
Ashes are their final fate."*

*I watch by night the prowlers come
To search the dustbins cautiously.
Tibby and Tom creep down the steps
With nose and whisker all alert,
The slum cat like a shadow steals
To snatch his share from pampered
puss,—
A chicken bone, a herring's head,
Are riches for the finest cat.
The dustbins chuckle as they come—
"Oh, help yourselves, but share the feast,
For hunger makes us all akin.
There's a trifle for the least;
We'll please you all who seek our bin
Rake the ashes till you find
Bone or tit-bit to your mind."*

*Then all the dogs come out betimes,
Thievish at heart, though high their
breed;
The stolen morsel is more sweet
Than any dinner on a plate.
With eager nose and searching paw
They rake the ashes for a prize.
The dustbins mutter to the dogs—*

*"Paddy and Peter, Jack and Tim,
You're not so fine as each pretends—
Wait till day is growing dim,
You'll turn to jackals then, my friends,
Skulk and snatch the bone you like,
Cocker, terrier and tyke."*

*There's an old woman I have watched;
She steals out softly from her lane
To gather cinders in a sack,
So fearful and so furtive she,
Like one who has known kindlier days.
The bits of bread are treasure trove,
She hides them quickly in her shawl.
With bird-like, furtive look she fills
Her sack, then off she creeps again
Into the shadows of the arch.
I almost hear a dustbin sigh—
"It's well for her that waste is rife,
She values what the rich despise.
My house holds a thriftless wife,
She squanders what the poor would
prize.
We who keep our watch by night
See a world that fears the light."*

*The street lamps make a topaz chain,
Like golden chariots the trams
Clank by with humming song of haste.
Pale and indifferent as a flower
The moon floats high above the street;
The dustbins serenade her grace.
They have no reverence, no awe;
They jest at great men and at rogues.
"So many things that we could tell
Of high and low life, though we're bins!
We must keep our lids on well
To hide your refuse and your sins.
Here we sit so squat and sly
Laughing at the passers-by."*

—From *The Cornhill Magazine* (London).

LETTERS OF THE TSAR TO THE TSARITSA

These letters and telegrams, originally written in English, are re-translated from the official Russian publication of The Correspondence of Nicholas and Alexandra Romanov—the only available text—and are taken from the London Spectator, by arrangement with John Lane The Bodley Head, Ltd. In introducing this historic correspondence to English readers, Sir John Hanbury-Williams, who was Chief of the British Military Mission in Russia from 1914 to 1917, thus recounts his last meeting with the Tsar, Nicholas II:

“As I sat beside him in the big empty room in the badly-lit palace, I saw before me a man who, given any faults or failings, was going to his fate (and God knows it was a terrible one) with no thought for himself, no fear, no selfish desires, only prayer and hope for others and the restoration of his beloved Russia. Whether he paid for his own mistakes or the mistakes of his fathers, surely he paid in full. The dagger or the bomb brought death quickly, but he underwent degradation, misery, and the worst kind of suffering, the suffering for others whom he could not help. At the end, as I view it now, I see him facing death in agony for others, undaunted himself.”

In the train. November 18th, 1914.

MY beloved Sunny and darling Wify,—We have finished breakfast and I have read your sweet, tender letter with moist eyes. This time I succeeded in keeping myself in hand at the moment of parting, but it was a hard struggle.

The weather is dismal; it is pouring with rain; there is very little snow left. When we moved off, I visited the gentlemen [of the suite] and looked in at each coupé. This morning I found among the papers of the Minister of War the paper relating to *Rennenkampf* and signed it. He will have to leave his Army. I do not know who *Nic. [the Grand Duke Nicholas]* has in view for his place.

What joy and consolation it would be if we could make the whole of this journey together! My love, I miss you terribly—more than I can express in words. Every day a courier will leave the town with papers. I shall try to write very often, as, to my amazement, I have come to the conclusion that I can write while the train is in motion.

My hanging trapeze has proved very practical and useful. I swung on it many times and climbed up it before meals. It is really an excellent thing for the train, it stirs up the blood and the whole organism. . . .

What a joy and consolation it is to know that you are well and are working so much for the wounded! As our Friend [*Gregory Rasputin*] says, it is by God's grace that in such a time you can work so hard and endure so much. Believe me, my beloved, do not fear, have more *confidence* in yourself when you are left alone, and all will go smoothly and prosperously.—NICKY.

Telegram.

Tiflis. November 28th, 1914.

Hearty thanks for letter about your delightful journey to Vilna and Kovno. I have been visiting educational institutions all day long. The Countess took me round your *sklad* here in the house. Saw not less than two hundred ladies and women at work—I was much embarrassed. I went to tea with the nobility; masses of pretty faces—felt shy. Everything has made an excellent impression on me. All of them are very desirous of seeing you and the children some time. Fond kisses for all the six of you.—NICKY.

* * * *

The reader should be reminded that, at this time, the "winter battle" of the Masurian Marshes was raging without intermission. On the day on which this telegram was sent, Lyck was taken by the Germans; two days later, Litzmann occupied Augustovo, and in a fortnight's time the Russians had lost one hundred and ten thousand men in prisoners alone. The Tenth Army was, in fact, wiped out.

* * * *

Stavka. March 9th, 1915.

Przemysl is taken. Praise be to God! . . . The fall of this fortress has an enormous moral and military significance. After several months of despondency, this news strikes as an unexpected ray of sunshine, and exactly on the first day of spring!

I began this letter in a calm mood, but now everything has been turned upside down in my head. . . . Oh, my dear, I am so profoundly happy at this good news, and so grateful to God for His mercy!

* * * *

June 19th, 1915.

My darling Sunny,—I beg your pardon for sending you an empty cascara bottle, but I require some more. I am putting my candle-end into it—give it to Alexey for his collection.

How grateful I am to you for your dear sweet letters, for all your devotion and love for me! They give me strength. I embrace you closely, beloved mine! It is too hot to write on such a subject. I am glad that you have seen the old man [Rasputin, the notorious clerical impostor, who was slain by Prince Felix Youssouhoff in 1917]. Has he reassured you?

The Guards and other units are at present being transferred to the side of Kholm and Lyublin, as the Germans are pressing us in that direction. That is why I am sitting here till the concentration [of troops] is accomplished. I am quite well again; I merely had a shooting pain in the left side at the bottom of the spine, which hurt me in my efforts to take a deep breath; it was especially painful at night, but now it has quite gone. Owing to the heat, we are going for long drives in the car, but walk very little. We have chosen new roads, and are driving about the neighboring country with the aid

of a map. Mistakes often occur, as the maps are obsolete, having been made eighteen years ago; new roads have been made, new villages built, some forests have disappeared, all of which alters the map.

* * * *

Stavka. June 23rd, 1915.

My dear Wify,— . . . We arrived here at ten-forty-five, just at the time when N.'s train was slowly moving to its place. After a talk with him I had supper with my gentlemen, and immediately after went to bed. He told me that, on the whole, the situation had not changed for the worse since yesterday, and that it would improve if the Germans ceased to press us at the same point for several days. In that case we should have to collect new (fresh) troops and try to stop them. But again there crops up this damnable question of the shortage of artillery ammunition and rifles—this puts a check on any energetic movement forward, as, after three days of hard fighting, the supply of munitions might be exhausted. Without new rifles it is impossible to make good the losses, and the army is at present only just a trifle stronger than in peace-time. It should be—and at the beginning of the war it was—three times as strong. That is the position we are in at this moment.

If there was no fighting for the duration of a month our position would be far better. Of course, I am giving this information only to you; please do not speak of it, darling. . . . —NICKY.

* * * *

This telegram, sent after two months' residence at Tsarskoe Selo, was despatched when the Tsar was on his way to supersede the Grand Duke Nicholas and to take over the Supreme Command.

Telegram.

Stavka. August 23rd, 1915.

Thanks for news. The meeting has passed off wonderfully well and simply. He is leaving the day after tomorrow, but the change over has taken place today already. Now all is done. I kiss you and the children tenderly.

NICKY.

Stavka (*Military Headquarters*), August 25th, 1915.

My own beloved, darling Sunny,—Thank God it is all over, and here I am with this *new* heavy responsibility on my shoulders! But God's will be fulfilled—I feel so calm—a sort of feeling after the Holy Communion!

The whole morning of that memorable day, Aug. 23, while coming here, I prayed much and read your first letter over and over again. The nearer the moment of our meeting, the greater the peace that reigned in my heart.

N. (*the Grand Duke Nicholas*) came in with a kind, brave smile, and asked simply when I would order him to go. I answered in the same manner that he could remain for two days; then we discussed the questions connected

with military operations, some of the generals and so forth, and *that was all*. . . .

A new clean page begins, and only God Almighty knows what will be written on it! I have signed my first prikaz [order] and have added a few words with a rather shaky hand!

Both Georgie [King George of England] and the King of the Belgians have replied to my telegrams, in which I informed them of our changes here—and so promptly! . . .

Tenderly and again tenderly do I kiss you and the dear children.—Always your old hubby,—NICKY.

* * * *

Stavka, (*Military Headquarters*). March 9th, 1916.

My beloved Sunny,—I thank you most warmly for your dear letters, and for the love which enriches every one of your lines! I rejoice in them, drinking in each word of the letter, breathing its perfume, and pressing to my lips the paper which has been touched by your hands.

How strange that the weather with you has suddenly changed, and that severe frosts have set in! Whereas here it is thawing rapidly—that is the chief reason why our offensive is beginning in a few days. If we wait another week, the trenches in many sectors of our front will be flooded with water and the troops would have to be taken very far back. If that happened they would be deprived of the chance of moving forward for a month or a month and a half, till the roads got dry.

Then the Germans would undoubtedly attack us with an enormous mass of heavy artillery, as they did last summer. For this reason, therefore, it has been decided to take the initiative into our own hands, taking advantage of the onslaught at Verdun. May God guard and bless our valiant troops! I beg you not to tell *anyone* of this.

Well, I think it is time for me to finish my letter. God guard you, my darling Wify, and our children! I kiss and embrace you all tenderly.—Your old hubby,—NICKY.

* * * *

Stavka. March 10th, 1916.

My beloved,—I thank you warmly for your dear letters—they are my consolation in my loneliness here. . . . I have at last found a successor for Polivanov—it is Schouvaiev, whom I can trust absolutely. I have not spoken to him yet. Further, I intend to attach old Ivanov to my person, and to appoint Broussilov or Shcherbatchev to his post—probably the former. After P.'s removal I shall sleep in peace, and all the Ministers will feel relieved as well.—Eternally your old hubby,—NICKY.

Schouvaiev: General Schouvaiev, who succeeded Polivanov as Minister of War, was an amiable and conscientious, but totally inefficient man. The

dismissal of Polivanov, whose bluff manners made him personally distasteful to the Tsaritsa and her friends was, in the words of Sir Alfred Knox, "a disaster." He was "undoubtedly the ablest military organizer in Russia." The Tsar had never liked him. The statement that "all the Ministers will feel relieved" shows very clearly that extraordinary and fatal ignorance of opinion which was so often apparent in the Tsar's words and conduct.

* * * *

Stavka. March 14th, 1916.

My beloved Wify,—For the last three days there was no time whatever to write to you; I was very busy with the military operations and the redistribution [of the troops]. . . .

Things are moving very slowly at the front; in several places we have sustained heavy losses, and many generals are making serious blunders. The worst of it is, that we have so few good generals. It seems to me that during the long winter rest they have forgotten all the experience which they acquired last year. Lord! I am beginning to complain, but that is ne nado! I feel firm, and believe absolutely in our final success. May God bless you, my own, my all, my treasure, my darling! I kiss you and the children fondly.

NICKY.

* * * *

Stavka. May 22nd, 1916.

My beloved Sunny,—I thank you tenderly for your dear letter with the two pansies—I gave one to Baby. . . .

I assume that you will have received from Grigorovitch the details of the naval battle; if not, ask him to tell you all he knows. The English have acknowledged the loss of the "Queen Mary," the "Invincible" and the "War-spice," and of six torpedo-boat destroyers. The Germans must have lost quite as much—at any rate, more than they have published so far! Of course this is sad—but think of what we lost at Tsoucima eleven years ago!! Nearly the whole fleet!

Good-bye, my love, my Sunny, soul of my soul! May God keep you and the girls! I kiss you tenderly.—Yours eternally,—NICKY.

"The Naval Battle"—the Battle of Jutland. Tsoucima: the Russian fleet was annihilated in the Straits of Tsushima on the 27th May, 1905.

* * * *

Stavka. June 5th, 1916.

My dear,—I thank you tenderly for dear letter. I have received Grabbe, and he has given me all your messages. I have absolutely no time for writing; it is such a nuisance!

Some days ago Alexeiev and I decided not to attack in the North, but to concentrate all our efforts a little more to the South.—*But I beg you not to tell anybody about it*, not even our Friend (*Rasputin*). Nobody must know

about it. Even the troops stationed in the North continue to think that they will soon take part in an offensive—and this keeps up their spirit. Demonstrations of a very pronounced kind, even, will be continued to be made here for the same purpose. We are sending strong reinforcements to the South. Broussilov is calm and firm. . . . —NICKY.

“Not to attack in the North.” The following quotation from Ludendorff is of special interest: “Russia’s amazing victories over the Austro-Hungarian troops induced her to abandon her proposed offensive against the front of the Commander-in-Chief in the East, except for the move in the direction of Baranovitchi, and concentrate all her efforts against Austria-Hungary. The more the German front proved itself inviolable, the more eagerly did the Russians turn from it to hurl themselves against their weaker foe.”

A Great War Loss and Lesson

Consider the effect the Great War has had, not upon the reputation of this or that nation, but upon the prestige of Western civilization as a whole.

In the previous 150 years Western civilization had greatly impressed the East. The West had by scientific knowledge acquired a control over the forces of nature that was new to the East. Steam and electricity had been harnessed and made to serve human needs and uses. Mechanical skill combined with science had given the West armies and navies which were to the East dominating and irresistible.

Japan alone of the Far Eastern Powers had copied the West and stood on equal terms; the other Eastern nations deferred to Western strength. But it was not physical force alone that had gained for the West ascendancy in the East. We had given it to be understood that our efficiency and strength had a moral as well as a physical basis; that the West had its power by virtue of a more enlightened religious and ethical system. The East was not convinced, but it was impressed. It deferred to European ascendancy.

Then came 1914, and for four years

the Continent of Europe presented a spectacle of carnage and passion on a scale that had never been known in history. Europe, the prime seat of Western civilization, presented an extreme example of everything that we had told the East was most abhorrent to the Christian religion and Western ethics. Even the United States, the greatest and most recent development of Western civilization, though so remote from the scene of conflict, was involved.

In the eyes of the East not only was the physical power of Europe weakened by war and financial exhaustion, but the moral basis of Western ascendancy was shattered. The consequences have been apparent since 1918 in Egypt, in Persia, in India, and most notably in China. In the view of the East, war guilt rests upon Western civilization as a whole. It is possible to understand how this may be the view of the East, but it does not follow that we should accept it as true. . . .

Our prestige in the East has been lost, and it is only by international achievement that it may in time be regained.—From Viscount Grey of Falloden’s special introduction to a new edition of *Twenty-five Years* (Hodder & Stoughton: London).

HOW THE TSAR ABDICATED

by General Goury Danilov

THE Emperor's private train came into Pskov at about eight o'clock on the evening of the 14th of March, 1917. The station was surrounded by guards, and no one had been admitted within the barriers. The platforms were empty. Since the Tsar's coming was completely unexpected, it had been impossible to bring back from the front lines the troops necessary to provide a formal military display.

As the Imperial train entered the yards, General Rousski, the Commander-in-Chief on the North Front, and I, who had been waiting at the station in the former's private car, jumped out on to the platform. It was so dark that we could hardly see the richly appointed coaches as they approached. Slowly and silently the train slipped the length of the platform. The blinds were down over the windows, and only a few rays of light escaped. Everything was silent. There was a cruel absence of life, which was accentuated by the presence of a few railway officials, who had come noiselessly out of the station to meet the train and were standing stock still in their places. Nothing was to be heard except our own footfalls on the platform.

Just as the train was about to stop, someone leaped suddenly from one of the cars. Two or three dark figures followed. It was the Emperor's aid-de-camp and the Cossacks of the Emperor's suite. Two of them moved away from the group and as usual stood sentinel before the door of the Emperor's car. A vestibule door opened, and the little set of carpet-covered stairs that was used to get into the car was let down to the platform. The aid-de-camp, who had leaped out first, questioned the station master, who had come up to meet him, and then came rapidly toward us.

"Your Excellency," he said to General Rousski, saluting, "will you be kind enough to come first to the Court Chamberlain?"

We moved toward the car next to the Emperor's and went inside. Disturbed expressions, restrained hand shakes, low-voiced conversation. . . .

"The Emperor awaits you in his salon," said Count Fréederickz, the Court Chamberlain. "I shall tell His Majesty that you are here." . . .

The Emperor was calm, but paler than usual. Two deep wrinkles between the eyes showed the effect of a sleepless night and a troubled day. He welcomed us with his customary affability and invited us all to sit down and smoke. He and General Rousski sat down together on opposite sides of the table; General Savitch and I were so overwhelmed by the great importance of the interview which was about to take place that we remained standing.

General Rousski began by recounting slowly and in great detail all the news that had been received during the previous few hours. When he came

to the telegram from General Alexeiev, which included the telegrams from the commanders-in-chief on the various fronts, who were unanimously in favor of abdication, he put the telegram blanks on the table in front of the Tsar and requested that the latter read them for himself.

The Emperor did so. Then, in a clear, firm voice, General Rousski gave his own opinion, saying that he saw no other way out of the situation than that which the commanders-in-chief of the Army had counseled.

"But what will the people of the South think?" objected the Emperor, recalling the trip he had made with the Empress through the cities of South Russia, which had received the Imperial couple so enthusiastically. "How will the Cossacks themselves react to such a step?"

Here his voice shook a little, for no doubt he was recalling the fact that the Cossacks of his own bodyguard had just gone over to the revolutionists. . . .

Suddenly, with a rapid movement, the Emperor turned toward us and said steadily: "My mind is made up. I have decided to abdicate in favor of my son Alexis." He crossed himself solemnly, and we did likewise. "Let me thank you all," he continued. "Let me thank you for your gallant and loyal service. I trust that it will continue under my son's reign."

It was a solemn moment. The Tsar embraced General Rousski, shook our hands cordially, and then, with slow steps, went back to his own car. . . .

Suddenly the Emperor came in again. He held in his hand two telegrams which he gave to General Rousski and requested him to have sent. The Commander-in-Chief gave them to me so that I might carry out the Tsar's order. The first one read:—

There is no sacrifice that I would not make for Russia and for Russia's welfare. Therefore, I am prepared to abdicate in favor of my son, on condition that he remain with me until he reaches his majority and that meanwhile my brother, Michel Alexandrovitch, be Regent.

It was by these words, addressed to the President of the Duma, that the Emperor Nikolas II gave notice of his decision. To General Headquarters he addressed the following telegram:—

Thinking only of the prosperity and the welfare of my beloved Russia, I am prepared to abdicate in favor of my son. I ask that all serve him faithfully. . . .

It was nearly four o'clock when we left the car. On the platform, General Rousski was handed a telegram which had just been received at our headquarters. From it we learned to our great surprise that two prominent members of the Legislature were coming to Pskov that very evening: Goutchkov, a member of the Imperial Council, and Schoulguine, a member of the Duma. . . .

Toward ten o'clock in the evening, I learned that the train which was bringing the deputies from Petrograd to Pskov would shortly arrive. I there-

fore went down to the station, where I found General Rousski in his own car. He listened while I told him that the Commandant of Pskov had just heard that armored automobiles were moving along the road from Louga in the direction of Pskov. This report was later proved to be false. At that time, all kinds of alarming rumors were abroad, and news was to be accepted only with reservations. . . .

The train which brought the deputies from Petrograd arrived in the Pskov station at about ten o'clock that night—the 15th of March. . . . A few moments later we were asked to appear before the Emperor. In the vestibule of the car in which the meeting was to take place were hanging two overcoats which looked strangely familiar to me. For some reason they gave me an unpleasant impression, and suddenly I thought to myself, "The delegates are already with the Emperor."

As I had suspected, at a little rectangular table close to the partition in the familiar green salon sat Goutchkov and Schoulguine, facing the door, while the Emperor sat opposite them, with his back to us. In the shadows to one side, like a ghost, stood the figure of an old, old man—Count Fréederickz.

The Emperor still wore the same dark gray *bechmet*. At his side hung his long dagger. The deputies were in their street clothes, which were very much mussed. They clearly showed the evidences of sleepless nights, of their long trip, and of the emotions which had shaken them. Schoulguine seemed particularly tired, and he also seemed to be less master of himself than his companion. His eyes were heavy, his face unshaven, his necktie awry beneath a ragged collar. General Rousski and I stood silently on the threshold and bowed. Then the Commander-in-Chief sat down at the table also, while I sat a little to one side on a corner divan.

Goutchkov was just finishing what he had to say. In his soft, monotonous voice he pronounced slowly, but firmly, the fatal words which made it clear that the Tsar must abdicate in favor of the Tsarevich Alexis, under the regency of Grand Duke Michel.

What earthly good does it do to say it over and over again? I asked myself, forgetting that the deputies did not know of the decision that the Tsar had reached earlier in the day, before they had arrived.

Just then the Emperor's voice broke in upon what Goutchkov was saying.

"This afternoon at three o'clock I decided to abdicate. I have not changed that decision. At first I meant to transmit the throne to my son Alexis, but since then I have had time to reflect and I have changed my mind. Now I abdicate for my son as well as for myself, in favor of my brother Michel. I shall wish to keep my son with me. No doubt"—and here his voice trembled—"you understand my reasons."

The Tsar's words came as a complete surprise to General Rousski and myself. We looked at each other, but obviously it was not possible for

Rousski, and certainly not for me, to break into a conversation between the Emperor and members of the Legislature, at which we were present as witnesses only. To my great astonishment, neither Goutchkov nor Schoulguine had any protest to make against the Emperor's new decision. There was a moment of silence, and then the Tsar arose and moved off toward his own car. We got to our feet also, and, silent and respectful, followed him with our eyes. . . .

Minutes seemed like hours. Finally, the Emperor came back, bringing with him the text of the manifesto announcing his abdication, typewritten on a few sheets of white paper. If my memory does not fail me, it was the same as the draft manifesto which I had earlier received from General Headquarters, slightly modified to fit the Tsar's final decision.

The deputies read it carefully and insisted upon the insertion of one or two words which seemed to them essential. The Emperor, without the least objection, made the suggested changes. Then, seated at the table, he drafted two ukases to the Senate. One named Grand Duke Nikolas Nikolaievitch Commander-in-Chief; the other appointed Prince Lvov Prime Minister. The transfer of supreme power to the Grand Duke was whole-heartedly approved by us all. The appointment of Prince Lvov was made at the specific request of the two deputies.

The Emperor spoke with us for a few minutes longer, then bade us farewell, shaking hands with us pleasantly before he moved off to his own car. I was never to see him again.—From the account of a former Russian Chief of Staff of the Armies of the North, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (Paris). Translated for *The Living Age* (New York).

Even though Herbert Hoover had not been elected President of the United States he would have been assured of immortality among the unborn astronomers of all the ages to come, for as a token of gratitude for the way he distributed relief to the hunger-stricken population of Austria the University of Vienna recently gave the name of Hooveria to the new asteroid star, No. 932. An asteroid is a small planet that does not twinkle, and is visible only through a telescope. Hooveria was the 932nd of this type of heavenly body located by astronomers, moving among the fixed

stars, and with orbits lying between those of Mars and Jupiter.—Bassett Digby, in the *London Spectator*.

Music Recalled

*Now that the music is silent,
And sunk in the stream of years,
I find, in the murmur of viols,
A beauty and burden of tears,
A joy remembered in sorrow,
A passion of youth fallen cold,
A yesterday haunting to-morrow,
And a child grown knavish and old.*

—Richard Church, in the *London Spectator*.

H. G. WELLS APPRAISES AMERICA

HUMAN life during this wonderful period in which we have been privileged to live has become less and less a race and a conflict and more and more an advance abreast. The fundamental processes of human history for this half-century have not been the rise of this power or the fall of that—it would be a travesty of history to put it in that form. Wars, though they have been tremendous, have still been secondary. The historical process has been in the steady development of the results of invention and discovery in metallurgy and chemistry, in the steamship, railways and practical applications of electricity, and the gradual changes in economic and social life throughout the world. The science and enterprises of Europe and America have indeed mingled inextricably, and no one but the worst type of patriotic idiot would claim a monopoly in enterprise for any one nation in this general progress or attribute its particular share to its distinctive wisdom and virtue. Humanity at large was, so to speak, taken by surprise by its own devices, and no community in the world benefited so generously through that unpremeditated harvest of wealth and power as the population of the American continent. . .

I do not think that during the last fifty years Europe has come to doubt the great future of America, but I think that—in Britain, Germany, Russia particularly—European thinkers had come to realize the possibility of still further developments that made American growth not altogether unique. My impression is that it would not be easy to compile a volume of forecasts of American preëminence equally assured, unrestrained and enthusiastic, made between 1878-1928, to equal one of pre-1878 prophecies. I believe that our grandfathers lived in a larger hope about America relatively than we do today. It seemed then the only land of unrestrained growth and progress. Now we feel that progress has possession of us all and we are no longer amazed.

There has been a voluminous growth of psychological and particularly of educational and sociological research and discussion in America during the past three decades. Something of the sort has been going on all over the world but in America it is most abundant. Moreover, a literature of self-criticism of a most penetrating and ruthless quality has sprung up. If the American retains any delusions about the gloss and finish of his civilization it is not the fault of the American novelist and the American critic. These things, research and destructive criticism, are not in themselves creative but they are the necessary precursors of an organized creative effort.—
H. G. Wells.

The general disposition in Europe is to make the quality of the American participation in world affairs since 1914 a proof that America has failed to realize the promise of a century ago. It gratifies European self-love to think that America has been tried out and found wanting. I do not agree with that. But I do agree that America was tried and found unready.—H. G. Wells.

The earlier history of America was dominated by material expansion. Up to and even since 1900, the material expansion of America has been so swift and immense a process that even upon American eyes, close to the facts, it has had an almost blinding effect. But from the sixties and seventies of the last century the material expansion was assured and the center of intelligent interest shifted to the problem of social and political development. Some of us with excessive intellectual temerity began to say: "This that has happened in America is something much more novel than is at present recognized. This community is much more than a nation in the European sense. It has inherent potentialities such as its founders, with their rather doctrinaire and very conservative Constitution, never suspected. Here is a community of free men, reading and practically talking the same language, moving and trading freely over a vast area, with gigantic resources and soaring numerically up above the hundred million mark. Never has history seen the like. At present this new immense human organization has hardly developed more than its material foundations. But such a community is bound to have—and to have very soon—a tremendous release of scientific, educational, artistic and literary energy. At present it is ruining the mentality of its ordinary men and women upon a common-school education no better than and in some regions not nearly so good as the elementary education of the more advanced European states; its artistic expression reeks of the French art school and imitative Bohemianism: its thought, its science and philosophy, have still to pull ahead of the intellectual life of Europe; and it has to produce some guiding conception of its relation to the world rather more complete and powerful than a defensive patriotism which is often childish and sometimes blatant." . . .

Perhaps the Great War came a little too soon for America. For a stupendous year or so, the United States of America was the arbitrator of human destiny. But what is the good of being an arbitrator when you do not know how to arbitrate? The Great War found Columbia without any faith as yet, except a faith in herself. It found America without any competent intellectual grasp of human affairs as a whole. In the phase of exhaustion and dismay when the mind of Europe turned to America, saying, "These people have done better. These people perhaps know better. Let us listen to them," America gravely and solemnly demonstrated that for all the practical ends of the

situation she did not know anything at all. She had all the world task yet to learn. President and people, welcomed as the leaders to a new and better world, returned to Europe as their supreme gift to mankind, the worn-out, exploded delusions of nationalism and self-determination, the ruling cant of the Gladstonian age and the childish rectification of the more successfully advertised wrongs of the nineteenth century. . . .

I want to put these impressions before Americans even if I have to sacrifice a certain amount of meretricious popularity by doing so, and I have no desire to say too freely in Europe what may easily be read there, all too eagerly, as mere detraction. But these comments are made in no spirit of ultimate detraction. The intervention of the United States in European affairs between 1917 and 1919 was a stupefying disappointment for the whole world. The blame for the disappointment may lie not so much with the United States as with the rest of the world for extravagant expectations. . . .

I do think that a century ago, men underestimated the time needed for the adolescence of this new Colossus. I do not think it is fair to America or mankind to assume that America has fully grown to leadership and responsibility. It is only now in our generation that she has achieved her literary, artistic and scientific independence. In these matters even today she has still much of the sensitiveness, touchiness, resentfulness and self-consciousness of youth. She is still in that phase when independence is shown by revolt rather than original initiative. But she ripens now visibly. As she ripens she will cease altogether to measure herself by European standards and instead she will measure herself by the standard of her unprecedented possibilities. And Americans will surely set themselves to the problem of what is the best and most efficient organization for educating and exploiting the intelligence and the esthetic and moral forces of one great and varied community of upward of one hundred million souls, various in race and gifts and powers, with the same vigor with which their grandfathers pushed across the continent and yet sustained their unity, and with which their fathers developed its industrial and financial life.—From the fiftieth anniversary number of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

Today, on the tenth anniversary of the Armistice everywhere generals and marshals in uniforms, kings and dictators in spurs and swords will advertise themselves at the memorials to the dead, killed in the disaster their kind contrived.

Flags will flutter bravely, flags manifestly destined now to be smeared in blood again, and yet again, because there

are not yet sufficient men in the world, clear-headed enough and resolute enough and above all, educated, disciplined and subtle enough to take this foolery of unformed nationalism by the throat and strangle the life out of it.

There still remains before mankind "the war to end war."—David Lloyd George, English Prime Minister during the World War.

AMERICA VERSUS EUROPEAN IDEALS

by Aldous Huxley

It is of interest to compare this English estimate of modern business and its exponents with that of the American historian, James Truslow Adams, in the American Scrap Book for 1929, the companion volume of this European Scrap Book. The author of the following article, a shrewd observer and an accomplished writer himself, is the grandson of Thomas Huxley, the great scientist-philosopher-compatriot of Charles Darwin, is the great grandson of Dr. Arnold of Rugby and is a nephew of the late Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

BUSINESS being the main activity of the educated classes in both continents, one would expect the attitude toward it to be the same in Europe as in America. And yet, for purely historical reasons, it is not. In America it is true to say business is accepted whole-heartedly as an end in itself, to which the highest activities of the best men can be worthily devoted. I have read pronouncements by American clergymen who affirmed, in so many words, that "Business is Religion." And it has become a commonplace of the modern American sermon, newspaper article and advertisement that the business man is doing service of the highest kind. "Service" is the modern American business man's favorite word. It was also one of the favorite words of the Founder of Christianity and of his most remarkable medieval disciple, St. Francis of Assisi. But the same word does not always mean the same thing. When we demand the precise signification of the eminently Christian word "service," as used by successful business men, we find that it means roughly this: Selling the public what it wants (or what it can be persuaded by means of advertising to imagine it wants) in an efficient way and with the maximum profit compatible with legal standards of honesty. . . . The word hallows the thing. The aura of service shines round the American business man like a halo.

In Europe the business man finds it more difficult to persuade his fellows that his is a noble existence of perpetual service and he himself the highest of human types. For Europe is still haunted, in spite of all the changes of the last seven hundred years by the ghost of the medieval tradition. In the eyes of the medieval church, avarice or the love of money, was one of the deadly sins. Nor was the church satisfied with deploring abstractly and on principle the activities of those who tried to get rich quick. Religious condemnation was reflected in legal practice by a host of enactments limiting and controlling the activities of financiers, manufacturers and middlemen. . . .

It is now exactly seven hundred years since St. Francis of Assisi sang the praises of the Lady Poverty and devoted himself to her service. But some-

thing of his spirit survives even today, so that industrialism and business, though triumphant in fact, do not in Europe receive the homage to which their predominance seems to entitle them. They rule the external world, but not men's minds. Poverty, particularly if it is poverty for the sake of some idea, is still rather respectable in Europe and the enriched business man is not looked up to as the highest type of citizen. . . .

Personal liberty—the liberty of every man to act and think, within reasonable limits, as he likes—is undoubtedly greater in Europe than in America, where “liberty” means the liberty of the majority to impose its will on the minority and to make compulsory by law and, still more, by the force of public opinion, a general uniformity of habits, customs and beliefs. Legal and non-legal interference in the private lives of individuals has gone to extraordinary lengths in America! In many parts of the United States unfamiliar, and therefore unpopular, ideas are persecuted with violence.

Liberty easily turns into license; it takes a strong man to be free with dignity. . . .

People who hold unpopular beliefs and whose habits of life are different from those of the majority enjoy in Europe a degree of freedom which would never be accorded them in most of the States of America. This freedom is largely due, I believe, to the influence of the surviving hereditary aristocracies, to whom the idea of personal liberty is sacred and who therefore do their best to protect, not only their own, but even other people's freedom to think and behave as they like.—From an article by the author of *Point Counter Point*, in *The Century Magazine* (New York).

A Tremendous Experiment in Nation-Building

The author of the following is a former Member of Parliament and an internationally celebrated newspaper correspondent, who has lived for many years in the United States. He interprets America and Britain to each other more brilliantly and understandingly than perhaps any other writer of the day.

I do not need to emphasize the fact that there has now arisen an Anglo-American situation. The question at issue is simple. A century and a half ago two great nations were separated by

sovereignty. They are still so separated. But are they to be now united in a trusteeship for peace?

People say that Americans are parochial in mind. In the past, there was a sense in which that may have been true.

A woman in a covered wagon, jolted across a river bed in the Rockies with a future President at her breast, had little time or strength to be international.

To-day, America lives not in the covered wagon, but in the college, the school, the picture palace and the ocean liner. At every port the American is absorbing internationalism. . . .

The United States is the laboratory of the intelligence tests. It is the spiritual home of the psychologist. Americans are studying the British mentality. And as Great Britain becomes more and more American, so do they, day by day, like us better and better.

I am sure that in Great Britain there is a much better understanding of the United States than there used to be. But I wonder how many schools there are in which, let us say, the boys and girls are taught about the economic difficulties of the Middle Western farmers.

Yet if it is important for Americans to realize what is meant by depression in South Wales, surely it is not less important for Eton and Harrow to appreciate under what conditions the wheat is grown out of which their bread is baked.

If the United States is to-day one solid unit for peace, the reason is that for years her growing citizenship, at school and college, has been impregnated with "current events"—that is, with a sympathetic habit of studying other nations, and especially England. . . .

Why is it that the same country builds so many churches and commits so many crimes? Why are there so many schools and so many suicides, so many universities and so many accidents? I will tell you why it is.

The United States is the most stupendous experiment in the annals of mankind.

For the first time, an enormous population of differing national origins, of various faiths, of widely diverse complexion, has been thrown, higgledy-piggledy, into an empty continent and told to sort itself into a civilization.

What has been the result? Exactly what you would have expected. The best in man has been released from the bonds of the past, and the worst in man has

been released from the bonds of the past.

That is why you have more crimes in the United States than anywhere else, and that is why you have more churches. To every stunt a steeple. . . .

The idea of the United States is not aggression. What she wants—and here I am glorifying the American girl—is a good time; clothes, hats, automobiles, refrigerators, piano-players—all very material, if you like, but not military, not munitions.

That is the essential reason why Great Britain can come to terms with the United States when she could not come to terms with Germany—P. W. Wilson, in *John Bull*.



Matches

*I have a box of matches, and they go
To light a fire for warmth, a pipe for
peace,
A lamp for guidance, or the candle's
glow
For friendliness when daylight labors
cease:*

*Or one may come to nothing—break in
two,
Or in the ashes shed its scarlet crown;
Or scorch your fingers, burn the carpet
through,
Or lay a rick in ruins, or a town.*

*So they are spent, and vanish one by one,
Brief altar-flames to happiness or
strife:
What shall I do when all of them are
gone?—
The matches are my years, the box my
life.*

—From *After-Thoughts*, by Robert Bell (Methuen).

ONE GOD OR MANY?

by Aldous Huxley

THERE are many kinds of Gods. Therefore there are many kinds of men. For men make Gods in their own likeness. To talk about religion except in terms of human psychology is an irrelevance. . . .

Even the same man is not consistently the worshiper of one God. Officially an agnostic, I *feel* the presence of devils in a tropical forest. Confronted, when the weather is fine and I am in propitious emotional circumstances, with certain landscapes, certain works of art, certain human beings, I *know* for the time being that God's in his heaven and all's right with the world. On other occasions, skies and destiny being inclement, I am no less immediately certain of the malignant impersonality of an uncaring universe. . . .

"I believe in one God," affirms the church-goer; and almost any right-thinking man would be ready, if you asked him what he believed in, to say the same. In one God. But why not in sixty-four Gods, or two hundred and seventeen Gods? Because monotheism is fashionable in twentieth-century Europe. Mr. Jones believes in one God because Mr. Smith believes in one God and, incidentally, because a good many centuries ago Plato and numerous Jews, including Jesus, believed in one God. . . .

Monotheism, as we know it in the West, was invented by the Jews. These unfortunate inhabitants of the desert found nothing in the surrounding barrenness to make them regard the world as richly diverse. It was easy for them to conceive the deity as one and disembodied. "*L'extrême simplicité de*

Hereditary aristocracies, heaven knows, are bad enough; but plutocracies are worse. Even degenerate aristocracies preserve a certain decency; but at no time does a plutocracy develop any decency worth preserving. . . . The Gospel of Work and the Gospel of the Good Time are equally popular in the modern world. A genuine aristocracy would find them equally stupid and disgusting. Those who wish to lead a quiet life in our modern world must be like Babbitt—unquestioningly a cog. Those who are ambitious to lead a (by current standards) successful life must be like Ford, determined and very consciously intelligent. Those who would lead a thoroughly disastrous life have only to model themselves on the pattern, shall we say, of such complete and harmonious beings as Burns and William Blake.—
Aldous Huxley.

Philosophers and ascetics are not, of course, the only people who commit self-murder. The money-grubber, the hard-headed business man, the routine-worker pass their existence no less suicidally. The professional Don Juan destroys his spirit as fatally as does the professional ascetic, whose looking-glass image he is. To live, the soul must be in intimate contact with the world, must assimilate it through all the channels of sense and desire, thought and feeling, which nature has provided for the purpose. Anything which obstructs these channels injures the soul—any deadening routine, any dull habitual unawareness, any exclusive monomania, whether of vice or of that other vice which is excessive virtue. Close up enough of these channels, cut off enough of its nourishment, and the starved soul dies.—
Aldous Huxley.

l'esprit sémitique," says Renan, "*sans étendue, sans diversité, sans arts plastiques, sans philosophie, sans mythologie, sans vie politique, sans progrès, n'a pas d'autre cause: il n'y a pas de variété dans le monothéisme.*" (Conversely, he might have added, there can be no polytheism in minds by nature or by habit so sterile, so ungenerous of fruits. Except for a little literature, the Jews and Arabs produced nothing humanly valuable until they left their deserts, came into contact with the polytheistic races, and imitated their culture.)

Having made this utterly damning statement about the chosen Race and its religion, Renan calmly proceeds to explain that the mission, the historical "point" of the Jews was to tend the small flame of monotheism and to transmit it to the Western world. Their mission, in a word, was to infect the rest of humanity with a belief which, according to Renan himself, prevented them from having any art, any philosophy, any political life, any breadth or diversity of vision, any progress.

If the effects of pure monotheism are really those which Renan attributes to it, then, it is obvious, the passage from the worship of many Gods to the worship of one cannot possibly be called a progress, at any rate in the sphere of practical living. An enthusiastic monotheist will retort that progress in the art of life is not "true" progress and that the only progress worth considering is that towards the Truth. But such a statement is quite meaningless. Monotheism and polytheism are the rationalizations of distinct psychological states, both undeniably existent as facts of experience, and between which it is quite impossible for us, with the merely human faculties at our disposal, to choose. . . .

That men with souls so *naturaliter non Christianæ* as the Greeks, the Ro-

mans, and, later, the other peoples of Europe should ever have accepted Jewish monotheism, even in the altered form in which it was offered them by Christianity, may seem surprising. But as it happened, circumstances in the first centuries of our era were extremely propitious for the spread of Semitic dogmas in the West. If Gods are made in the image of men, cosmogonies reflect the forms of terrestrial states. In an empire ruled absolutely by one man the notion of a universe under the control of a single God seemed obvious and reasonable. When the world was divided up into small states ruled by noble oligarchies, the idea was not reasonable nor obvious. The Christian God was a magnified and somewhat flattering portrait of Tiberius and Caligula. . . .

Monotheism and polytheism are doctrines equally necessary and equally true. Man can and does conceive of himself and of the world as being, now essentially many, and now essentially one. Therefore—since God, for our human purposes, is simply Life in so far as man can conceive it as a whole—the Divine is both one and many. A purely monotheistic religion is thus seen to be inadequate and unrealistic. The present age is predominantly monotheistic—monotheistic either because it feebly believes in a decaying Christianity, or else secularly and irreligiously monotheistic with the unitarianism of science, of democracy, of international capitalism. . . .

The high-minded man who would, in the past, have been an earnest Christian, is now—what? Not an earnest (or preferably light-hearted) pagan, but an earnest intellectual, living ascetically for knowledge. And the low-minded man? He is no ascetic, of course, and his goal is not knowledge, but money, comfort, and a “good time.” The intellectual despises him for living grossly, on the plane of the body. The contempt is justified because he lives so inadequately and poorly on that plane. (If he lived well there he would be a much better man than the intellectual.) Lacking all religious significance, his physical and instinctive life is pointless and rather dirty. It is also lamentably incomplete. . . .

If men are ever to rise again from the depths into which they are now descending, it will only be with the aid of a new religion of Life. And since life is diverse, the new religion will have to have many Gods. Many; but since the individual man is a unity in his various multiplicity, also one. It will have to be Dionysian and Panick as well as Apollonian; Orphic as well as rational; not only Christian, but Martial and Venerean too; Phallic as well as Minervan or Jehovahistic. It will have to be all, in a word, that human life actually is, not merely the symbolical expression of one of its aspects. Meanwhile, however, the Gadarene descent continues.—From *Harper's Magazine*.

The stability of the British Empire is not the stability of a monument. It is the stability of a gyroscope swiftly and

noiselessly revolving in a free atmosphere.—Wickham Steed, distinguished editor and publicist.

AMERICA IN DANGER

by Count Hermann Keyserling

Following his recent visit to the United States, the distinguished German publicist and author of The Travel Diary of a Philosopher and The Structure of the World utters this friendly warning to "prosperous America (which is) in no less but probably even in a greater danger than a starving Europe." As founder and director of the School of Wisdom at Darmstadt Count Hermann Keyserling has been wielding a profound influence on contemporary German thought. His wife is a granddaughter of Bismarck, the "Iron Chancellor."

IT SEEMS to me particularly apt to make clear how very little man really cares for freedom. In the overwhelming majority of cases he really craves bondage; he shuns initiative and responsibility like hell. Every new freedom won he transforms into a new kind of thralldom. Very likely, Dostoyevsky's terrible parable about Christ and the Great Inquisitor (to be found in his greatest novel—indeed the greatest psychological novel ever written—*The Brothers Karamasov*) will remain true for all times. . . .

For every act of initiative, a painful effort is necessary, but this does not alter the fact that man is essentially not "nature" but "spirit." That freedom is therefore his very element. That he lives according to his own truth only in so far as he conquers nature. . . .

Conquest of nature simply means the conquest of routine; it means that spirit and spirit alone should rule, that spirit never can become routine; its essence is spontaneity. At bottom of their hearts all men know that living ultimately according to routine, whatever this routine be, means leading a life contrary to the law of the spirit. And this is the reason why mankind has always believed in progress as the one thing needful. This is why there has been, however slow, a general progress in history, in spite of all arrests of development and reactionary movements. . . .

The whole value of life really depends on the amount of freedom it expresses. Probably the whole meaning of our earthly existence resides in the opportunity it provides for growth owing to struggle and conquest. This is the reason why work is not only a necessity but a God-given privilege. This is the reason why effort is necessary, in order to lead a life worth living, and why difficulties usually mean blessings in disguise. . . .

And here I come to the particular case of the United States. It is not different in principle from that of any European country. But it is more extreme in the concrete in some respects, and it is therefore particularly instructive. The American ideals are more ideals of the eighteenth century than can be said of any other country; there has been practically no evolution

America's most urgent problem is to discard all conformist ideals; it is to get to believe in originality as the supreme value. Standardization is a good thing in the case of the dead; shoes may be standardized without loss of value. But a standardized human being is less than an animal, because it means a man who has fallen back to the animal stage. Today, in a period of victorious collective ideals—a day which I trust will be short—a good deal of courage is wanted for an American to be himself and himself alone.—Count Hermann Keyserling.

since then; when using the word radicalism, very many Americans mean what was called radical in 1776. . . .

For the United States to go on living in the frame of mind of 200 years ago really means a most terrible danger. All that thoughtful Americans complain of is due to this. If they complain of the death of individuality, of freedom of thought, of initiative in all lines except that of business enterprise; if they fear that a collective mass spirit with its conventionalism, its ideals of standardization, normalcy and like-mindedness might kill all possibilities of an original American culture, this is in accordance with the inward laws of evolution.

Democracy, if it goes too far, must lead to the tyranny of the “abstract” and the “thing”; the ideal of equality, ruling for too long, must needs wipe out, in the long run, all inequality and, accordingly, all quality. The idea that majorities are always right cannot help leading, when pushed to the extreme, to a state of complete bondage. Therefore a prosperous America is in no less but probably even in a greater danger than [would be] a starving Europe. It is in a greater danger because what makes man's spiritual worth—personal initiative, personal consciousness and personal responsibility—is more menaced there than anywhere else. . . . —From the fiftieth anniversary number of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

The world is not over-populated. The Malthusian doctrine that the population of the world is increasing more rapidly than human capacity to feed and clothe the race is discredited by actual facts. . . . Since the beginning of the industrial revolution the power to produce

wealth has advanced more rapidly than the increase of the world population. That is likely to continue, and so long as it does there can be no problem of world over-population in the aggregate. —Philip Snowden, British Chancellor of the Exchequer.

A CURTAIN-LECTURE TO AMERICANS

by H. G. Wells

IT IS the right of British and European people generally to have and to express opinions about American affairs. The converse right has never been questioned, and is exercised freely by Americans throughout the world. Consequently, it is my right as a free-born Englishman to think freely about the affairs of the United States, and to say what I think to be true and right and proper about all or any of these affairs. I refuse to regard the people of the United States as in any way a Holy People. It is not blasphemous to deny them perfection. It may even be wholesome that their present great exaltation of spirit should be tempered by criticism. . . .

. . . I have spent only a few months of my life in America, and I am always careful to base such comments as I make upon America, upon American authorities. Upon prohibition my silence has been monumental; it is an affair for Americans only. But many other matters are not entirely their affair. For example, it is a matter of concern to the whole world that the general level of education in America should be high. That is another matter on which I have offended, and shall continue to offend. Drawing my instances from American writers, I have pointed out on diverse occasions that the level of elementary education in America is not high enough for her immense possibilities and her limitless aspirations. It is no answer to say that it is as high as it is in most European countries. My answer is that it ought to be much higher because of the immense wealth, power and opportunity of the United States. . . .

I am afraid the Americans, like the rest of the world, must be prepared for an increasing amount of criticism and intellectual and moral intervention from foreigners. The world becomes more and more one community, and the state of mind of each nation has practical reactions upon all the rest that were undreamt of half a century ago. . . .

The people of the United States has become very rapidly in the last fifty years the most secure, wealthy and powerful nation of the world. It is high time its citizens displayed a self-complacency commensurate with this achievement. It is all very well for a touchy little people on the defence to fly up at the mere hint of criticism, but not for the proud citizens of a great empire. Far be it from me to institute vexatious comparisons between Europe and America, but there does seem to be a clearer sense of the freedoms and frankness permitted in discussion on this side of the Atlantic.—H. G. Wells.

America is part of my spiritual home and Old Glory one of my quarterings. I have a loyal feeling for the American eagle. It is so loyal a feeling that I cannot bear to think of that bird as anything but aquiline. I want to think of it as that aspiring eagle with the open wings one encounters first on the caps of the officials as one steams up the exhilarating approach to New York. An eagle like a victorious invitation. I do not want to have that vision replaced by the butt view of a proud but isolated ostrich, invincibly immense, which has swallowed all the gold in the world and is now keeping its head resolutely buried in the sand.—From *The Way the World is Going*, by permission of Doubleday, Doran & Company.

Indian Dance

*When they had pitched their smoked
tepees*

*In horse-shoe curve upon the plain,
I strolled into the Indian camp—
And straightway was a boy again.*

The years between were crumbled dust;

*A dream of youth had come to pass:
I smoked a calumet with five*

*Tall red men in the sun-dried grass.
Yet coming back to Now and Town,
Interrogated where I'd been,*

"Just looking at the Indian camp,"

*I said, with most nonchalant mien.
For who believes in miracle?*

*Or why proclaim so much as half
Our happy lunacies to one
Who would, not understanding,
laugh?*

But there was deeper miracle

*At night, when stars and fires were lit
And wind-borne rhythms came to Town
As though to cast a spell on it.*

Out to the Indian camp I went——

*And far beyond my boyhood then:
Greece was not dreamt; Rome had not
been:*

*Young wonder filled the hearts of
men.*

*There's something lost in organ-peals
Or witchery of violins;*

*These Indians had not quite forgot
Who danced in deer-skin moccasins.*

*Where had I heard these lilts before,
That plaintive cry, that dying fall?*

*Or did they but remind me of
The wind in trees, a wild-fowl's call?
It seemed I knew it all of old,*

*So long ago the world was young
When to such drum-throbs once I
danced*

*And heard these weird cadenzas
sung.*

There was a moon I marveled at;

*There was a new and clamant shore;
Dark eyes looked questioning in mine
A million years ago and more.*

*Back through a million years and more
I crept, but tom-toms in my brain*

*Still pulsed through tattered memories,
To Now and Town returned again.*

*"Where have you been to all this
time?"*

*How could I tell? 'Twas best per-
chance*

To counterfeit a yawn and say:

"Just looking at the Indian dance."

*—Frederick Niven, in the London
Nation & Athenæum.*

AIR-SHIPPING AROUND THE WORLD

by Sir Hubert Wilkins

Having made the first round-trip trans-Atlantic commercial flight from Friedrichshafen, Germany, to Lakehurst, New Jersey, and return, in October 1928, the Graf Zeppelin, piloted by Dr. Hugo Eckener and carrying sixteen passengers and a crew of thirty-three, circumnavigated the globe, August 8-29, 1929, in 21 days, 7 hours, 26 minutes (actual flying time 12 days, 8 minutes) leaving and returning to Lakehurst after touching at Friedrichshafen, Tokyo and Los Angeles. Captain Sir Hubert Wilkins, the noted Arctic explorer, who writes this account, was a passenger on the globe-circling flight.

THE *Graf Zeppelin* LS-127, the one hundred and twenty-seventh Zeppelin built since 1900, has circled the globe in a little over twelve days actual flying time, or in a little over twenty-one days, including stops at Friedrichshafen, Tokyo and Los Angeles. Naturally the world is asking:

"Has this hop, step and a couple of jumps given us any information that will help to improve lighter-than-air craft or aid in the establishment of airship passenger and commercial routes?"

"We have learned nothing new," commented Dr. Hugo Eckener and his officers when asked if this trip had given them any valuable information.

They are certain that the Zeppelin could, barring accidents, go on doing this sort of thing every day and every week. . . . The chief engineer said: "There is nothing new that we have learned about the engines on this trip. We learned something on the trip before and the remedy seems to have been effective." But the whole crew, including the commander realize that from many points of view they have profited greatly by the venture. . . .

A take-off at night in aircraft is always a thrill and the start on this flight was no exception. The searchlight beams flashed on the white uniforms of sailors and strung from them long forests of shadows on the new damped grass at Lakehurst, New Jersey. A rumble from the engines sounded. A short, sharp word of command, an upward thrust and we were on the way. We rose rapidly. A cry of farewell and good cheer from thousands of throats mingled with the rustle of the wind on the silver sides of our giant home. . . .

The much-traveled and steamer-churned Atlantic slipped beneath us for forty-two hours. A favorable atmosphere moving in our direction hurried us onward. We had thought to see Ireland, but the wind carried us too far south, and the first sight of land was the Scilly Islands, not far from the English coast.

As we stole over France . . . the slender, graceful Eiffel Tower thrust up a beckoning finger and bid us welcome, but we had no time to stay.

THE GRAF ZEPPELIN

Photographed while
being moored at
Lakelhurst, N. J.

*This Wide World
picture was taken as the
huge German dirigible
completed her 6,000-mile
globe-encircling journey,
after being 111 hours
consequently in the air,
piloted by Dr. Hugo
Eckener. (See Air-Ship-
ping Around the World.
Page 52)*



We followed the silver thread of the Seine, caught a glimpse of Notre Dame, recalled the charm of the Bois de Boulogne, winged our way over the Champs Elysee, Rue de Rivoli and Rue de la Paix, and on to Switzerland.

In six hours less than three days we had spanned the Atlantic, covered a vast stretch of land and then, like a homing bird, the Zeppelin circled the town of its birth and settled down to its nest.

The first record of the globe-encircling flight had been made. The fastest crossing of the Atlantic by airship. The ship had been through rain, sunshine and high wind, and had stood it well. . . .

At dawn on Tuesday, August 15, we again took flight. The shortest distance between the kickoff and the goal was 6,500 miles.

The big ship rose above the gray ground, haze and clouds, skimmed over Germany and on to the mean waste land of Northern Poland. There women worked in fields and horses stepped wearily round and round a simple mechanism generating by wheel and pinion the power that in other places is mostly supplied by internal combustion engines.

Skirting Lithuania and Lettland, a gorgeous sunset ushered us into Russia, and to satisfy the modern rulers of that land we shaped a course for its political center. It would have been a thrilling sight to have seen the spires of the Moscow Kremlin from the air by moonlight, but the winds of chance directed otherwise.

We swung far north of the historic town, hoping to be able to look down on the Arctic Ocean, but again the Lord and master wind dictated otherwise. We had to keep a comparatively southern track in order to make better speed, and so missed the thrill of crossing the Arctic Circle.

The Ural mountains soon stood before us. We had to see them somewhere, and did it just beneath the sixteenth degree of latitude. The Urals are not high, neither do they offer much obstruction. . . .

ROUND-WORLD RECORDS FROM FIRST TO LAST

	<i>Days Hours Min.</i>		
<i>Magellan (1519-22)</i>	1,125	—	—
<i>Jules Verne (imaginary)</i>	80	—	—
<i>Nellie Bly (1889)</i>	72	6	11
<i>John Henry Mears (1913)</i>	35	21	35
<i>U. S. Army planes</i>	15*	6	—
<i>J. H. Mears and C. B. D. Collyer</i> <i>(1928)</i>	23	15	21
<i>Graf Zeppelin (1929)</i>	12*	—	8

* *This is actual flying time. The Army trip consumed 175 days.*

The great River Ob was crossed, and then the three-branched Yenesi, its waters flowing outward to the Arctic Ocean. The Yenesi's two great tributaries, the Untiere Tunguska and the Stienige Tunguska Rivers, meaning the stony and the sandy, are great and magnificent in themselves. We followed the erratic course of the sandy valley, which cut through some high, undulating hills. It was on these hills that we encountered and battled with the first violent storm we had experienced on the trip. . . .

Then we flattened out and sped on through the night to Jatusk, the greatest city in Northern Siberia. It is situated on the Lena River. The memory of Jatusk lingers in the mind of the Northern Siberia visitor as Cairo lingers in the mind of the North African traveler. Even from the air one senses the intriguing spirit of the place. The tragedies, the dramas that have been enacted in its vicinity—for it was once the prison place of half the political prisoners of Europe.

The most amazing thing to nearly everybody was the agreeable temperature experienced. Some put on overcoats on odd occasions, but the heavy underwear, thick sweaters, fleece-lined sleeping bags were superfluous. The lowest temperature recorded was 42 degrees Fahrenheit. . . .

We were not to get to Oriental conditions without a struggle, and all through the night we approached Japan we battled with wind squalls and rainstorms. The coast of Japan soon put in an appearance. Tokyo spread out like spilled hot cake batter and only in its center a few high buildings showed. The palace was the fulfillment of one's dream of quaint Japan, but few other houses and only a few shrines and temples had that convex curled trait in architecture we normally associate with the country.

The little brown sailors so spruce looking in clean uniforms did their job to perfection as we landed. It was not long before we were grounded and hangared, hustled out into a huge tent, entertained and entertaining. . . .

Leaving Tokyo, after a short flight we were over water, then in a cloud and soon a storm—the most violent we had experienced on the trip.

It was only of short duration, but the ship pitched steeply downwards, rose and pitched again. The clouds looked black and threatening. It was the first time the passengers were startled from their calm. They rushed to the salon to watch from the windows. None, I think, was afraid, and it was an interesting phenomena to observe. The storm was almost at the edge of a fog through which we ploughed for almost forty hours.

It was never thick, about four thousand feet at the most, and sometimes we would get beneath in order to check our speed over the ocean. We could always see the water from about six hundred feet. . . .

We saw no ship until we were almost in sight of land and the vigilant watch I kept when the ocean could be seen was rewarded by a sight of only three whales, a sunfish, a couple of other large fish and some sea birds, almost scared to death.

We will never forget the arrival at San Francisco. First one plane arrived to escort us, then another, then a half dozen and a dozen more—we could never agree as to how many there were.

Then the houses of San Francisco became distinguishable. Some of us had lived there. We eagerly pointed out our old resorts. Then the airship swung over Berkeley and Oakland, but not close enough to see the Oakland airport. Crossing the bay, we sailed high over the city's residential quarter and coming to the coast near the Cliff House and Seal Rocks, turned and followed the coast line. The sun had been setting slowly enough to give us the most beautiful picture an esthetic mind might desire. The beach and the shore, not to be outdone, presented themselves in an exquisite panorama. The brown shore was fringed with a rolling, foam-fringed sea. It curved away to the south and as we slipped along it seemed like the road to Heaven.

Then Los Angeles hove into view. If dewdrops sparkling in sunlight have ever made you imagine fairyland, then I'm sure your dreams could never in all your life equal in beauty the scene of Los Angeles. It was bathed in golden gleams of moonlight, bejeweled with myriads of sparkling light jewels. We lost all count of time, just wandered over the sparkling and shimmering vastness, then at the first break of day turned and nosed softly into the arms of the waiting sailors and marines. . . .

Dr. Eckener had decided to leave Los Angeles as soon as refuelling would permit, and every one else must be ready. We arrived at the field and the alertness of the ground crew was all that was to be desired. They unhitched the Zeppelin from the mast and we thought we were about to ascend.

But no, for some reason or other the ship was carried about from one place on the field to another. It hunted like a great old albatross for a suitable place for a takeoff. I have watched the albatross often and noticed that they wander about and seek the highest elevation in the vicinity for a takeoff. These big birds need a great deal of space and a considerable runway.

Judging from our experience at Los Angeles we had the same difficulty as the great sea birds. The runway selected was not long enough for the heavy load the machine carried, but that was not the fault of the field. The air conditions were rather new to the airship commanders. We could feel the ship laboring and twice felt the tin astern dragging on the ground.

The whole ship trembled as if she were afraid. The bow was rising slowly but the tail hung low, and as we approached the telegraph wires one among us said, "Now watch the wires and posts go down." But by some miracle we cleared them, and, still laboring, climbed slowly up and over the water. Gray faces regained their color, tongues which had been paralyzed during the crucial moment told of feelings and commented on things in general. . . .

Dr. Eckener continued onward to New York. The course because of the height of the mountains was by no means a straight one.

We went far south until sometimes we were over Mexico, and sometimes over the States. But eventually we swung on a northeasterly course and came out over Kansas City early Wednesday morning. Shrill whistles greeted us and crowds of people shouted. It was a preparation for the reception we received from Chicago. There the whistles were deafening to us in the air, what they must have been like on the ground it is difficult to imagine. The ticker tape and the paper mixed with the white upturned faces of the people made the sight of the windy city one that will be long remembered. By the time we left Chicago we had the wind in our favor it was not long before we were over Detroit, thence on to Lakehurst and journey's end.—From the *New York American*. Copyright, 1929, by the King Features Syndicate.

Mechanics Ueber Alles

Look at Germany, now leading in many fields, where technique and machinery come first. This is strange in Goethe's country, but it is significant. It is quite understandable if one realizes that efficiency was the only means of counter-balancing the evils of a monstrous defeat.

After the war there was nothing left that could really re-create a united people, a real nation in the English sense, but a common effort to overcome the rapid tendency of decline by making the machine the common goddess.

What is Rationalization but a reconstruction of the machine? What is Americanization but the speeding up of the machine? When the Germans watch the *Bremen* beating all records they naturally enjoy the record breaking, but the underlying feeling is the conviction that a triumph of this sort is nothing but a solid proof that our efforts of speeding up the national machine was not in vain.

When German heads get red hot in excitement about the Zeppelin or the still more striking and demoniac Dornier Dox flying boat, they take it as a proof that the nation which is forbidden

to have one single military aeroplane or to have all sorts of things needed to build airships, cannot be forbidden to have brains and scientific imagination.

Plenty is not, as a rule, a creative quality. Poverty is. If a rich man can afford to have a machine built for him by somebody, he still may enjoy to have it. But if a poor lad builds it himself and later starts a factory like Sir Herbert Austin or Sir William Morris then he will fall in love with his machine and worship it.

This explains why, in their present state of mind, nothing will raise the German people above scepticism and disillusion but the silvery miracle of the triumphant Zeppelin emerging from the clouds which still hang over the Fatherland.—Rudolf Kircher, London correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, in the *London Graphic*.

We could not allow Great Britain any longer to be regarded as the milch-cow of Europe.—Philip Snowden, after scoring a British diplomatic triumph at The Hague conference on German reparations.

FASTER, FASTER, FASTER!

by Captain Malcolm Campbell

Attaining a maximum speed of 375 miles an hour, and an average speed of 328.63 miles an hour, in a supermarine Rolls-Royce S6 seaplane, British Flying-Officer Henry C. D. Wag-horn won what is known as the Schneider Trophy for Britain, September 7, 1929, as here recounted by the holder of the world's motor car speed records for five miles and five kilometres. Besides his vivid description of the epochal race, Captain Campbell prophesies that "within two years we shall see similar pilots, in similar seaplanes, doing 400 miles an hour." He adds: "Britain's future lies in the air, as much, if not more so, than the future of any other country, and the sooner we realize the importance of air travel and the development of air safety, the sooner we shall lead the world in the air. That is why the value of this Schneider Trophy Race is incalculable."

THERE is no limit to man's speed. That is the first and the greatest lesson which the race for this year's Schneider Trophy has demonstrated. Speeds of nearly five and a half miles a minute were achieved, speeds so utterly amazing that when the roar of the oncoming engine smote on the ear one had to look *two miles in advance of the sound* to see the machine that made it, speeds that upset all the old conservative ideas, speeds that confounded all the postulations and principles of those who, in the early days of speeds, prophesied that neither man nor materials could stand up to a hundred miles an hour.

A hundred miles an hour—and probably within two years we shall see similar pilots, in very similar seaplanes, doing four hundred miles an hour, and after that five hundred miles an hour. Even then man's speed will not stop. We shall go on discovering means whereby we can travel faster. Those means will be applicable on land, sea and in the air. The three hundred miles an hour car is on the threshold of the immediate future. It may come next year. I hope that I may drive it. The 150 m.p.h. speed boat is close at hand, if not actually with us—and the 500 m.p.h. aeroplane will, I daresay, come in my lifetime.

This race for the Schneider Trophy has demonstrated three things. It has shown that British manhood, British science and British engineering can produce a trinity of pilot, design and engine which can beat the world. The late Government never did a finer thing than when they encouraged and supported the preparations for the race which has just been won. . . .

Now for the race itself. I anchored my boat at Wootton, four and a half miles west of Ryde, between that town and Cowes. I had an exceptionally

good wireless set on board, from which one heard the announcer's running commentary. The microphone was actually four and a half miles from us. I mention this fact because, when the machine passed us, it passed so quickly that all one heard was a sudden approaching roar rising to a quick crescendo, and as quickly dying away, a trail of smoke—and silence. Then just about forty seconds' stillness and suddenly one heard from the loud speaker the same sudden roar as the machine went past the microphone four and half miles away.

The day was perfect. I have never seen a more ideal setting for any air or naval occasion. The sky was blue, the sea was calm, the ships were dressed, and all the long miles of shore seemed black with a thin, waiting fringe of people, like insects on the edge of an enormous plate.

Suddenly, over at Calshot, one heard the boom of the starting gun, then the sudden growing drone of an approaching engine, a rending thunderous roar straight in front of one, then the dying sound of the receding engine and, twenty or thirty seconds later, the same roar from the loud speaker. I repeat, *one had to look two miles ahead of the sound to catch sight of the machine.*

Yet even then I doubt if many people realized the enormous speed which was being attained. As one writer very aptly said the following morning, "One gained a greater impression of speed and power from an express train passing through a wayside station than from these marvelous craft which were beating world's records." The sky was too vast, the sea was too wide, the arena was too great for human senses to give the full justice of appreciation to those astounding, flashing bullets which cleft the sky.

I think the only moment when I really got a thrill, as a thrill, was when Waghorn passed the Italian Warrant Officer Dal Molin. One realized then that it was actually a race. But without that visible competitive touch, it was difficult for the mind to grasp the drama of the race—as for example one grasps the drama of the Derby when the horses come, packed and thundering, round Tattenham Corner.

It was a great pity that sea, land and sky dwarfed such a marvelous performance. The standard of flying was utterly astounding. . . .

The Italian pilots put up a stout fight, and were terribly handicapped by not having their machines really ready, and by not being fully acquainted with them, and I believe that because they realized those handicaps they were determined to fly for the honor of their country, let the risks be what they would.

For example, Cadringer, in banking round the Cowes pylon, seemed to swoop within fifty feet of the water. A fraction of an error and he would have been smashed to atoms. His machine swept wide over Cowes, and I lost her to sight behind a hill. I held my breath and waited for the crash. It did not come, but I am still wondering by how many yards Cadringer



FLYING OFFICER H. R. D. WACHORN AND THE WINNING SUPERMARINE ROLES ROYCE S-6

From a Photograph taken before the Schneider Trophy race

This fastest man-made object in existence attained a speed of 375 miles an hour, or 6 miles a minute for 218 miles, on September 7, 1929, over a course extending between the Isle of Wight and Southsea, England, witnessed by a vast throng. The winner broke the existing world's record of 318 miles an hour by 10 miles an hour, and established British supremacy in the speed department of aviation. (See Faster, Faster, Faster! Page 57)

missed hitting that hill. Certainly Italy need take no shame in her defeat. Rather, she may well take pride. Her pilots put up such an exhibition of pluck and daring as one seldom sees; they were magnificent, if frightening. —From the London *Graphic*.

Abolishing the Death Penalty

As English Secretary of State for Home Affairs in 1916 and High Commissioner for Palestine from 1920 to 1925, the author of this plea for the abolition of capital punishment was himself called upon to make the final decision in many cases of death sentence. In discussing "the most painful duty that men can ever be called upon to perform," he makes an interesting suggestion whereby the workability of the problem may be tested without immediately removing the death penalty.

Is it, or is it not, the fact that the existence of capital punishment prevents murders? Is it, or is it not, probable that if that penalty were abolished murders would increase? Upon the answer to that question most men and women will be inclined, I think, to let their attitude depend.

Now here we are not left in the realm of conjecture. We have the experience of several other countries as a guide. All our neighbors in north-western Europe—the three Scandinavian countries and Belgium and Holland—abolished capital punishment long ago. So have five other States in Europe and nine in Central and Southern America. Of the United States of America eight have followed the same course.

The experience of these countries is to be seen in the statistics of murderous crimes committed before and after the

abolition. The impression left by an examination of those statistics is that there has been no tendency for the abolition of the death penalty to be followed by an increase in this class of crime; in several cases there has been a marked decrease.

It would not be necessary in the first instance to abolish the death penalty by law. The House of Commons might pass a resolution desiring the Home Secretary to reprieve in all cases of death sentences. (About one-half are reprieved already.) It could then be seen, over a period of years, whether in fact any unsatisfactory results followed.

If they did, the resolution could be repealed and the present practice restored. If they did not, the further step could be taken and the penalty abolished by law. . . . I cannot believe that the most civilized nations will, for all time, meet grave crime by the forfeiture of life. In the eighteenth century there were in this country 200 crimes punishable by death. The list has been gradually reduced to the smallest proportions.

Always there have been prophecies that a milder code would create more ruthless and more numerous criminals. Always the result has been the opposite. It is well that this generation should give earnest consideration to the question whether in our time one more step may not be taken towards a goal which must certainly be reached some day.—Sir Herbert Samuel, in the London *Evening News*.

THUS SPAKE ANATOLE FRANCE

by Anatole France

Though Anatole France was a great talker, a most engaging conversationalist, he was by no means a fluent public speaker, according to the editor of his public addresses from which these passages are taken. With a few friends about him he would discourse on life and letters and art "with a wisdom and illuminating grace that held his audience spellbound." But that was in private. Public speaking he did not take to at all.

Consequently France, the wit, the ironist, the satirist is not often evident in his speeches of occasion; but out of much straw have been winnowed these grains of wisdom and observation, which contribute to a complete knowledge of this master of the French tongue.

PRINTING rooms always call to my mind memories that are both dear and far-away. My father was a bookseller. When I was quite a small boy I used to have to run to the printer's with copy, and when I was still quite young, I had to occupy myself with book-production, and I corrected proofs. I corrected other people's proofs before I corrected my own. I shouldn't make such a bad foreman, and if I were younger, I should apply for a job. . . .

It has been said that printing does as much harm as good, since it gives us bad books as well as good ones and propagates falsehood and error no less than knowledge and truth. That would be true if falsehood profited as much as truth by being brought out into the light. But it is not so. Error thrives in dark places, and knowledge bears fruit in the light of the day. True, though four centuries have gone by since it was introduced, printing has not dissipated the old errors, the ancient superstitions. That it could not be expected to do. It would have been contrary to the nature of things. The conquest of truths that make for the happiness of man is a slow and difficult thing, and the human race is emerging painfully, and little by little, from its primitive barbarism. It would not be amiss to say that the type of society to which we have attained after so many centuries of effort and suffering is but organized barbarism, regulated violence and disciplined injustice. . . .

* * * *

Victor Hugo is perhaps the last man to whom we should go for material with which to construct any definite doctrine or to furnish the outlines of a social and political system. His ideas, at once so startling and so fuliginous, so exuberant and so contradictory, vast and vague as the ideas of mighty multitudes, were the ideas of his century as a whole, of which, as he himself said, he was the sounding echo. . . .

* * * *

A little while ago I had the rare pleasure of conversing with an Eastern prince of signal intellectual attainments, a prince whose youth had been passed in a land where the creative energy of the religious spirit, not yet exhausted, still produces prophets, apostles and martyrs.

He inquired of me, with scarcely feigned surprise and with a characteristic air of Oriental superiority, how it came about that the West had no prophets, whereas the East produced them by tens of thousands.

"To-day, as in times long past," he said, "throughout the length and breadth of Islam, we meet with prophets—in the bazaars, in barbers' shops, at the street corners where the wandering dogs howl. And the Europeans cannot discover a single one, although they have the greater need of them. Take the French, for example. What an excellent thing it would be for them if Monsieur Combes were a prophet!"

We spoke of the dead gods and the living gods. I listened with singular attention to this Oriental who knows how religions are made, who has carefully noted the process of their manufacture, and who had quite possibly made one himself. Doubtless he did not reveal to me all that was in his mind, but I learnt from him that three things are necessary in the making of a religion. To begin with, a general idea of extreme simplicity, a social idea; secondly, an ancient liturgy of immemorial usage, into which the idea in question is introduced. For it is to be noticed that a growing cult always borrows its religious furniture from the reigning cult, and that new religions are for the most part little else but heresies. Thirdly (and this avowal I extracted pretty easily), you must have some sleight of hand, that sort of skill in conjuring which in this old Europe of ours we call Magic for the Young. And now, after listening to what this religious and intelligent prince had to say, I am not so sure whether sometimes the new school has not been rather too ready to relegate the miracle to the twilight regions of nervous pathology; whether sometimes we ought not to admit the hypothesis of conscious fraud. . . .

* * * *

All the powers of the earth grow great in an atmosphere of persecution. Let the rulers of the people cast their eyes downwards, let them make search among the masses whom they oppress and the doctrines which they despise; 'tis thence will arise the force that will humble them to the dust. . . .

* * * *

Revealed religions all have one drawback. The revelations on which they are founded represent a stage in the progress of science and civilization which has long since been superseded. Doubtless the ideas of the gods are no more unchangeable than those of the human beings who interpret them. They fade away in time. But they are always in the rear of human intelligence. Take the God of the Christians. He cannot be taxed with not changing.

He was a Jew, and now he is an anti-Semite. But we must do him justice. He is not so fierce as he used to be. Nevertheless he is the sworn enemy of Science and Reason. He does not like people to think. The Churches founded in his Son's name, especially the Catholic Church, offer, as we can see for ourselves to-day, a desperate resistance to the moral and intellectual developments of the societies they claim to direct. . . .

* * * *

If Japan succeeds in imbuing the white races with a certain amount of respect for the yellow, she will have rendered a notable service to humanity; she will unconsciously, and no doubt unwillingly, have paved the way for the reign of peace throughout the world. . . . —From *The Unrisen Dawn*, speeches and addresses, by Anatole France, translated by J. Lewis May, by permission of Dodd, Mead & Company.

THE DIVINE OFFICE OF THE KITCHEN

by Cecily Hallack

These verses were written as a message to a girl friend of the author who had complained that domestic drudgery was spoiling her hands for violin playing. A typewritten copy of the poem, unsigned, was dropped into the letterbox of an English clergyman, who caused three of the verses to be printed in a religious publication, where it was seen by a maid in service in the Midlands. "So perfectly did it express her own ideals," says the London Daily Chronicle, "that she dreamed she had composed it herself. As 'the work of a servant of 19 years of age,' it found its way to a noted London preacher, who featured it in his sermons." The real author recently consented to the publication of the complete poem over her name.

God walks among the pots and pipkins.
—St. Teresa.

Lord of the pots and pipkins, since I
have no time to be
A saint by doing lovely things and vigil-
ling with Thee,
By watching in the twilight dawn, and
storming Heaven's gates,
Make me a saint by getting meals, and
washing up the plates!

Lord of the pots and pipkins, please, I
offer Thee for souls,

The tiresomeness of tea leaves, and the
sticky porridge bowls!

Remind me of the things I need, not just
to save the stairs,
But so that I may perfectly lay tables in-
to prayers.

Accept my roughened hands because I
made them so for Thee!

Pretend my dishmop is a bow, which,
heavenly harmony
Makes on a fiddle frying pan; it is so
hard to clean,

And oh, so horrid! Hear, dear Lord, the
music that I mean!

*Although I must have Martha hands, I
have a Mary mind,
And when I black the boots, I try Thy
sandals, Lord, to find,
I think of how they trod our earth, what
time I scrub the floor,
Accept this meditation when I haven't
time for more!*

*Vespers and Compline come to pass by
washing supper things
And, mostly, I am very tired; and all the
heart that sings
About the morning's work, is gone, be-
fore me, into bed.
Lend me, dear Lord, Thy Tireless Heart,
to work in me instead!*

*When I was in the United States the
question was often put to me as a world
wanderer, "Where have you found the
best railroad travelling?" When an
American reporter puts an inquiry like
that he thinks he knows the answer.*

*So I generally surprised him by reply-
ing, "Oh, in Russia, including Siberia."
Yes, it was on a journey from Irkutsk to
Moscow, in the old days before the re-
volution came along, that I travelled
most comfortably. Apart from the din-
ing-car, there was a boudoir with a
piano, which we shifted into the dining-
car when we had a smoking concert.*

*I had a nicer compartment than you
find on most of the advertised trains on
the Continent today; there was a writing
table, a movable electric light, and an
easy chair; at the end of the corridor
was a bathroom. One press-button sum-
moned the car attendant, and another
press-button was in communication with
the refreshment department.*

I particularly noticed that the wheels

*My Matins are said overnight to praise
and bless Thy Name
Beforehand for to-morrow's work, which
will be just the same;
So that it seems I go to bed still in my
working dress,
Lord, make Thy Cinderella soon a heav-
enly Princess!*

*Warm all the kitchen with Thy Love,
and light it with Thy Peace!
Forgive the worrying, and make the
grumbling words to cease,
Lord who laid breakfast on the shore,
forgive the world which saith
"Can any good thing come to God out of
poor Nazareth?"*

*under the first-class coaches had no
brakes; it was only folk in the cheaper
coaches who were roused from sleep by
the crunching of the brakes.—Sir John
Foster Fraser, in the London Graphic.*

*"My country, right or wrong" is a
thing that no patriot would think of say-
ing except in a desperate case. It is like
saying, "My mother, drunk or sober."
No doubt if a decent man's mother took
to drink he would share her troubles to
the last; but to talk as if he would be in
a state of gay indifference as to whether
his mother took to drink or not is cer-
tainly not the language of men who
know the great mystery.—G. K. Chester-
ton.*

*It is better to read one good book sev-
eral times than to read several books
once.—David Lloyd George.*

EVIDENCES OF SURVIVAL AFTER DEATH

by Sir Oliver Lodge

Sir Oliver Lodge, former president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science here gives his conclusions regarding personal immortality, reached after fifty years of investigation in the field of psychic phenomena. In the most positive utterance ever made by the distinguished scientist, he asserts that "conversation with the departed is no strange uncanny phenomenon, but is as simple and straightforward as any ordinary family conversation might be when conducted through a telephone." Incidentally, Sir Oliver supports the theory that ether is a permanent indestructible body in which it is possible to continue to exist as individuals for an unlimited period.

A STUDY of unusual mental phenomena of various kinds, including the reception of intelligence when in a state of trance, and other forms of lucidity, when the bodily screen becomes as it were transparent and allows information to come from some mental region by other than the ordinary channels of sense, has developed greatly during the half century which has elapsed since the early days of the Society for Physical Research, and has had important consequences. For it has led most of the investigators, and certainly it has led me, to realize on a basis of actual fact, that death is not the end of mental activity, that the mind can function apart from bodily organs, that memory is not limited to the brain, and in fact that individual personality and character survive the loss of the body; and further that people who are what we properly call "dead," can under certain conditions, and with the aid of organisms not their own, demonstrate the survival of their memory, intelligence and affection—of all that corresponds with personal identity.

The grounds for this clear and definite persuasion have grown in cogency during my lifetime until I have no doubt at all. The evidence has been experienced by thousands of people, and some of the facts are recorded in innumerable books, though occasionally the most crucial evidence is suppressed as too private and sacred to be publicly recorded during the prevalence of theological and scientific incredulity, which sometimes amounts to scorn. . . .

Conversation with the departed is no strange uncanny phenomenon, but is as simple and straightforward—given the requisite conditions—as any ordinary family conversation might be when conducted through a telephone or other less understood form of instrument. I tell the world, whether it listens or not, that this is so. There is no mistake. Personal identity is not lost. Memory and character continue. Communication is possible. This is not faith, it is the result of demonstration. . . .

Telepathy, or the direct action of mind on mind without an intermediate system of nerves and muscles, is really simple, and may be the means of communication hereafter. . . . Its discovery seems to be of obvious importance, for it emphasizes the possible dislocation or separate existence of mind and body. If two minds can interact or transmit and receive impressions without the use of the bodily organs, it renders plausible the idea that they may continue so to act when the organs are destroyed; and it thus removes or negatives one of the most urgent arguments so frequently adduced against human survival. The mind dominates and utilizes the body. The brain is a transmissive vehicle, not an originator of thought: it no more originates thought than a piano composes music. Mind dominates matter, not vice versa. . . .

The fact of telepathy has been established by very simple experiments which can be conducted by any one when he finds a suitable receptive medium or percipient; though if he is not accustomed to experimenting he might make a mess of it. It is certain that the ordinary familiar experiences do not exhaust the powers of humanity. Even animals possess faculties which we do not understand: we attribute the homing impulse or other striking behavior to "instinct," but that does not explain it. Similarly psychic investigation has demonstrated the existence of a number of human faculties occasionally in operation, beyond the normal and familiar ones. The object of psychical research is to study and verify these, and gradually to make them intelligible. . . .

Once it is realized that an assemblage of material particles, however complex, cannot explain vital and mental and spiritual phenomena, the door is opened into another world outside our ordinary sensory apprehension; and there, beyond these earthly and temporary limitations, we shall find our spiritual home.

A working hypothesis for the phenomena of telekinesis and materialization has emerged . . . namely the hypothesis that organized protoplasmic

I assert that it is possible to get into telepathic communication with those who have survived the death of the body. Their mind, their character, their personality persists; and though they cannot directly make any impression on our material senses, yet urged by continued affection, or by some other sufficient motive, they can occasionally make use of a physiological instrument—the brain-nerve-muscle mechanism of a living person endowed with the receptive telepathic faculty—so as to convey messages to those left behind. And in so doing they often take steps to prove their identity and establish their continued existence.—Sir Oliver Lodge.

material of a previously unsuspected kind can under certain conditions extrude itself from the mucous membrane of the body, retaining its animation as if still connected with the organism, and can perform at a distance simple feats such as the movement of inert objects—movements which are ordinarily accomplished, in much the same way, through the customary agency of the limbs. . . .

Also, strange to say, it can be shown that this substance which, being of a protoplasmic nature but outside the body, is called "ectoplasm," can take on a structural form—a kind of temporary incarnation or embodiment in matter of some formative principle—analogueous to bodily forms already familiar. It may be that this is done somewhat after the same fashion as an animal is able to dispose of food; the particles being as it were manipulated by the unconscious organism, and given a shape and consistency appropriate to the part of the body where they are deposited. In any organism there is a molding or plastic power which determines that certain particles shall go to form muscle, or nail or hair or feathers, or even a complicated organ like the eye or the ear, without much regard to the nature of the pabulum which is being thus dealt with. Similarly, though rather incredibly, it is responsibly asserted by investigators that ectoplasmic material can form itself, or be similarly formed, into structures resembling hands and faces. . . .

The behavior of ectoplasmic material in the neighborhood of an entranced person we have not grown accustomed to, and therefore regard it with suspicion mingled with aversion. But it may be that through this strange and unusual manifestation or modification of a known faculty, we shall by further study gain some inkling of the processes involved in normal cases, and that biological theory will be thereby advanced.

For it has often happened in science that the exceptional and the unusual contain features and suggestions that under ordinary circumstances have been overlooked or neglected, partly because of the inattentive way in which we are likely to regard normal and customary operations. Humanity was surrounded by electricity during the whole period of its existence, but, having no electric or magnetic sense organ, the only manifestation which it attended to was the thunderstorm; and it was liable to regard that merely with fear and apprehension. Only within the last century did patient research harness electrical energy and bring it within daily use. So also humanity has been illuminated by flashes of genius; it has experienced apparitions and other legendary occurrences which it more than half disbelieved. Even now at certain times the ether is full of rational energy which with a suitable receptive instrument can be interpreted as speech or music, but which otherwise wholly eludes our senses.

So it may be—nay I know that so it is—with a multitude of realities which are hidden from our eyes. The religious and spiritual world has been felt to be a region of awe, rather than of understanding, and only now are a

few patient explorers seeking to investigate something of its nature by mundane but reasonable and should-be legitimate methods. Thereby they are able to assure us of its reality, as demonstrated by ascertained fact; they certify that our natural bodies are only materialized instruments through which we operate here and now; they have ascertained that these same bodies can be used to demonstrate powers that we did not know we possessed; and so gradually they have learned that, beyond the body and everything connected with it, our own self, the essential part of us, is no evanescent material illusion—a simulacrum stalking between two eternities—but has a real and permanent existence.—From *The Century Magazine* (New York).

A Crowning Absurdity

It is the close view of the working of hereditary peerage which makes it seem so dismal (except in occasional outbursts of farce) an anachronism in this age. There is something else. The old peers, at least, secured something definite and tangible. It was worth while to be a peer when a peerage conferred actual privileges and immunities, when the House of Lords was still a powerful body, when a noble lord was accounted a great man, when there was still a governing class, and class distinctions were clearly marked. But what is it that inspires ambition for a peerage nowadays?

Lord Rosebery used to say that the only remaining privilege of the peerage was the right to a comfortable seat from which to listen to the Commons debates. More recently one other privilege has been added, since any peer or member of a peer's family who can write well enough to sign his or her own name may be sure of a competence as a contributor to a popular newspaper. The duties are equally difficult to define. A good many of the new peers never go near the House of Lords, openly flouting their "hereditary" responsibility in the matter of legislation. The peerage has been divorced from the land, and many of the new

peers have no responsibilities comparable with those of a Duke of Buccleuch or a Duke of Devonshire. An unfortunate experience has robbed the peerage of its late Victorian association with the City. It is now tacitly decided that no peer can be Prime Minister, and a peeress in her own right is now about the only woman who cannot claim full equality with man. . . .—From *Hereditary Peers—a Crowning Absurdity*, by H. T. Kemball Cook, in the *London National Review*.

Although science may be able some day to explain most of the phenomena which constitute life, still the sum total of these phenomena will always be unexplainable. . . . My own speculations have run in the direction of life being something which crystallizes in the ether of space. I don't think they will understand the mystery of life until they take the ether into account.—Sir Oliver Lodge.

Cheap transit threatens to turn the whole of England into one vast semi-rural suburb.—Duke of Marlborough.

SCIENCE DISCOVERING THE SOUL

by Sir William Bragg

When Sir William Bragg, the new President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, announced, at the last annual meeting of that body in Glasgow, Scotland, his belief that man has a soul, his words were telegraphed to the ends of the world. His statement, given here verbatim, directly contradicts Sir Arthur Keith who, when president of the same association, in 1927, stated his belief that death means annihilation. Professor Bragg is a winner of the Nobel prize for his discovery of a new method of measuring electrons and atoms in crystals.

. . . THERE are those who think that science is inhuman. They speak or write as if students of modern science would destroy reverence and faith. I do not know how that can be said of the student who stands daily in the presence of what seems to him to be infinite. Let us look at this point a little more closely.

The growth of knowledge never makes an old craft seem poor and negligible. On the contrary it often happens that under new light it grows in our interest and respect. Science lives on experiment; and if a tool or a process has gradually taken shape from the experience of centuries, science seizes on the results as those of an experiment of special value. She is not so foolish as to throw away that in which the slowly gathered wisdom of ages is stored. In this she is a conservative of conservatives.

What is true of a tool or process is true also of those formulæ in which growing science has tried to describe her discoveries. A new discovery seems at first sight to make an old hypothesis or definition become obsolete. The words cannot be stretched to cover a wider meaning. By no means, however, is that which is old to be thrown away; it has been the best possible attempt to express what was understood at the time when it was formed. The new is to be preferred for its better ability to contain the results of a wider experience. But in its time it will also be put aside. It is by a series of successive steps that we approach the truth: each step reached with the help of that which preceded it.

Nothing in the progress of science, and more particularly of modern science, is so impressive as the growing appreciation of the immensity of what awaits discovery, and the contrasted feebleness of our ability to put into words even so much as we already dimly apprehend. . . .

The distinction between truth itself and attempts to embody it in words is so constantly forced upon the student of science as to give his statements on all matters a characteristic form and expression. And this is, I think, one

of the reasons why men are often needlessly alarmed by the new announcements of science and think they are subversive of that which has been proved by time. . . .

Science is not setting forth to destroy the soul, but to keep body and soul together. . . . It is said that uselessness in science is a virtue. The accusation is a little obscure because it may justly be said that knowledge is never useless. . . . Long ago it was said in terms which in their comprehensiveness include all the aspirations of the searcher after knowledge: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength"; and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." In the old story every listener, from whatever country he came, Parthians and Medes, Cretans and Arabians, heard the message in his own tongue. A great saying speaks to every man in the language which he understands. To the student of science the words mean that he is to put his whole heart into his work, believing that in some way which he cannot fully comprehend it is all worth while, and that every straining to understand his surroundings is right and good; and, further, that in that way he can learn to be of use to his fellowmen.—From an address delivered by the president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

The Narrow Road

(The Irish Original by Douglas Hyde.)

*Once for delight
I went dancing on air,
Now I go heavily
Under despair.*

*In thought of one Colleen
By night and by day,
By my love for that Colleen
Wounded away.*

*The like of the Colleen
Is not in this life,
And yet she has set
All my senses at strife.*

*A maiden to match her
Is not in this world;
All my heart's tendrils
Around her are curled.*

*Little hand of my love,
The snow you would blind;
Yet your touch leaves me left
With a wandering mind.*

*Three lonesome months long,
Almost from the start
I lie with her arrows
Tormenting my heart.*

*O God of all graces,
My agony hear,
Give me now my dark death
Or my only bright dear.*

*The mist of my sighs, Storeen,
Streams with my tears—
Were not all my thoughts fixed on thee
Through the long years?*

*Hark my lament!
Look how lonely I am!
Like a stray mountain sheep
That has lost her one lamb.*

*Wilt thou still be as hard
As at heart thou art kind?
Thy pitying glance
Shall I nevermore find?*

*List to me Noreen,
Hearken, aroon!
Put one healing word
From thy quiet mouth soon.*

*Ere I enter the pathway,
Dark, narrow and steep,
That draws down the thousands
On thousands to sleep.
—Alfred Perceval Graves, in *The Irish Statesman*.*

The Piebald

*The fires were red by the caravans;
The circus men stooped over their pans.
The piebald horse came up to nuzzle
Against my breast with his spotted muzzle.*

*His flank was rubbed by the waggon
chain,
His shoulder raw where the weight had
lain,
But he arched his neck to my greeting,
proudly,
And nickered low while the men talked
loudly.*

*We stood in the gloaming, he and I,
While the stars came out in the evening
sky.
A lone owl hooted, a bat flew over,
The breath of the horse was sweet with
clover.*

*I patted his neck and I stroked his ears;
His eyes were soft in the dusk like deer's.
The eyes of a horse can always hold me,
And this was the tale that his brown eyes
told me.*

*Nothing to do with the dusty road
And a shoulder-gall and an aching load,
But a tale of triumph—a gallant story
Of glittering lights and a path of glory.*

*Of cantering circles around the ring
With a measured step to the music's
swing;
Of cracking whips and of clownish
wrangles
And a fairy rider in silk and spangles.*

*I know as he quivered a nostril wide
That he wished me to learn of his nights
of pride
When, bitted back to his silver trapping,
He went in a tumult of cheers and clapping.*

*I forgot the shame of his shoulder-gall,
I heard the hoofs to the canvas call.
I saw him proud in the sawdust striding,
Glamor around him and Beauty riding.
—Will H. Ogilvie, in the *London Spectator*.*

*Some day America will be the home
of all the arts. It will have its own national theater, a true civic theater, not civic merely in name, but subsidized by the government, supported by the public. It will have a bureau of fine arts, with special committees for music, for painting, for architecture, and so forth. Then America will have the masterpieces of the old world and the new.—Feodor Chaliapin, Russian basso.*

THE "RUIN" AND VINDICATION OF HALDANE

Philosopher, lawyer, statesman and author, Lord Haldane was a man of many parts. He sat in Parliament for over forty years, was twice Lord Chancellor, and as Secretary of State for War from 1905 to 1912 he is credited with doing more to prepare Britain for the World War than all other men or human forces combined. Yet at the outbreak of the war and thereafter he was a target of accusation, being "hounded out of office by the public press, by legends that he had purposely delayed mobilization, that he had a German wife, that he was an illegitimate brother of the Kaiser" and so on.

The storm that burst over his head was generated in August, 1914, by the discovery made by the London Times that Haldane had received a letter from the great German shipmaster, Herr Ballin, of an "incriminatory character," it was charged. Taking the stand that the letter was a private one, written in time of peace, and therefore could not be published without the sender's consent, Haldane, who was then Lord Chancellor, braved the wrath of the British public and the power of the Times by refusing its "insulting offer" of £200 for the "infamous" letter, now published for the first time in his autobiography. It reads in part:

"Hamburg, 1st August 1914.

"DEAR LORD HALDANE,—Hardly a week has elapsed since I had the honor and pleasure of spending an extremely interesting evening with you. . . . Meanwhile, with a rapidity which almost outdoes human thought the situation of the world has been completely altered. . . .

Now one puts here the question: Will England really enter upon this war? Last week you gave me in your clear manner the impression that England would only be induced to make a martial intervention if Germany were to swallow up France, in other words, if the balance of power were to be greatly altered by German annexation of French territory.

In view of the critical situation I am far from wishing you to write me about the situation. But what affects me particularly is the news which is disseminated in London from Paris, that Germany wishes to carry on this war, as a kind of preventive war against Russia and France, in other words, therefore, that this period appears to Germany to be particularly favorable for such a war and that she is, therefore, precipitating this war without a proper serious cause. I hope that you and Sir Edward Grey do not attach any importance to this calumnious assertion. You know our Emperor personally and are aware that he has made it the task of his life to preserve peace for Germany. . . . And as I know the high esteem and friendship you feel for our Reichskanzler Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg I am sure you agree with me that he is equally incapable of such unscrupulousness.

At any rate, I wish to say this to you and I still hope that it will be possible for England to preserve a friendly neutrality in return for certain guarantees and I equally hope that at the last hour it will still be possible to find a peaceful way out of this terrible chaos. . . .

(Signed) BALLIN."

The recipient of this letter here states his amazing reactions to the outburst against him, concluding with the dramatic testimonial of Field Marshal Haig.

I MUST refer to the attacks made on me during the period from the Ballin letter onward. They were mainly made outside Parliament, but their volume was such that they affected, at least in some considerable degree, public opinion, although they infuriated attached and loyal friends. . . . Every kind of ridiculous legend was circulated. I had a German wife; I was the illegitimate brother of the Kaiser; I had been in secret correspondence with the German Government; I had been aware that they intended war and had withheld my knowledge of this from my colleagues; I had delayed the mobilization and dispatch of the Expeditionary Force. All these and many other things were circulated. They could only have been effectively disposed of by the publication of documents, and to this the Foreign Office was at that time averse. The result was what might have been expected. The Harmsworth Press systematically attacked me, and other newspapers besides. Anonymous letters poured in. On one day, in response to an appeal in the *Daily Express*, there arrived at the House of Lords no less than 2600 letters of protest against my supposed disloyalty to the interests of the nation. These letters were sent over to my house in sacks, and I entrusted the opening and disposal of the contents to the kitchenmaid.

There is generally some reason for everything that happens. It was quite true that I had been a pretty close student of German philosophy and literature, and had much admiration for the power of systematic reflection which distinguished the German people. I had, perhaps too often, reminded my fellow-countrymen of our shortcomings in these respects. But I also knew better than most of my fellow-countrymen the weak side of the German character, and the too great dominance in it of the abstract mind. I had gauged fairly accurately the difference between Germany as it was before the War of 1870 and Germany as it was before the War of 1914. I had estimated the decline in the quality of the Great General Staff, and the danger to his people of an uncontrolled mind such as that of the Kaiser. I had always thought that if Great Britain had been less illiterate about the spirit and traditions of the difficult people across the German Ocean, and had begun, say after the Treaty of Berlin, to show that she understood Germany, the Balance of Power difficulty might have been averted. A concert of Great Powers, of Germany, Austria, Great Britain, France and Russia, might well

have been made the ideal object of diplomats, and if it had we might in the end have had all and more than a League of Nations offers today. . . .

Meanwhile . . . in the autumn of 1914 I felt bound to go to the Prime Minister [Herbert Asquith] and to say that, as the attacks on me must obviously affect the general position, it would probably be better that I should not remain in office [as Lord Chancellor]. He laughed at the idea of this, but I took a more serious view of it. If my full story could have been made public I think that the attacks would have been destroyed. But both Asquith and Grey were averse to making public the details of previous negotiations with Germany while the War was going on. I had therefore to remain unshielded, and I had no illusion as to what in the end the result was likely to be. The public aspect of these attacks demanded consideration. In my own view, as things stood, my work, such as it was, had been finished, and I felt that I was no longer contributing strength to the Government. As time went on, and the storm raised against me increased, I saw that the Prime Minister was not likely to be able to form a Coalition Ministry if I remained as Lord Chancellor, and I wrote to him saying so. Nor did I greatly care. Strategical questions had passed into other hands, and I was no longer really needed. I should not have been happy if I had remained even technically responsible for things that took a dubious course when I had no longer power to keep them right. The result was that when Asquith came to the conclusion that he must reconstruct his Government on a Coalition basis, he sent round a circular letter asking us all to resign. I made no difficulty. . . .

I was never depressed even by the most violent abuse. I knew very well that the reorganization of the Army was likely to turn out to have been thoroughly made, and on lines that would fit it for its task. . . . I was well content to endure, for if the Army came home victorious I believed that it would return with witnesses in my defence whose testimony would be irresistible. So it proved in the end. . . .

After the victory in France came and the British troops had returned to London, with the victorious Commander-in-Chief, Douglas Haig, riding with the King at their head, all London was in a state of rejoicing. I was left alone, solitary in my study at Queen Anne's Gate. It was after dark that evening when my servant came upstairs to me and said that there was an officer who wanted to see me, but who would not give his name.

My servant was careful in those days, for strange people had tried to get into the house to have sight of me, and he had been warned from Scotland Yard to be cautious about letting unknown people enter. However, I told him to show to my room the officer, whoever he was, who had called. The door was opened, and who should enter but a friend who was indeed intimately known to me, Field-Marshal Douglas Haig, come from a triumphant ride with his Sovereign along the Mall. "I am not going to remain," he exclaimed; "my purpose is to leave with you a book in which I have written something."

With that he insisted on going away. The book was a volume containing his Dispatches, and on the page at the beginning he had written these affectionate words:

"To Viscount Haldane of Cloan—the greatest Secretary of State for War England has ever had. In grateful remembrance of his successful efforts in organizing the Military Forces for a War on the Continent, notwithstanding much opposition from the Army Council and the half-hearted support of his Parliamentary friends.

(Signed) HAIG, F. M."

—From *Richard Burdon Haldane (Viscount Haldane) An Autobiography*, by permission of Doubleday, Doran & Company.

Pause on the Road

All day the rain was dripping from the leaves;

All day, all night, the trees were dark with rain.

Sigh followed sigh; speech like a winter sun

Grew thin and faded into watchfulness.

A wary silence settled on our minds,

A mist of thin suspicion. I broke the veil,

Sending unguided words along the stream.

"Are you sleeping; has your heart grown weary

Of struggle, of the fierce desire for knowledge,

A high companionship along the road

Uphill, toward the wider view of the world,

Sunspaces, realms of cloud, laboring valleys,

And the mountains sleeping under moon and sun

By night and day where the austere gods of thought

Brood in annihilating loneliness?"

Then for reply you turned aside, and wept

Tears that were blind, not knowing of their birth.

"Ah! Tell me who you are!" I heard you say.

"Close, blood-mingled, sense to sense, yet strange,

Grown suddenly strange and unfamiliar.

Whose voice is this that was the voice of love,

So intimate that all my body trembled

When you spoke?"

"I do not know," I said, And touched you shyly, with a hand of wonder.

"Here is the faith of love," I whispered, "Here,

While passion sleeps, and understanding hides

Its head. Maybe love is only courage."

When you looked up, the raindrops caught the sun,

And the wet trees were glittering with light.

—Richard Church, in the *London Spectator*.

I never tried to sell anybody anything in my life except a few horses.—Prince of Wales.

BEETHOVEN, THE CREATOR

by Romain Rolland

The author of Jean Christophe, the monumental French novel the chief character of which is patterned after Beethoven, here draws a memorable portrait in words of the greatest of German composers, whose grandest compositions were done after he had become deaf. This opening passage illustrates what the biographer has in mind in stating that, "My plan has been to limit myself to the exploration of the great epochs in Beethoven's creation, to those mighty crises of his being in which he seems to be perishing and then renews himself. . . . He is not the shepherd driving his flock before him; he is the bull marching at the head of his herd . . . the great bull with its fierce eye, its head raised, its four hooves planted on the summit, at the edge of the abyss, whose roar is heard above the time."

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN is one of the hard, knotty, pitted fruits of the age that produced a Mirabeau, a Danton, a Napoleon. He sustains this strength of his by means of vigorous ablutions with cold water, a scrupulous regard for personal cleanliness, and daily walks immediately after the mid-day meal, walks that lasted the entire afternoon and often extended into the night; then a sleep so sound and long that he thanklessly complained against it! His way of living is substantial but simple. Nothing to excess; he is no glutton, no drinker (in the evil sense of the word) as some have wrongfully described him. Like a good Rhinelander he loved wine, but he never abused it—except for a short period (1825-1826) with Holz, when he was badly shaken. He was fonder of fish than of meat; fish was his great treat. But his fare was rough and countrified: delicate stomachs could not endure it.

As he grows older, the demon that possesses him brings more and more disorder into his way of living. He needs a woman to look after him, or he will forget to eat; he has no hearth of his own. But there is to be found no woman who will devote herself absolutely to him; and perhaps his independence would revolt in advance against the rights that devotion of this kind would establish over him.

Yet he likes women, and has need of them; they occupied a greater place in his life than in that, I will not say of a Bach, or a Handel, but of any other musician. . . . But though his avid nature cries out for love, and though love fled from him less than he supposed (as we see later, he fascinated women, and more than one offered herself to him), he is on his guard against them, on his guard against himself. . . . He ended by banishing the sensual from his own passionate life; and when Giulietta Giucciardi, the beloved of the old time, still beautiful, comes to him in tears and offers herself

to him, he repulses her with disdain. He guards the sanctity of his memories against her, and he guards his art, his deity, against contamination: "If I had been willing thus to sacrifice my vital force," he said to Schindler, "what would have remained for the nobler, the better thing?"

This governance of the flesh by the spirit, this strength of constitution, both moral and physical, this life without excess, ought to have assured him an unassailable health: Rockel, who in 1806 saw him nude, splashing about in the water like a Triton, said that "you would have predicted he would live to the age of Methuselah."

But his heredity was flawed. It is more than likely that he derived from his mother a predisposition towards tuberculosis; while the alcoholism of his father and his grandmother, against which he fought mortally, must have left its mark on his system. From early days he suffered from a violent enteritis; also, perhaps, from syphilis; his eyes were weak, and there was the deafness. He died of none of these, however, but of cirrhosis of the liver. Moreover, in his last illness there were fortuitous circumstances that brought about the fatal result,—first of all pleurisy, the result of the furious return from the country to Vienna in an ice-cold December in a milkman's cart, without any winter clothing; then, when this first trouble seemed to have been stemmed, a fresh outburst of anger that brought on a relapse. Of all these cracks in the building, the only one that affected the soul—and that terribly—was, as we know, the deafness. . . .

Beethoven would not be Beethoven if he were not *too much* of whatever he was. I do not praise him; I do not blame him; I am trying to paint him *whole*. Whoever would understand him must be able to embrace the excess of his contrasts, that brings about his mighty equilibrium. Yes, Beethoven is capable—at any rate in his youth—of feeling joy and sorrow almost simultaneously. The one does not exclude the other; they are the two poles of his "electrical genius"; it is by means of these that he discharges and recharges his formidable vitality. The most extraordinary thing about him is not his enormous capacity for suffering and loving but the elasticity of his nature. Of this the crisis of 1802 is the most magnificent example.

Beethoven is felled to the ground; never has a more heart-rending cry of despair than this testamentary letter [the Heiligenstadt Testament, October 6, 1802, which was never dispatched] been torn from a human breast. He measures his length on the ground,—but, like the Titan of the fable, only to raise himself again at a bound, his strength multiplied by ten. "No, I will not endure it!" . . . He seizes destiny by the throat. . . . "You will not succeed in bowing me utterly down."

In natures such as this, the excess of suffering determines the salutary reaction; the strength increases with that of the enemy. And when the prostrated one finds himself on his feet again he is no longer merely one man: he is the army of the *Eroica* on the march. . . .

But at the time when Beethoven is writing the Testament he has been "half a year in the country" on the advice of his doctor, who has advised him "to spare his hearing as much as possible." And it was a little while before this, during a walk in the summer of 1802, that the painful scene described by Ries occurred. Ries has been imprudent enough to draw his attention to a flute that was being played in the fields. Beethoven has not heard it, and he is crushed. The shock must have been overwhelming, for he speaks of it in the Testament some months later. It was perhaps not so serious to be deprived of the society of human beings; but at the thought that the voice of his best friend, Nature, should be lost to him he gave way to despair.

It would not have taken much, he says, to have made him put an end to himself. By God's grace the creative energy was too imperious in him! In this very hour of his deepest distress it overflowed. It was it, and it alone, as he says, that made him go on living. Let us not forget that it was precisely at this moment that the demon of the *Eroica* cried out within him, "Forward!" It was a magnificent illustration of the all-might of the spirit, that carries the body over the abyss, like the apostle Peter walking on the waves!

Four years more, and Beethoven hardens himself to a proud denial of his infirmity in the face of the world. His friends have to be very careful not to let him see that they have remarked it, for that infuriates him. And so it goes on, until at last, defeated, but grander still in his defeat, he writes in 1806 on a page of sketches for the finale of the third Rasoumovsky quartet (Op. 59, No. 3):—

"Let thy deafness be no longer a secret, even in thy art!"

* * * *

In the summer of 1804, following the completion of the *Eroica*, Beethoven, walking one day with Ries in Döbling, kept humming the finale of the *Appassionata*. And in his piano music he was achieving a victory analogous to that he had just won in his orchestral music. . . .

Never did any work burst so like a thunderclap from Beethoven's brain. There are none of his usual gropings about in the mist; the cloud is torn open at a single stroke, and the Idea breaks forth like Pallas armed. The essentials are projected at once—the complete themes of the opening (the largo and the allegro) the sequence of the modulations, the angle-pillars, and, above all, the astounding unaccompanied recitatives of the third part of the first movement, with the tragic pulsations and the febrile shudder that answer them. . . .

The drama begins. The broad arpeggio chord of the opening is heard again in the bass, followed by an anguished plaint; both are swept away by the torrent. *Seven times* the principal motive, the command, is repeated, ascending through all the degrees of the scale, from D to C. At the third

time, the plaint of seven notes that is the echo of it is silenced; at the sixth, there is only a cry. At the seventh time, when the command—angry, *fortissimo*, and three times repeated—ends on a degree higher by a second, the distracted cry also is repeated three times. Thus we arrive at the dominant of the chord of the commencement . . . At the extreme point of its fall there enters a new motive of imperious constraint; but it no longer has the implacable character of the opening; it seems to say “Accept.” A broken dialogue ensues . . . To the Master’s injunction the soul reiterates its refusal and its fear. At the third time, the Master loses patience. He breaks out abruptly—a *fortissimo* immediately followed by a *piano*. The soul yields, and the whole of the end of the first section—the return to the reprise—is in an atmosphere of subdued acceptance.—From *Beethoven, the Creator*, translated from the French by Ernest Newman, by permission of Harper & Brothers.

Beleaguered Cities

*Build your houses, build your houses,
build your towns,*

*Fell the woodland, to a gutter turn
the brook,*

*Pave the meadows, pave the meadows,
pave the downs,*

*Plant your bricks and mortar where
the grasses shook,*

The wind-swept grasses shook.

*Build, build your Babels black against
the sky;*

*But mark yon small green blade, your
stones between,*

The single spy

*Of that uncouthed host you have out-
cast;*

*For with their tiny pennons waving
green*

They shall storm your streets at last.

*Build your houses, build your houses,
build your slums,*

*Drive your drains where once the rab-
bits used to lurk,*

*Let there be no song now save the wind
that hums*

*Through the idle wires while dumb men
tramp to work,*

Tramp to their idle work.

*Silent the siege; none notes it; yet one
day*

*Men from your walls shall watch woods
once more*

Close round their prey.

*Build, build the ramparts of your giant-
town;*

*Yet they shall crumble to the dust be-
fore*

The battering thistle-down.

—F. L. Lucas, in *The New States-
man* (London).

*We are often told in this country now
that we have complete equality between
men and women. But this is far from be-
ing the case. Our next step must be full
equality for women engaged in indus-
try and in the professions, both in status
and pay. We shall never have political
equality in the country while we have
no women in the House of Lords.—Vis-
countess Rhondda.*

ON ACTORS AND ACTING

by George Bernard Shaw

THIS Royal Academy of Dramatic Art is a very peculiar place. . . . And I am driven here to speak on one of the most controversial subjects in the world, and that is whether a member of a family shall go on the stage or not. We are a school for training the member of the family who wants to go on the stage, and the differences between ourselves and other schools will at once occur to you. In the case of the other schools, the parents want the child to go to the school to get rid of it; the child does not want to go and would rather stay at home. In our case, the child wants to go very desperately and determinedly, and the parents usually object very strongly indeed. They used to object still more strongly than they do today, but, nevertheless, there is the objection. . . .

That being our position, I want to come to the question whether the old prejudice has anything in it. What is it that we teach here? To begin with, perhaps I had better ask you, what does a parent desire its child to learn? Take the case of a daughter. Do respectable families in this country desire their daughter to spend a great deal of time in making herself attractive to men? I quite grant you that they all want her to make herself attractive to one man, with a pretty solid income and a good position; but when you come to the question of her absolutely and promiscuously making herself attractive to every man who sees her, no matter what his class may be, whether he is sitting in a stall which has cost 12s. 6d. or 13s. 6d. or whether he is in the gallery, admission to which is perhaps obtained for 2d., that is another story. That she is to paint herself, to dress herself, so as to make herself irresistibly fascinating to all these people—does any respectable family contemplate that lot for its daughter without recoiling in horror? But that is what we teach young ladies to do here. Even in the painting part of it we give them elaborate lessons. We teach them to wear wigs; we teach them every single art that can fascinate and attract large bodies of men. So that really there is some reason in the prejudice, after all, on the surface of it.

Take the case of a young man. His parents desire a big career for him. The very last thing that they desire is that he should go out into the world and be laughed at by everybody. We teach young men here to be laughed at. We take the greatest care, we spend incalculable pains in training them to be ridiculous, in training them to such a pitch that we consider we have done our very best when we have turned out a young man who the moment he appears on the stage provokes a roar of laughter, even before he opens his mouth.

Well, that is certainly a very questionable sort of school, I think you will admit. And yet we have a royal charter. You will say: "What on earth

was the King thinking of?" When I tell you that this theater of ours was inaugurated by the Prince of Wales, you will say, "What! has the royal family gone mad to countenance these proceedings, this sort of training of children?" Well, it is so; they do this kind of thing. We have got our charter, and I am speaking here without the slightest fear of it being revoked, although I am within hearing not only of this audience but of the government who are probably anxiously listening.

Why do people want to go on the stage in spite of all these scandalous difficulties at the outset of the career? Well, partly because it is an eligible profession to some people, and partly because it is the satisfaction of a human instinct. Those two things operate, and I will have, I think, to deal with them separately.

In the theatrical profession we have what are called theatrical families. They are old families, all the members of which have been actors or actresses; and they are usually most desolatingly respectable. Usually they are extremely skilled in their profession, and very satisfactory to work with, because they know their business, which is not quite so common as it ought to be on the stage. But they are there for some reason. Whether it is that they are brought up with much greater strictness than any other sort of families, the fact is that I have never been in a Quaker family which was anything like so strict as an ordinary theatrical family. But they produce the actor who is on the stage, and who very often has a distinguished career there; and yet, so far from being stage-struck is he or she that they positively do not enjoy acting; but they are driven into it by the fact that they can get a living more easily, they know how to go about getting a living more easily in the theater than anywhere else.

I am most interested when I come to that side of the matter which is the satisfaction of an instinct, because then it becomes psychologically very curious. Humanity produces two types occasionally. In their extreme form they are not very common; but these two types created the theater originally. There must have been some man, probably in archaic Greece or anywhere you like, who, instead of earning an honest living as a carpenter or a mason or something of that kind, or even as a politician, although that might have satisfied his instincts—you find that this man—and the same thing applies

What the drama can do and what it actually does is to take this unmeaning, haphazard show of life, that means nothing to you, and arrange it in an intelligible order, and arrange it in such a way as to make you think very much more deeply about it than you ever dreamed of thinking about actual incidents that come to your knowledge. That is drama, and that is a very important public service to render.—George Bernard Shaw.

to women, although it began with men—this man does not want to be himself. He wants to magnify himself, he wants to be a hero. You don't get opportunities every day of being what is called a real hero. You don't find battles ready for you in which to win Victoria Crosses. . . .

Or, over against this particular actor who is the tragedian, and who dreads above everything else on earth being laughed at; the one terrible and fatal thing for him is ridicule of any kind—there, side by side, strangely enough, in order to restore that balance which Nature always appears to have in view, there arises the other sort of man, who is born with a tremendous desire to be laughed at, and who will undergo the most extraordinary ignominy, who will paint his nose red, who will allow people to kick him about, who will have the most disastrous falls, if only he can make people laugh.

This is a curious psychological thing. It has prevented me from being a really great author. I have unfortunately this desperate temptation that suddenly comes on me, just when I am really rising to the height of my power that I may become really tragic and great, some absurd joke occurs, and the anti-climax is irresistible. I am reminded that there is a very distinguished actress, who is among you today, who, instead of speaking to me respectfully as Mr. Bernard Shaw, in the manner that is befitting to my age and years, always addresses me as Joey, the name of the clown in the pantomime. I cannot deny that I have got the tragedian and I have got the clown in me; and the clown trips me up in the most dreadful way. The English public have said for a long time that I am not serious, because you never know when the red-hot poker will suddenly make its appearance or I shall trip over something or other.

There is another thing. There is the desire that we all have to escape from reality. Now a very great actress, Ellen Terry, once told me of this, when speaking of a play which I had written for her. In writing the play I did the sort of usual thing that an author does. The author, in writing for a particular genius, a particular personality, instead of thinking of gratifying that personality, and enabling her or him to escape for a moment from himself or herself, seizes on the personality and dramatizes it. I did this with Ellen Terry in a play which she played with great success. But she said to me on one occasion: "I wish somebody would write a part for me to act. In this play of yours I have nothing to do but go on the stage and be myself, and the thing is done." There, you see, there came in this curious desire, that she wanted to escape from herself; she wanted to be somebody else for a time. . . .

From all this you will see how extraordinarily interesting the theatrical profession is to anybody who is behind the scenes, and perhaps the best way to get behind the scenes is to come to this school and get trained, to take up the profession of an actor. But it requires a great deal of character to hold your own on the stage. The impression which some people have that you re-

quire less character to be an actor than to be anything else is a most terrible mistake. You must get that out of your heads at all possible costs. The way in which the stage will find out every single weakness that you have got, every vanity that you have got, every folly that you have got, every little slip in self-control that you are subject to, is really very terrible. Therefore, to come back to the children, whom parents may want to send to this school, they had better send us the pretty strong characters, even if those strong characters, by the way, have revealed themselves by kicking over the traces in every possible direction in ordinary domestic life. . . . —From an address delivered before the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, at the Academy Theater, London.

Knocking

These verses were awarded first prize by the English periodical, from which they are taken, in a competition of "poems" written in the manner of Hillaire Belloc's Cautionary Tales, beginning with the lines:

*The only fault of Reuben Brown
Was knocking aged spinsters down.*

*The only fault of Reuben Brown
Was knocking aged spinsters down.
He loved to hear their timid squeal,
And see their look of soft appeal;
And wept with joy to watch them flutter,
On muddy mornings in the gutter.*

*And in this not unhealthy pleasure
He spent his frequent hours of leisure—
Till came a day when Spinster Fate
Decided to retaliate.
A lady sauntered close ahead:
He caught her up with wary tread,
And sent her sprawling on the earth.
His eyes grew dim with tears of mirth.
They cleared; and there before him lay,
Among wet leaves and liquid clay,
The richest of the rich relations
On whom he based his expectations,
His Aunt! She turned, she saw, she
knew!*

*In blind and nervous haste he flew,
And slipped beneath a passing 'bus:
His death was instantaneous.*

*Two morals, Reader, here are shown.
"Don't knock a lady down" is one;
The next, if you'd avoid a shock,
Is simply: "Look before you knock."*

—George Van Raalte, in the London
Saturday Review.

*In California there are said to be many giant sequoias (the big redwood trees) which were growing in the time of David, and were fine trees at the time of Christ, and were really worth looking at at the time of Shakespeare, and are world famous today, and are still not at their best. I lay awake last night [while sojourning in California] thinking of it with a kind of awe, of that enormous blind calm power and will to live.—From John Masefield's *The Taking of Helen and Other Prose Selections.**

*I am not the sort of man to be inspired.—Sir Edward Elgar, Master of the King's Musick and composer of *The Dream of Gerontius.**

MY IMPRESSIONS OF ELEONORA DUSE

by Gordon Craig

The great Italian actress, thought by many to be the greatest of her time, is here depicted by Gordon Craig, son of Ellen Terry and perhaps the most original scenic artist of the contemporary theater. It is of interest to compare this diverting account of his association with Signora Duse in staging Ibsen's Rosmerholm, in Florence, Italy, with that of Isadora Duncan, given in The American Scrap Book for 1929.

I KNEW the Signora Duse slightly.

Never in my life have I met anyone more merry—gayer—than she.

I was a rather shy young man. I'm not shy any more, of course, but I remained young for a very long time, so for long I retained that shyness which seems to me to be so very stupid. I was very shy when I first spoke to her, but she was exceedingly practical and kindly and when, some years later, I met her again, I remember she asked me to help her in some stage work.

I was to design some scenes for her—that was all.

She wrote down in fullest detail all the essential points which she thought could be of use to me. I have these records still and most interesting they are. I will not recopy them here, for they are so technical that the public would be quite unable to understand what they mean. Like some sketch by Vazin or in some notes by Probst, they are not for the public, but are solely intended for the eyes of the worker in the theater; perhaps not even they are for him. . . .

A legend was created around her by people not quite in their senses. I think I must have assisted at this in my youth. People around me were ever so ready to cry out. "Poor, poor woman" on every occasion that her name was mentioned; indeed, they were rather too apt to do so about every woman. I daresay I, too, took up the pose of one who felt quite sorry.

It became a legend, her sorrow: and this legend gathered force until all England was groaning "Oh, the poor woman. Oh, the poor dear creature," whenever she was mentioned—adding "that brute D'Annunzio."

What D'Annunzio had to do with it was not clear to me at the time, nor has it since become any clearer. To judge from the wailing chorus, Signora Duse had met but one man in her life and he was called D'Annunzio, whereas we know that Signora Duse had met hundreds and we are told that she lived near those she loved well enough to tolerate them as lovers and then, unfortunately, had tolerated none. . . .

Signora Duse's great sorrow is, begging your pardons, all fiddle-de-dee. Signora Duse's great good sense is quite another matter, and we may hope that a small brochure will some day be written upon this great good sense.

I never saw her but I was aware of it. I saw her seldom.

With Signora Duse I was not, as I too often was with others, egotistical or impulsive, I was merely very anxious to help if I could: I felt more like a nephew than a co-worker.

She wrote down what she wanted. I was to go to Florence and do the work [the stage setting for Ibsen's *Rosmerholm*] there. Although I knew no Italian, I went to Florence and did my best.

She had told me that no real scene-painter could be persuaded to carry out my designs, but she would find me "a little painter" whom I could instruct. She was not able to find me even "a little painter," so I walked around Florence to see what luck could find me, and, stopping at the open door of a furniture dealer's shop which was being done up. I saw two house painters decorating the walls with first-class white-wash: I looked up an Englishman, who kindly acted for me as interpreter, and I engaged these two descendants of the Angelos and the Vincis to come and help me.

The mere detail of having to roam around in a strange town to buy the cloth, a rough sackcloth—for there was no scene-painter's canvas to be obtained in Florence; (paper is used for sceneries, and I was unfamiliar with paper sceneries), this, and other annoyances which can never be avoided if you are a stranger, were not what one expected one would have to encounter with the greatest actress of Italy to say the magic word to all those around her. One imagined that all that would be made easy. But it didn't matter—my Italian workmen proved to be wonderfully quick, and we were soon at work in the teatro La Pergola. They gave me no trouble whatever: they slapped on the paint beautifully. It was a big scene, so it took some five or six days to complete.

Then the scene had to be lighted. I was allowed an hour in which to do that. Some artists find a day barely enough time in which to light a rather

There are few examples in history of so terrible a sense of humor as Eleonora Duse displayed in forcing herself to be gay, while three thousand spectators were calling to her, "Make us cry—oh, do make us sob some more."

The good lady did her best; for years she would solemnly enter the playhouse and there donning something grey, grey-white and floating, would explain by gestures and sounds all the sadness that is in life. "Oh, thank you—thank you," we said. We could say no more—our feelings choked us: we felt that we could not be sure not to break down. We left a flower—a lily, a pansy, or a white camelia—and went our way. "Wasn't she wonderful!" "What an angel!"—Gordon Craig.

difficult scene properly. I, too, found an hour wasn't quite enough time, but I found we did it in an hour. The men at the Pergola were very able.

Then Duse came in to see the scene.

She showed great good sense.

Please do not suppose that she clapped her hands, begin to weep, make speeches, or anything of that kind. She was admirable. She saw at a glance that I was mad. She said to herself, "This is not a scene for an Ibsen play—it's a scene for . . . something big, but it's not Ibsen, because I know my Ibsen"—and here her mouth grew a trifle hard. But with astonishing good sense she pulled herself together, and acted the part of a great actress who is dealing with a madman, and who sees it is quite useless to protest.

"It is wonderful," she said.

Now could anything more in its common sense have been uttered?

Finding that this gave me and my men pleasure (for we saw nothing at all wonderful in it), she began to say a number of nice things—one more sensible, it seemed to us, than the other; she then went home to think it over. I followed her in her thoughts, so I know what these thoughts were.

Here they are:

"This man, though mad, has done the work in time; he is dear Ellen's son; that alone decides me that we must go through with it."

"It will quite astonish the Florentines, who will call me all sorts of names"—here her thoughts grew twinkling and hot at the idea of puzzling her audience.

"This man pleases me," her thoughts went on. "He really did do the work in time—and I never thought he'd be ready. But it's a big empty scene. Yes, very big and so empty—I shall know what to do to be seen, but poor Signora—and Signor—, they will be lost." Here her thoughts were so complicated, became such a brown study, that I found it impossible to read them.—From *Life and Letters*, in the *Boston Evening Transcript*.

Injunction

These lines by Dame Ellen Terry, the actress, who died July 21st, 1928, in her eighty-first year, were found in her handwriting on the flyleaf of a copy of The Imitation of Christ, by Thomas à Kempis:

*No funeral gloom, my dears, when I am gone.
Corpse-gazings, tears, black raiment,
graveyard grimness,*

*Think of me as withdrawn into the dim-
ness,*

Yours still, you Mine,

*Remember all the best of our past mo-
ments and forget the rest.*

And so to where I wait come gently on.

and below:—

*I should wish my children, relatives,
and friends to observe this when I die.
—E. T.*

HENRY IRVING AS SEEN BY GORDON CRAIG

Gordon Craig, the author of these sparkling reminiscences of the "greatest actor of the century," is the son of the late Dame Ellen Terry and is recognized himself as a foremost progenitor of the new theater movement. He has done much to revolutionize the scenic art of the stage, since founding the School for the Art of the Theater, Arena Goldoni, Florence, Italy, in 1913. His first stage appearance as an actor was in 1889 at the famous Lyceum Theater, London, under the direction of Henry Irving, with whom he was associated for several years.

SIR HENRY IRVING was born in Somerset, England, in 1838, and was christened, not with the name which he made famous, but John Henry Brodribb. I dare say he would have dropped the "Henry" if he had taken to the plough and would have been "Plain John Brodribb, that have been here these 80 year," etc. He was lucky to be born in the midst of farms, for it taught him how slowly everything grows that is worth while growing.

John Brodribb would have been the terror of the neighborhood if he had stayed down in Cornwall where he was brought up to be a farmer, for he had the devil in him. This fiend was troublesome, and so he went restlessly here and there seeking to discover where it would really be most becoming. Now I suppose it was something of the strong Cornish farmer in him which lent Irving the power to control this demon during preparation hours, because never in my life—in the life I spent at the Lyceum—did I more than once see him in any way agitated. I suppose he was the coolest actor possessing *le diable au corps* that ever came upon this earth.

The date when he set out to become Irving was when he set out to act in Sunderland, 1856; the date when he became Irving was 15 years later, 1871, November 25, when he acted and produced *The Bells*. . . .

On his first appearance at Sunderland he was urged by a critic in the morning paper to take the first steamer back to his comfortable home and to abandon all hope of becoming an actor. The advice of the Sunderland critic would have been doubtless followed by the actor had he allowed himself for a moment to believe that it was John Brodribb who was going to become a great actor. He knew that it was his mask that would be the great actor, and he had to design, cut out, polish, and perfect that mask. I doubt whether any other actor has ever set out to transform himself so completely as did Brodribb. So that when the critics and the public advised him in a kindly way to give over, or hissed him from the boards, he took it well, not because of his contempt for their opinion, but because he agreed with their verdict. . . . He was greeted with a storm of hisses whenever he came on the stage. . . .

As later on in life he never accepted the applause he received, so we

may suppose that he refused to accept this disapproval. How often have I and those who were in his theater seen him standing while the applause rained down like a cataract, and he obviously there bowing *so slightly*; to show that he was not only there, but aware, *never* accepting the applause, enduring it. . . .

After the failure of two productions at the Lyceum by Bateman, the American manager, Irving managed, somehow or other, to have *The Bells*, a version by Leopold Lewis of *Le Juif Polonais*, put into rehearsal [at the Lyceum Theater], "against Mr. Bateman's wish," he says . . . and the company of actors thought that Brodribb was quite mad. The biographies of Irving all tell us of the deep depression under which the entire company all labored during the 26 days that they were preparing this piece under an actor who was to change the face of the English stage. While he was rehearsing it a play based on the same story and written by F. C. Burnand was produced at the Royal Alfred Theater, once the Marylebone, and was a failure. Then, 12 nights later, young Brodribb appeared—shook life out of *The Bells*—and on that night of Saturday, November 25, 1871, and not before, the greatest actor of the century sprang into existence—Brodribb became Henry Irving. . . .

More than one critic in those days complained of Irving that "the man can't walk." Actors, as a rule, walk with precision and grace, and all the actors who saw him will tell you that Irving walked perfectly naturally, but only in private life. As he stepped upon the boards of his theater, at rehearsal, something was added to the walk—a consciousness. He became aware of the boards; the ordinary life was being put away; something was coming into his blood; he could not feel the same as when on the paving stones of Bond-street. But if to Irving's ordinary walk of daily life a springing motion was added at rehearsal, it was only a forecast of what was to come at night. It was not walking. It was dancing. He danced, he did not merely walk—he sang, he by no means merely spoke. He was essentially artificial in distinction to being merely natural. It was all this which puzzled the earnest normality of William Archer and a dozen more ingenuous critics of those days. It was all this which carried the rest of us off our feet. A song and a dance generally does. . . .

Spontaneity he valued but seldom indulged in; what he did, he did by design. He did not respect that artlessness which fails to reveal art. He was fond of his art—his art of acting. To be playful and go as you please about it—to be spontaneous, unless by the grace of God, was to him a sign of idiocy. And so it was that each syllable and each pause, each step and each look, was as nearly perfectly designed and of a piece with the whole as could possibly be. "But was he natural?" is always being asked. Indeed he was—natural, like lightning, not like the ape.

Irving was terrible in tragedy. He was not terrifying as is a thunder-clap.

But as when the whole of nature seems to suffer and to become more still and more and more quiet, so did Irving do. There is a flash—something is struck—something terrible has happened, without rumblings or crash. These come afterwards. Then the clouds conspire and, like a crowd of actors, create a fearful noise. But the tragedy, the terrible thing has happened. The force which struck and blinded us has withdrawn and is once again veiled within its secret temple. Irving in tragedy was not like the storm which splutters out, but like one which gathers and then strikes, once. . . .

He was a selfish man, and it is ridiculous to try to picture him as thinking of others: of things, of the other arts, of theories, and of the blessedness of a perfect stage; for he had no illusions about these things after he had become Irving in that memorable and shining year of grace 1871, when he created the rôle of Mathias in *The Bells*. Irving was a selfish man without a jot of self-interest. He was without consideration for anyone else, never spared himself and would not wantonly hurt a fly. He had a failing (I suppose it must be called a weakness), and that was that he too often credited others with his own powers of endurance and self-criticism. He had no toleration for any signs of feebleness in himself, and he credited us all with a like capacity for self-discipline. He did not always see that most of us contained too little of that demon which required an immense effort to subdue it. I think that to the end he liked to credit us with the possession of a demon or two. Anyway, he was always hopeful.—From the *London Times*.

Mountain Lion

Climbing through the January snow, into the Lobo canyon

Dark grow the spruce-trees, blue is the balsam, water sounds still unfrozen, and the trail is still evident.

Men!

Two men!

Men! The only animal in the world to fear!

They hesitate.

We hesitate.

They have a gun.

We have no gun.

Then we all advance, to meet.

Two Mexicans, strangers, emerging out of the dark and snow and inwardness of the Lobo valley.

What are they doing here on this vanishing trail?

What is he carrying?

Something yellow.

A deer?

Qué tiene, amigo?

Léon—

He smiles, foolishly, as if he were caught doing wrong.

And we smile, foolishly, as if we didn't know.

He is quite gentle and dark-faced.

It is a mountain lion,

A long, long slim cat, yellow like a lioness.

Dead.



PORTRAIT OF MADAME J. F.

From the Painting by Pierre Laurens

This prize picture of the 1929 French Academy admirably illustrates the exquisite art of a painter—a disciple of Ingres—who produces little but who rarely fails of perfection. Style and distinction, ever punctuated by impeccable taste, are distinguishing characteristics of his marvelous craftsmanship.

*He trapped her this morning, he says,
.. smiling foolishly.*

Lift up her face.

Her round, bright face, bright as frost.

*Her round, fine-fashioned head, with two
dead ears;*

*And stripes in the brilliant frost of her
face, sharp, fine dark rays,*

*Dark, keen, fine rays in the brilliant
frost of her face.*

Beautiful dead eyes.

Hermoso es!

They go out towards the open;

We go on into the gloom of Lobo.

And above the trees I found her lair,

*A hole in the blood-orange brilliant
rocks that stick up, a little cave.*

*And bones, and twigs, and a perilous as-
cent.*

*So, she will never leap up that way
again, with the yellow flash of a moun-
tain lion's long shoot!*

*And her bright sharp frost-face will nev-
er watch any more, out the shadow of
the cave in the blood-orange rock,*

*Above the trees of the Lobo dark valley-
mouth!*

Instead, I look out

*And out to the dim of the desert, like a
dream, never real;*

*To the snow of the Sangre de Cristo
mountains, the ice of the mountains of
Picoris,*

*And near across at the opposite steep of
snow, green trees motionless standing
in snow, like a Christmas toy.*

*And I think in this empty world there
was room for me and a mountain lion.*

*And I think in the world beyond, how
easily we might spare a million or
two of humans*

And never miss them.

*Yet what a gap in the world, the missing
white frost-face of that slim yellow
mountain lion!*

—From D. H. Lawrence's *Collected
Poems* (Secker: London).

The Cattle

*As we sped homewards under a starry
sky,*

*By the rich pastures, the sleeping and
quiet trees,*

*What are these little lights, tossed low
and high*

As a lantern swung in a man's hand?

What are these?

*Who are these coming? A soundless
multitude*

*Swerving away from the light? These
are eyes, eyes, eyes,*

*The eyes of the frightened cattle, red
as blood,*

Pass into the night and its mysteries.

*Under the holy mountains the pastures
keep*

*Dew and honey and quiet breathing,
deep rest,*

*By the side of the milky mother the
lambs are asleep*

*Till the cuckoo calls; the night has a
mother's breast.*

*But these that have passed us by; they
go, they go,*

*Driven with curses and goads, unpit-
ied, unstayed,*

*To the slaughterhouse and the blood
and at last the blow.*

*The ghostly cattle passing have made
me afraid.*

—Katharine Tynan, in the *London
Spectator*.

RUDYARD KIPLING

by R. Ellis Roberts

In this estimate of Rudyard Kipling as a journalist, as well as an occasionally supreme artist in words, the author throws a brilliant light on "the bard of the British Empire." The quotation made from the address delivered by Mr. Kipling before the Royal Literary Society on the subject Fiction is thoroughly typical, and may be regarded as one of the finest prose passages in the language. It is included in A Book of Words (Doubleday, Doran & Company), a selection of some thirty speeches and addresses delivered between 1906 and 1927.

RUDYARD KIPLING, as we know, began his career as a journalist. Some critics have realized that he was that rare thing, a great journalist. But I do not think anyone has realized how extraordinarily he has retained the great journalist's attitude to life. That attitude, like all attitudes of any value or truth, involves an apparent contradiction and a balance of opposites. The great journalist knows that almost nothing is really important, and that almost anything is news. . . .

How well Mr. Kipling has retained the great journalist's mind can be seen in the address he made when he was presented with the Gold Medal of the Royal Society of Literature in 1926. He spoke about the art of the novelist and literary fame:—

"All men are interested in reflections of themselves and their surroundings, whether in the pure heart of a crystal or in a muddy pool, and nearly every writer who supplies a reflection secretly desires a share of immortality for the pains he has been at in holding up the mirror—which also reflects himself. He may get his desire. Quite a dozen writers have achieved immortality in the past twenty-five hundred years. From a bookmaker's—a real bookmaker's—point of view the odds are not attractive. But fiction is built on fiction: that is where it differs from the other arts.

"Most of the arts admit the truth that it is not expedient to tell everyone everything. Fiction recognizes no such bar. There is no human emotion or mood which it is forbidden to assault, there is no canon of reserve or pity that need be respected—in fiction. Why should there be? The man, after all, is not telling the truth; he is only writing fiction. While he writes it, his world will extract from it just so much truth or pleasure as it requires for the moment. In time a little more, or much less, of the residue may be carried forward to the general account, and there, perhaps, diverted to ends of which the writer never dreamed.

"Take a well-known instance. A man of overwhelming intellect and power goes scourged through life between the dread of insanity and the wrath of his own soul warring with a brutal age. He exhausts mind, heart, and brain

in that battle; he consumes himself and perishes in utter desolation. Out of all his agony remains one little book, his dreadful testament against his fellow-kind, which today serves as a pleasant tale for the young under the title of *Gulliver's Travels*. That, and a faint recollection of some baby talk in some love letters, is as much as the world has chosen to retain of Jonathan Swift, Master of Irony. Think of it! It is like turning down the glare of a volcano to light a child to bed."

It is an odd accusation to make against the man who astonished us in the nineties by the *Barrack Room Ballads*, the *Plain Tales from the Hills*, and the collection of army and Indian stories—but I accuse Mr. Kipling, first, of modesty. All good journalists must be modest—they must believe, that is, that what they have to say, what they write about, is more important than themselves. . . .

It is the secret of his popularity with men who care little for other modern books (except Mark Twain's, also very free from this weakness)—engineers, travelers, business men, sailors and others; and it is the reason why critics who can divest themselves of the fallacy that literature and the other arts are admittedly more important than any other avocations find Mr. Kipling's work some of the most tonic and delightful of our time. . . .

He had, and still has at times, a cocksure, positive manner; but actually he is much less arrogant than such an author as Stevenson. For Mr. Kipling is cocksure, not about what he thinks, or what he believes, but about what he has been told. He annoys many people precisely because of the breadth of his interest . . . and we find, if we read his work sympathetically, that what excites and pleases us is the author's excitement and pleasure in so many different kinds of people, in so dazzling a variety of scene as this world affords. . . . Take one of Mr. Kipling's best and most heart-rending stories, *The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot*. Badalia is dreadfully, poignantly alive. She is solid and three-dimensional. Mr. Kipling knows her every action, almost her every thought and aspiration, and can show them to us with a precision which not even Maupassant could excel. Badalia, Tom, and Jenny are as vivid as an author of genius can make them. How the speech of the "second comforter" expresses the whole life of a woman in slum-land, if she lives with a blackguard:—

"Let 'er go an' dig for her bloomin' self. A man wears 'isself out to 'is bones shovin' meat down their mouths, while they sit at 'ome easy all day; an' the very fust time, mark you, you 'as a bit of a difference, an' very proper, too, for man as *is* a man, she ups an' 'as you out into the street, callin' you Gawd knows what all. What's the good o' that, I arx you?"

It is the best story of slum life in English, and it set a fashion both in England and America. Yet, if you turn from these three consummately drawn people, with every action and gesture right, to Charles Dickens's Bill Sykes and Nancy you are aware that you have passed into a higher realm of reality.

Kipling's people are the more accurate, the more credible, far less tied to their creator's writing table; but yet Bill and Nancy are more real. While Badalia, Jenny, and Tom are three-dimensional, Bill Sykes and Nancy, and even the bull terrier, are four-dimensional. . . .

There is the difference between the works of the creative imagination and the inventive imagination. The creatures of the creative imagination may be clumsier, more ill-shaped, absurder, less lifelike, than those of the inventive imagination; but they belong to a higher realm of reality. This distinction is to be found in all the arts. It is even clearer in painting, perhaps, than in literature. It separates Holbein from Rembrandt, Manet from Van Gogh, Hals from Velásquez, Raphael from Michelangelo. It is not, let me insist again, that the creatures of the inventive imagination do not live, but they live on another level. . . .

Take "the tale of 1916" called *On the Gate*. It is a tale of the invasion of Heaven by those who fell on the field of battle. All the characters are supernatural beings, or the souls of the great dead now in Paradise, or the souls of the recently slain. I know no modern story in any language, not even in Russian, in which sacred and deeply moving things are handled at once with such daring and such reverence. I know no story in which Mr. Kipling's deep underlying pity, so often obscured by his cleverness of manner, is so well employed. The guardians of the gate are overworked, and call in others to help against the angels of the pit who strive for the souls of the dead at the very bar of Heaven. The extra pickets include Joan of Arc, Charles Bradlaugh, John Bunyan, John Calvin, Judas Iscariot and William Shakespeare. Only a long quotation can do justice to the force and vision of the great scene of struggle:—

"Meantime, a sunken-eyed Scots officer, utterly lost to the riot around, was being buttonholed by a person of reverend aspect, who explained to him that, by the logic of his own ancestral creed, not only was the Highlander irrevocably damned, but that his damnation had been predetermined before Earth was made.

" 'It's unanswerable—just unanswerable,' said the young man sorrowfully. 'I'll be with ye.' He was moving off, when a smallish figure interposed, not without dignity.

" 'Monsieur,' it said, 'would it be of any comfort to you to know that I am—I was—John Calvin?' At this the reverend one cursed and swore like the lost Soul he was, while the Highlander turned to discuss with Calvin, pacing towards the Gate, some alterations in the fabric of a work of fiction called the *Institutio*.

"Others were not so easily held. A certain Woman, with loosened hair, bare arms, flashing eyes, and dancing feet, shepherded her knot of waverers, hoarse and exhausted. When the taunt broke out against her from the opposing line, 'Tell 'em what you were! Tell 'em if you dare!' she answered un-

flinchingly, as did Judas, who, worming through the crowd like an Armenian carpet-vendor, peddled his shame aloud that it might give strength to others.

“‘Yes,’ he would cry, ‘I am everything they say, but if *I’m* here it must be a mortal cert for *you*, gents. This way, please. Many mansions, gentlemen! Go-ood billets! Don’t you notice these low people, Sar. *Plees* keep hope, gentlemen!’

“When there were cases that cried to him from the ground, poor souls who could not stick it but had found their way out with a rifle and a boot-lace, he would tell them of his own end, till he made them contemptuous enough to rise up and curse him. Here Saint Luke’s imperturbable bedside manner back and strengthened the other’s almost too Oriental flux of words.

“In this fashion and step by step, all the day’s Convoy were piloted past that danger point where the Lower Establishment are, for reasons not given us, allowed to ply their trade. The pickets dropped to the rear, relaxed, and compared notes.”

I suppose the conventionally orthodox may be disturbed at such a vision of the other world: it is not the mythology of the Middle Ages, for here Judas is out of Hell, and, with a bold return to the eschatology of Origen and the earlier Christian tradition, there is hope for the “Lower Establishment.” I shall not be surprised if in the years to come this story is one of the greatest influences toward popularizing the modern idea of the meaning of eternity. . . . —From *The Empire Review* (London).

Broken-heart and Brooding- mind

*To Broken-heart says Brooding-mind:
Though you should weep till your are
blind,*

You’ll never mend it.

Says Broken-heart, What shall I do?

*Says Brooding-mind, If I were you
I’d up and end it.*

*Says Broken-heart: Though I must weep,
I’d rather see things through and keep*

The little left me

And take what fortune may befall

And slink from life, though life of all

But life bereft me.

—From Wilfred Gibson’s *The Golden Room*. (Macmillan Company, London.)

Being But Men

*Being but men, not gods, we’ll need take
pride*

*In all that gives the lie to this mean
state;*

*All moments borne beyond the common
tide,*

*All littleness of heart made briefly
great;*

*All beauty vouched with sudden indrawn
breath,*

A word, a turn of head, a lovely look,

A gesture grave, a phrase defying death,

*Or a chance sentence in an unsought
book.*

—Monk Gibbon, in the *London Spectator*.

STEVENSON, HENLEY, BROWNING & OTHERS

Sir Sidney Colvin, distinguished English man of letters and biographer of Robert Louis Stevenson, knew everybody of distinction in the world of art and literature during the last forty years of the nineteenth century and the first decades of the twentieth. Through his mediumship, in the mellow light proper to the great Victorian age and its aftermath, we are brought face to face with the "lords of language" in a notable volume The Colvins and Their Friends, from which these passages are taken. Here are close-ups not only of Stevenson, William Ernest Henley and Robert Browning, but of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, George Eliot, Victor Hugo, Oscar Wilde and George Moore.

. . . DURING the years of our intercourse it was [Dante Gabriel] Rossetti's poetry more than his painting that interested and impressed me. His earlier water-colors, those of the Dante cycle especially, comparatively unambitious in scale and technic as they were, seemed to me (and still seem) to give by their fine new inventive color-harmonies, their passionate intensities of expression and their rare originality and often, though not always, their beauty of group-composition and pattern, a more satisfying idea of his genius for painting than his ambitious oil pictures on the scale of life.

But Rossetti's poetry, both by its own power and by the manner in which I learned to know it, for the time being enthralled me completely. The story is well known how, in a passion of grief and remorsefulness at the time of his wife's death, he had buried the original bundle of his manuscript poems with her, laying it in her coffin among the rich strands of her red-gold hair. Of a few of these buried poems he had drafts or copies by him, and would sometimes, when I first knew him, read out from them to a small circle of his intimates. . . . The manuscript poems having been rescued, and the question of their publication having next to be considered, Rossetti used on many evenings to read out from them to a few invited guests after dinner. He was good enough to care, or seem to care, somewhat specially for my opinion, and consulted me, both verbally and in many letters which I have lately re-read, about the revision of the poems and the order in which they should stand in the proposed volume, in the end adopting most of my suggestions.

But the readings themselves were among the marking events, and remain among the golden memories, of my life. Most of the poets I have known have had their own special way of reading, and it was generally interesting or impressive to hear. Rossetti's way was not dramatic in any ordinary sense of the word. It was rather a chant, a monotone; but somehow he was able with little variation of pitch or inflection to express a surprising range and richness of emotion. His voice was magical in its mellow beauty of *timbre* and quality and in its power to convey the sense of a whole world of brooding passion and

mystery, both human and elemental, behind the words. A kind of sustained musical drone or hum with which he used to dwell on and stress and prolong the rhyme-words and sound-echoes had a profound effect in stirring the senses and souls of his hearers. . . . —SIDNEY COLVIN.

* * * *

January, 1873.

MY DEAR MR. COLVIN,—I was very glad to see Mr. Jebb, for I had a pre-established respect for him, and should willingly have invited him.

In general, as you divine, we are averse to the enlargement of our circle by the hasty introduction of "friends," seeing that very charming people are capable of having decidedly uncharming friends. . . .

The *Fortnightly* is not yet come to us. When it does come, my husband [George Henry Lewes] will hinder me, according to his usual prescription for my mental hygiene, from reading what is said about myself. All he will allow me is an occasional quotation of what he thinks will gratify me by its tone or bearing. But be assured that we should neither of us readily impute to you a conscious lack of courtesy.

I have been keeping the New Year dolorously with face-ache and sore throat, and am still a prisoner in an upper room.—M. E. LEWES (George Eliot) to Sidney Colvin.

* * * *

. . . He [Victor Hugo] had a gracious and not too self-conscious patriarchal courtesy and cordiality in welcoming his guests. His voice was mellow, subdued rather than loud, and even when the matter of his utterance was declamatory its delivery was serene. His sturdy figure and abundant—though not wild or untrimmed—white hair and beard, with his firm, easy movements and gestures, were full proofs of vigor. His bearing, which was that of one conscious of authority and tempering it not with condescension but with a benignant old-fashioned grace, I thought became him well. But I thought also that the demeanor of his *entourage* was too submissive in homage, and that the silence for which those nearest him gave sign when he was about to speak was inconsistent with social ease. "*Chut, le maître va parler*"—surely it is no false trick of memory which makes me hear one of the group of satellite friends, Paul Meurice or Vacquerie or Claretie or Lockroy, thus whispering peremptorily to those about him, with a corresponding gesture of the hand, on one evening when the conversation threatened to become general. At any rate to become such it was never, in my experience, allowed.—SIDNEY COLVIN.

* * * *

Loudness of voice and a vigorous geniality of bearing were what, on the surface, chiefly distinguished [Robert] Browning from other Englishmen

in social life throughout these years [the 1870s]. Needless to say, the veriest oaf could not have mistaken them for vulgarity. The poet's biographer and most confidential friend, the late Mrs. Sutherland Orr, used to say that they were originally the mask of a real shyness and diffidence on first confronting, in advanced middle life, the ordeal of mixed general society. I should rather have supposed that they were the natural symptoms of an inborn vital energy surpassing by threefold those of other men. Certainly the poet's shortish robust figure, held always firmly upright with the powerful grey-haired and bearded head a little thrown back, his cordial greetings and vigorous confidential and affectionate gestures, would have conveyed the impression of such vitality, even had the same impression not been forced upon those of us who were readers by the surprising prodigality in these years (I speak of the early 'seventies) of his work in literature. . . .

It is a curious fact that in spite of the intensity of intellectual and emotional effort to which for the most part they bear witness, Browning's poetical labors,—excepting, no doubt, those he was accustomed to read aloud among his friends,—were wont to leave little trace or echo in his own memory. Was this perhaps because of their very rapidity and abundance? Such was at any rate the case; and I remember with what amused gusto he related one day how a lady friend had been reading him out certain verses, and how he had slapped his thigh (a very characteristic action, by the way) and said, "By Jove, that's fine"; how then she had asked him who wrote them and he could not say; and how surprised he was when she had told him they were his own.

Browning's talk had not much intellectual resemblance to his poetry. That is to say, it was not apt to be specially profound or subtle; still less was it ever entangled or obscure . . . (The mere act of writing seemed to have a peculiar effect on him, for I have known him manage to be obscure even in a telegram.) Rather his style in talk was straightforward, plain, emphatic, heartily and agreeably voluble, ranging easily from deep earnest to jolly jest, rich and varied in matter but avoiding rather than courting the abstruse whether in speculation or controversy, and often condescending freely to ordinary human gossip on a level with the rest of us. Its general tone was genially kind, encouraging and fortifying; but no one was more promptly moved to indignation, indignation to which he never hesitated to give effect, by any tale or instance of cruelty or calumny or injustice: nor could anyone be more tenderly or chivalrously sympathetic with the victim of such offenses. Not to quote instances known to me of a more private and personal kind, I remember his strong and reiterated expressions of anger against Froude for having, as he thought, misrepresented the character of Carlyle. Instead of being the hard man figured in Froude's pages—inconsiderate in relations with his wife, unkind, in one instance at least, in his treatment of a horse—Carlyle, maintained Browning, was the most intensely, sensitively tender-hearted of men: and he went on to tell how, as he walked one day in Chelsea

with Carlyle's arm in his, a butcher-boy drove by savagely flogging his horse and he felt the sage shake from head to foot in a spasm of righteous indignation. . . .

One of my vividest recollections is of an evening when he made one of a party of three to see the great Italian tragedian Salvini play King Lear. Everyone had seen Salvini play Othello, his most usual Shakespearean part; but this performance of Lear was new to us all. It turned out to be overwhelming, an absolute, ideal incarnation of ruined age and outcast greatness and shattered reason and unchilded fatherhood and fallen majesty in despair. Browning sat there between us, his face set firm and white like marble, but before the end tears were coursing down it quite unchecked. He seemed unconscious of them, and as we came out could only murmur with a kind of awe, "It makes one wonder which is the greater, the poet or the actor."—SIDNEY COLVIN.

* * * *

TO FUTURE BIOGRAPHERS OR COMMENTATORS ON THE BIOGRAPHY OF
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

With reference to the causes of estrangement, and in the end actual quarrel, between Stevenson's widow and his sometime close friend William Ernest Henley, it ought to be publicly known that the wife had ample & just cause for regarding the friendship as one that entailed risks to Louis's health and should be discouraged accordingly. For all his crippled bodily condition, Henley was in talk the most boisterously untiring, the lustiest & most stimulating of companions, and could never bring himself to observe the consideration due to Louis's frail health & impaired lungs. Anxiety on this acct was the main cause of the wife's disliking his society for her husband. I can testify from my own experience that she was not moved by the kind of jealousy which a wife commonly feels towards the friends of her husband's bachelor days: I had been an even closer intimate of Stevenson than Henley had, and without attempting to come between us she took me into her own engaging affectionate intimacy during their married life; simply, I believe, because I showed a reasonable consideration in forbearing to tax his energies as a companion too much.

No doubt, also, experience of the practical failure of the experiment in play-writing on which Stevenson spent so much effort with little or no result in conjunction with this same friend made the wife regard the friendship as one that brought a dangerous amount of exertion with no corresponding advantages.—SIDNEY COLVIN.

* * * *

Oscar Wilde's book [*Poems*, published in 1881] has come out at last.

The *Athenæum* wiggled it horrid. A writer in the *D.N.* whom I suspect to be Lang, was more kindly, but scoffed at it too. It seems, by the extracts I've seen, to be tolerably putrid. Oscar's self-sufficiency is the best thing about him, so far as I know. You think differently, I am aware: but I can't help fancying that your indomitable charitableness leads you astray. At all events, I can't believe that anyone worth a rush would have allowed himself to print such stuff as I have seen quoted. It's a pity; for the young fellow seems to have had good parts to begin with. What he has done with 'em I don't like to think. His is a strange figure, truly, & one that painted at full length—like Rastignac's, for instance; or like Barry Lyndon's—would be uncommonly interesting. Had I seen what you have seen, & lived abroad as you have lived, I might be tempted to try it. I should at worst produce the history of a very odd & fantastic movement & sketch the outline of a very odd & fantastic career. Don't you think it ought to be done, & well—that is to say dispassionately & temperately & cruelly—done? . . .

I dined on Wednesday with Austin Dobson—for whom I have a great liking & esteem & who seems, I am proud to say, to think well enough of me—and an American journalist, a J. Brander Mathews. He, the A. J., is a rum creature. He reminded me of a Bas-Bleu in bags. I know the Americans now, thank you. They have plenty to say & no remarks to offer, but they are, before all things, Up to the Mark. That's their great quality. Henry James is the supreme expression of it. Mathews is Up to the Mark, too; but in another style & to a less degree. . . . He was full of amiability, & volunteered any amount of assistance in the States. When this was made plain to me, I began asking for information for Louis' sake. I found his "Whitman" & his "Thoreau" very well known & very highly esteemed in the States; I heard that for the "B. Franklin" he has in view there would be instant & splendid sale: & it was intimated to me that if he would print his Americanisms in a volume for sale in the States he would make a good thing of it. The idea indeed is admirable. I have communicated it to Louis [Stevenson]. There's much more to say about it, of course; but say it by letter I can't. You shall hear all when you return. . . . —WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY to Sidney Colvin.

* * * *

March, 1917.

. . . I have to thank you for your edition of (Robert Louis) Stevenson's letters, which have given me the very greatest pleasure, revealing Stevenson to me even more perfectly than *Travels With a Donkey*, *An Inland Voyage*, *Men and Books*, etc. Story-telling seems to have been outside of his talent. The moment the story commences it seems to pare from him, to strip him of all the qualities that we admire. In a story we get Stevenson as if skinned. Perhaps I should say a skeleton Stevenson, a mummified Stevenson. . . .

. . . You tell me that you cannot understand my attitude of mind

towards the stories. Without proposing to attempt your conversion which would be an impertinence I may say a few more words on the subject. *Robinson Crusoe* and *Treasure Island* seem to me to be the childhood of prose narrative, the babyhood, for in my view the difficulties of prose narrative do not begin until we introduce man's inner entity into the story. Last night I came upon a passage in Landor which seems to state very well this point of view. "We do not want strange events," he says, "so much as those by which we are admitted into the recesses, or carried on amid operations, of the human mind. We are stimulated by its activity, but we are greatly more pleased at surveying it leisurely in its quiescent state, uncovered and unsuspecting. Few, however, are capable of describing or even remarking it; while strange and unexpected contingencies are the commonest pedlary of the market, and the joint patrimony of the tapsters."

There we have it. As soon as we attempt to introduce the reader into the recesses of the human mind the difficulty begins. But stories about digging in the sand are related to literature very much as Mozart's early sonatas are related to Wagner's *Mastersingers*. You will not agree with me in this, but perhaps you will now understand my point of view regarding Stevenson's stories. But although his stories seem to be purely mechanical, I greatly admire his critical discrimination. His articles in *Men and Books* are as good as Sainte-Beuve, though it may be doubted if the Frenchman would have plumed himself so ostentatiously that he was not like poor Villon. . . .—GEORGE MOORE to Sir Sidney Colvin—From *The Colvins and Their Friends* by E. V. Lucas, by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

Genius, Talent and Madness

Talent may be defined as the intensification of a mental quality, raising it to the second or third or even to a higher power; but genius is a new pattern, a power of reaching forward to something quite original. And while genius may be expressed along one line only, such as mathematical, or musical, metaphysical or pictorial, analytical or inventive, it is sometimes associated with great talent in several directions. The mathematical genius may be a talented musician.

Yet there should be no mixing up of genius with talent. For talent is high intensification of quality, while genius is a new pattern of qualities at a high level.

Genius is sometimes particulate rather than general, affecting only one line of activity, but it may be that the particulateness is due to preoccupation rather than to limitation.

One of the accursed conventional errors that take such an unconscionable time to die is the notion that genius verges on the pathological. The belief is not supported either by biographical inquiries or by biological principles. A genius is necessarily ahead of his time, and his intensity as well as his originality may well make sluggish minds uncomfortable. So it is convenient to tell St. Paul—a genius if there ever was one—"much learning doth make thee mad."

In a pathological mental or neural

variation there is sometimes an emancipation or originality which suggests genius, but there is no intrinsic correlation between genius and instability. We have Lombroso in part to blame for the widespread erroneous belief that genius is akin to insanity—he fell into the common fallacy of selecting his facts.

It is to be suspected that there is an unpleasant home-truth in Professor E. M. East's saying that the conception of genius as a mental abnormality is largely due to our own inferiority complexes. Geniuses trouble us, so we regard them with an intellectual leer. Maudsley wrote that "there is hardly ever a man of genius who has not insanity or nervous disorder of some form in his family, but East, in referring to the 1,030 great men dealt with by Havelock Ellis in his *Study of British Genius*, notes that insanity could be traced in less than one per cent. of the parents of these distinguished personalities.

Very few men of genius have become insane, though some have been a bit explosive. The story of geniuses being prone to epilepsy is simply another yarn. Genius usually means supreme mental health, and, like supreme bodily health, it may readily lead to over-exertion; but it is not akin to the pathological. That would be more true of the sub-health of stupidity.

We mean by genius the highly-endowed originality of the millionth man who lifts humanity on his wings—of such men as Archimedes, Aristotle, Beethoven, Burns, Celini, Confucius, Dante, Descartes, Eudoxus, Euler, Fichte, Francis of Assisi, Galileo, Goethe, Hegel, Homer, Isaiah (which ?), John the Evangelist, Kant, Kepler, Lagrange, Leibnitz, Milton, Mozart, Napier, Newton, Ossian, Ovid, Paul, Plato—we can't remember as Q—Raphael, Shakespeare,

Teresa—we can't remember any U except Ulysses, who was a work of genius—da Vinci, Virgil, Watt, Washington, Xavier, and Zeno—for his command to "live according to Nature."

Now no couple can put their heads together and determine to be parents of genius, yet it is nonsense to say that there is no recipe for its production. For, as a genial biologist has said, it is due to "a congregation of complementary genes of high quality," and it appears as the outcome of the love-marriage of two talented personalities of diverse gifts. It is entirely independent of "class," but it arises in fine stock. It has many degrees, but it is always new. It is occasionally handed on to the next generation, but two geniuses hardly ever marry, and rarely do they have children, and still more rarely children like themselves. The quality of genius is apt to behave as a Mendelian recessivity to mediocrity, but it is the most precious thing in the world.—Professor J. Arthur Thomson, author of *The Outline of Science*, in *John o'London's Weekly*.

The Bank

*When I walk down
Threadneedle Street
I hear the multitudinous feet
of those who crawl
and limp and caper
for the love of a handful
of crumpled paper.
And some of them find it,
while most of them lose it,
but all of them die before
learning to use it.*

—Humbert Wolfe, in the *London Spectator*.

THE MYTH OF HUMAN EQUALITY

by J. B. S. Haldane

The author of the following "undemocratic statements of belief" is described as "the cleverest of modern scientific prophets," but his volumes Daedalus (1924) and Possible Worlds (1927) proved him to be far more than clever. He is an Oxford man, New College, is Sir William Dunn Reader in Biochemistry at Cambridge University and heads the Genetical Department of the John Innes Horticultural Institution.

HUMAN inequality springs from two sources, nature and nurture. The results of the latter are obvious. It is no use appointing a man a clerk if he has not been taught to write, or a Christian missionary if he has been brought up as a Mohammedan. Two hundred years ago most inequality in Europe was due to this cause. Today the same is true in Asia. Democracy is impossible in India today largely because less than ten per cent of its population can read. Hence, Indian self-government would mean the rule of an Indian minority which would probably govern somewhat worse than the British. In China, too, universal education is a prerequisite of democracy. Some inequality due to differences of environment is inevitable, if only because of the facts of geography. But in its grosser forms it means an immense waste of human possibilities, and every progressive state aims at equality of opportunity.

The progress of biology in the next century will lead to a recognition of the innate inequality of man. This is today most obviously visible in the United States, where educational opportunities are more wide-spread than elsewhere. Universal education leads, not to equality, but to inequality based on real differences of talent. Where there is equality of opportunity there is no excuse for failure. The self-made American successful man who realizes this fact, commonly appears ruthless to the European aristocrat, who, just because he knows that he does not owe his position to innate ability, is often more considerate to his inferiors. If hereditary wealth were abolished, the tendency would, of course, be strengthened. So some observers see in the Russian Communist party the germ of the proudest, most efficient, and most ruthless aristocracy that the world has ever known. Personally I doubt the validity of such a forecast so long as the party continues to hold to its present economic and political doctrines, and to enforce upon its members the principle of a maximum income at present about thirteen hundred dollars a year.

The social danger of a system which, in practice if not in theory, gives so full a recognition to inequality, is that it tends to estimate that inequality too simply. In America the tendency is strong to grade men and women primarily by their earning power. A Socialist government would try to grade them by their economic value to the State. The Catholic Church attempts to

assess them by their share of those virtues which it admires, the principal classes being saints, other saved souls, and the damned. University professors gradually come to believe that the sheep can infallibly be separated from the goats by a series of written examinations. And there are psychologists who believe that it is possible to grade every one by means of intelligence tests. The best known of these tests is that applied to the American Army in 1917. Success or failure in these tests undoubtedly depends less on education than success or failure in ordinary examinations. They are, therefore, a better test of innate inequality. . . .

I do not believe that a recognition of the inequality of man would be a blow to democracy (or rather to representative government based on universal suffrage). This admirable invention is a device for changing the government of a country without a revolution. It is successful because it gives a fairly good approximation to the result which would be obtained by a civil war, provided that a majority of the people take politics seriously. . . .

The danger to democracy today lies not in the recognition of a plain biological fact, but in a lack of will in certain countries to kill persons who obstruct the declared wishes of the majority of the people. Charles I died and Mussolini lives, because enough Englishmen wanted to kill the king, but not enough Italians want to kill the premier. This lack of will may arise from mere laziness, or, more frequently, from disillusion at the results of representative democracy, which is presumably not the ideal form of government, but only the best so far invented. Unless the mass of the people are willing in the last resort to fight for their convictions, democracy should be replaced by the government of a minority, whether of fascists, communists, or what not, who possess that will.

It is, of course, irrational that each man's vote should possess equal value. But the alternatives so far tried or suggested are still less rational. . . . Some day it may be possible to devise a scientific method of assessing the voting power of individuals. One can be fairly certain that that day is more than a century ahead. In the remote future mankind may be divided into castes like Hindus or termites. But today the recognition of innate inequality should lead not to less but to greater, equality of opportunity.—*From the Century Magazine.*

Writers have always been too anxious to sneer at this great helpless pathetic puppy—the public—from the wagging of whose tail they are trying to extract a livelihood for themselves. Ruskin said the public was a great baby. Carlyle declared it was an old woman. And R. L.

Stevenson “always suspected public taste to be a mongrel product; out of affectation by dogmatism.” But there is one thing the despised public recognizes, which most of our critics fail to recognize, and that is life.—Compton Mackenzie, in Vanity Fair.

ALFRED NOBEL: A PRIZE PHILANTHROPIST

by Naboth Hedin

ALFRED NOBEL, Swedish donor of the five annual prizes which bear his name, was a man of strange contrasts. An inventor of high explosives, including dynamite, he promoted universal peace; a professed atheist, he practised the fine art of charity; a recluse, he loved his fellow men; a cosmopolitan—"the world's wealthiest tramp," in his own language—he chose only Scandinavians to administer his estate; an engineer and scientist, he admired Shelley, wrote verse in English, novels in Swedish, and, finally, dramas; an idealist and dreamer, he amassed one of the greatest fortunes of the day; a disbeliever in religion, he gave money to churches; by nature melancholic, he thought science could make men happy; a lifetime sufferer from ill health, he left part of his estate to doctors; a bachelor, he made no discriminations against women; a pessimist, he had faith in the future.

Such, in brief, was the man from whose estate in Stockholm gold has flowed during the past quarter of a century to nearly all parts of the globe, and since the principal has in no wise been diminished, this distribution will continue as long as the present order of society endures. . . .

In racial origin, the Nobel family is purely Swedish. Its earliest known representative was a country judge, Peter Nobelius, in the seventeenth century. . . .

The grandson of Peter Nobelius was a physician in northern Sweden and he shortened the name to Nobel (pronounced with the accent on the last syllable). His son, Emmanuel Nobel, born at Gefle, in northern Sweden, in 1801, was the father of Alfred Nobel, and the first of the family to become known outside of his native country. . . .

In 1850 Alfred Nobel, at the age of 17, was sent by his father to New York to visit Captain John Ericsson, who was then developing his various mechanical inventions. This, of course, was before the Civil War; and Ericsson's plans for the *Monitor* were ready, but had not been used.

It was not in mechanical engineering that the younger Nobel was to distinguish himself, but as a successor to his father in the field of explosives. By combining nitroglycerine with various absorbent substances such as sawdust or infusorial silicate, he made it safer to handle and thus, in 1863, achieved dynamite.

In the construction of the St. Gotthard tunnel alone, the use of dynamite saved more than five million dollars, besides several years of work. The total value to humanity of the Nobel inventions may well be called inestimable. He also perfected the dynamite cap and made possible blasting under water. Later he invented a smokeless powder; altogether he obtained eighty-five patents, royalties from which brought him a good part of his fortune.

The other part was derived from his share in the exploitation of the Caucasian oil fields at Baku, for which his two older brothers, Robert and Ludwig, had obtained concessions from the Russian government. To the problem of extracting, transporting, and refining petroleum they had applied their inventive abilities with such success that they not only enriched themselves, but earned immense royalties for the Russian treasury. A member of the Nobel family, now living in Sweden, is my authority for the statement that, prior to the World War, one-sixth of all the revenue of the Russian government was derived in some form or other from the activities of the Nobels. In the Bolshevist revolution, of course, everything possible was confiscated.

In 1873, Alfred Nobel settled in Paris, where he occupied a stately house on avenue Malakoff, living there alone with servants. He did not even employ a private secretary but attended himself to all his correspondence and personal bookkeeping.

While living in Russia, he seems to have imbibed some of the radical political doctrines that flourished surreptitiously under the Czars; in many of his letters are remarks derogatory to both monarchical and republican forms of government. By some biographers, his political views have been interpreted as leaning toward Bolshevism, by others as favoring Fascism, though neither term was then known. . . .

To all forms of injustice he was very sensitive. Lawyers he disliked. His will, disposing of his fortune, which, in those days, was regarded as enormous, he composed himself and wrote out with his own hand. From a legal point of view, it was very faulty and, had his heirs been less generous, they might very easily have contested it successfully. Most of the provisions, as carried out today, are "interpretations" to which his next of kin have consented.

Neither did he like clergymen; his letters abound in bitter references to theology, yet he was one of the most munificent supporters of the Swedish church in Paris. The ethics of Christianity he esteemed just as highly as he despised its dogmas. In practice he was a friend of man. To him love of human-kind seemed closely equivalent to religion. . . .

Paris he left in disgust when accused without justification of espionage. One of his inventions happened to resemble the object of experiments conducted in great secrecy at the laboratory of the French powder monopoly which was located close to his own laboratory just outside of Paris. It was a pure coincidence that he had happened to work on the same problem as the army engineers, and when he solved it first, they became jealous. After that he moved to San Remo on the Italian Riviera, where he died on December 10, 1896.—From an article by the director of the American-Swedish News Exchange, in *The Living Age* (New York).

Alfred Nobel's Will

Though Alfred Nobel wrote English, French, German and Russian equally well, his holograph will, dated at Paris, November 27, 1895, a year before his death, was written in Swedish. The clauses which deal with his great benefaction are as follows:

The capital, invested by the executors in reliable securities, is to constitute a fund, the income from which is to be distributed annually as prizes to those who during the past year have rendered humanity the greatest services.

This income to be divided into five equal parts, of which one is to be given to whoever has made the most important discovery or invention in the domain of physics; one part to whoever has made the most important chemical discovery or improvement; one to whoever has made the most important discovery in physiology or medicine; one to him who in literature has produced the most excellent work of an idealistic character; one to whoever has done the most or best work for the fraternization of the nations and for the abolition or reduction of standing armies as well as the organization and increase of peace congresses.

The prizes in physics and chemistry are to be distributed by the Swedish Academy of Science, those for physiological or medical works by the Caroline Institute of Stockholm; for literature by the Academy in Stockholm; and to champions of peace by a committee of five, chosen by the Norwegian Storting.

It is my express desire that, in the distribution of prizes, no regard be paid to any sort of national affiliation; in such a way that the most worthy receive the prize, whether he be a Scandinavian or not.—From Alfred Nobel's last Will and Testament.

In Vienna As Elsewhere

You can prevent a man from stealing, but you can't keep him from being a thief.

Common aims tie you together with string, common destinies bind you with cord, common responsibilities rivet you with chains.

The ears of mankind are so made that they sleep through the report and first awaken at the echo.

We are truly unkind to people only when we are sure of not losing them.

Even those who love us and respect us are never content until they have discovered wherein we are vulnerable.

When frightened we often cling like a child to the person who has frightened us. Similarly, nations make the leaders of revolutions into monarchs.

A clever woman once said to me: Men are quite clear as to what they obtain from us; but they usually do not have the slightest suspicion as to what they have *not obtained*.

If the work of art was created out of an inner necessity, the theme shines brightly and incessantly like a heart aglow. But when a work is made to order, even if it shows the height of technical proficiency, it carries the theme before it like a little flickering lamp, and usually this lamp has gone out long before the goal is attained.—Arthur Schnitzler, Austrian novelist and playwright, in *Vanity Fair*.

think the influence of great literature on both sides of the Atlantic, if we read wisely, may be a far better means of interpreting one to the other than can be accomplished by either politicians or the press.—Stanley Baldwin, ex-Prime Minister of England.

WHY AMERICA HAS NO SOCIETY

by Mary Borden

AMERICA doesn't believe in leisure. It believes in Work. The hundred-per-cent American has no use for Society. He has other things to do than go to lunch parties, dinner parties and tea-fights. He has his business, and at night he is tired. All the society he wants is the society of his family. His idea of social life is the family circle. He gets all the excitement he wants in the office; when he leaves it he wants to be quiet, to loosen his collar, to sit in his shirt sleeves if he feels like it.

Unfortunately his wife does not agree with him. She has social ambitions and plenty of time to indulge in dreams of their realization. The poor man is forced into a tail coat and dragged out to dinner parties, theater parties, and dances. He goes meekly enough, for he is a submissive male and too tired to fight, but inwardly he swears and rebels. Secretly he despises Society and Society women. If his wife is one he secretly despises her too. He hates all that English class rot. He loathes loafers and fears leisure. A man who doesn't work is a waster. He has no use for him. The privileges and responsibilities of birth, breeding or culture? Nonsense. All men are equal or should be in the eyes of the Lady who stands at the entrance to New York Harbor. "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.*" He has a vague impression that the French Revolution was a movement which would have commanded his sympathy. It was a revolt against privilege and snobbery, a protest against the right of a class to cultivate idleness and an elaborate technic of pleasure.

Gentleness produces tact and all those ways of showing that you are more interested in other people than in yourself. Gentlefolk may be hypocrites and villains. They may be complete egotists, but they don't show it; and in society it is what appears that is important. Morals are of no importance in society so long as they don't protrude. This is a cynical saying perhaps, but it is true. The young woman who is out to reform the world is not a social creature. The people who feel bound to make a display of intolerance have no place in good society. They are bores. They may be infinitely more worth while to the State and the body politic; that has nothing to do with it. They are out of place in the drawing-room; and society won't tolerate them, not polite society, unless they can drop off their militant bonnets and warlike weapons when they go out to enjoy themselves.—MARY BORDEN.

Our hundred-per-cent American believes in simple pleasures. In spite of his contempt for society he is a gregarious sociable creature who doesn't like to be alone, and he has the habit of crowds, of noise, of hustle and bustle more than anyone; but his pleasures are the pleasures of children. He likes games and he likes toys. A motor car and a gramophone and a pal who plays golf are the only companions he needs outside his family. He is, moreover, the descendant of men with moral convictions somewhat similar to those of the revolutionaries in France, and who sailed to America, carrying an outfit of stern ideals with them in the *Mayflower*. These ideals of the Pilgrim Fathers are still powerful and they have made the normal development of polite society difficult. For worldiness is still considered rather wicked in America.

The fact is that a great many people in the United States who are most fitted by tradition and instinct to lend grace, dignity, and elegance to American Society will have little or nothing to do with it. They don't, as the saying is, go out. Well, the world is the poorer and they perhaps are too. Who can tell? In any case without them social life can never be what it should be. For it should be an art and, if it is to be taken seriously at all, should be judged as architecture, music or painting are judged. The social life of a nation, or the art of human intercourse as it is practiced in any given country, is the index of its civilization.

Our hundred-per-cent American would not admit this. Most likely he despises art too. Painting, music, poetry, these belong to the woman's world. He knows nothing about them. He has no time to listen to music or look at pictures. If I told him that one of my friends, an officer in the Life Guards, did beautiful needlework, he would immediately jump to the conclusion that the man was an idiot or a milksop and that the British Army would be routed the next time it went into battle. It has not yet occurred to him that variety is the spice of life, and that it is worth while to adorn life with as many beauties, interests and graces as possible.

But climbing and the social climber have always been words of opprobrium. I wonder why? Except in the nostrils of saints or hermits, why should they have such a nasty odor? Why not admit that snobbery is one of the very greatest forces for refinement in the world? Surely, it is an excellent thing that men and women should learn to discriminate between good food and food, for instance, or between a loud noise and wit. Surely, unless one is going to withdraw from the world altogether, it is desirable that the men and women in it should treat one another with gentleness, and know how to make themselves agreeable. Compare for a moment the chattering of the monkeys in the zoo with the repart   of a French dinner party. There you have the measure of the dynamic energy contained in the force of snobbery. Snobbery or, in other words, the striving to imitate one's betters, is the humble housemaid in the house of evolution.

The French, who are the great artists in life, have always looked upon social intercourse as one of the fine arts. The manners and modes of the *beau monde* have always seemed to Frenchmen of intelligence worthy of critical attention. The French are stylists. They adore elegance of form; and the style of a social group, perhaps because it is an ephemeral thing and can leave behind it no monument in stone nor portrait on canvas, has for them a special precious interest. The Eighteenth Century in France marked for the Western world the culmination of a social technic that was a creative achievement. Its creation was a thing called taste. It took some hundred years to develop, and it imposed itself as something of absolute value in a world where men were in the habit of massacring one another by thousands for a religious idea or a moral prejudice.

This question of taste is the crux of the whole matter. The function of Society is to make the life of a community agreeable and to add to it grace, beauty, and dignity. The fact is that life in the raw is a dreary business for most people, or an exciting nerve-racking business, an exhausting struggle full of disappointments, failures, hard knocks, and heartbreaks; and men demand relief from this and sympathy, and they want pleasure. They go to one another for these things because they cannot supply them to themselves. They huddle together and band together in the search for pleasure, and this huddling is Society in embryo. Society is simply a community of pleasure-seekers. Its quality and its style depend upon the taste shown by its members in their choice of pleasures. Eighteenth-century France produced the "salon" and the art of conversation and chose wit as its special form of amusement. England evolved the elaborate comfort of the great country house and its lavish decorous hospitality. America—well, America is still choosing. It imitates the French sometimes and sometimes the English. It has built palaces on Palm Beach and has organized many magic cities where stunts and thrills abound. It depends for its enjoyment very largely upon jazz and cocktails and games of contest.

The more subtle pleasures of social life are as yet, for the most part, unknown in America; for they grow on very old vines like bunches of purple grapes that ripen very slowly; and he who would taste their delicate flavor must go gently, else the fragile glass house will come down on his head with a crash, vanish like a dream, and he will find himself stranded in a resort very like Coney Island. . . .

Seriously, who has not noticed it, there is a certain feeling of danger in the air at parties in America—I mean of course respectable and conventional parties—that is quite lacking at similar entertainments in London or Paris. As one enters the great blazing portals of a ballroom one is aware of a peculiar excitement, a menacing vibration in the atmosphere. One is not quite certain what is going to happen. Something strange and unexpected, some wild burst of jubilant energy or some exhibition of primitive passion, seems

to promise a thrilling diversion, perhaps even a tragic disruption of the elaborate scheme. The party seems not quite real. It appears to be stretched in midair like a net in a circus, over a rushing torrent of reality that is tremendous and magnificent in itself, but as menacing to the tranquility of polite society as the Mississippi River in flood.

The ingredients of the social pudding in America are not right and they are badly mixed. There is too much of one thing and not enough of another, and some essentials are almost completely lacking, while other extraneous astringent substances that have no right to be there are very evident. There is too much money and too much femininity. The amount of money lavished on entertaining is bad because it creates an illusion of brilliance where there is none and makes people socially lazy. The preponderance of the female element, as we've said before, makes for silliness and hysteria and general abnormality. Then, there are not enough gentlefolk and, in fact, not enough Americans. There are too many savages and too many half-breeds and too many questionable foreign adventurers. This makes, particularly in New York, for confusion and chaos in matters of taste and it drives the well-bred people out. They know what they want of Society and, not getting it, they keep away. Finally, there is very little intelligence displayed and almost no wit. The masculine intelligence of America cannot be bothered with social things, and the feminine intelligence, forced in upon itself, becomes an elaborate narcissism which is inimical to the very basis of social intercourse. . . .

The whole thing has on the other hand a barbaric splendor. There is a wealth of beauty and of natural bounding animal spirits. It is this that saves it. These wild children have something, they have youth. They are ardent and fiery and electric. They have brains too, some of them, and an inordinate capacity for enjoyment. All the raw materials of social life are theirs, when they choose to use them. At present they don't. At present this great big show called Society in America is a farce, in spite of the emphasis laid upon it, because no one really cares about the pleasures of social life, they only care about fun, adventure, love, money, work, and the biggest country on God's earth that has the future in its grip.—From an article by the brilliant novelist and essayist (in private life the wife of Brigadier General Edward Louis Spears of the British Army), in *Harper's Magazine*.

The world is contracting, and world empires of the British type that once seemed about to fall apart are now growing stronger as a result of the flying ma-

chine. New economic and political problems have arisen, and a complete change of world politics is in order.—Karl Figdor, in the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*.

An English Gentleman in the Making

It takes, roughly, fifty years, or three generations, for a family of intelligent and determined outsiders to climb up the English mountainside as far as that high plateau where leisured folk securely rooted in rustic class-prejudice stand aloof above the smoky valley of the industrial world. It is a slow process in England, this climbing, yet not so slow as some would like to believe. There are people scattered all over lovely England who would turn pale with horror at the idea that a county family or a gentleman's house could be built in three generations. Nevertheless, if one has the aptitude, and is serious about it, it can be done. Indeed, one can watch the process. It is going on all the time.

One can observe the three generations living out their lives simultaneously on the three levels, sometimes all under the same roof. It isn't a case of buying family portraits or a Rolls and clothes from Paris. Clothes have nothing to do with it. It is all much more drastic. It is a case of uprooting and transplanting, geographically, of moving in fact into the country. The workman's cottage gives way to the big house on the outskirts of the town. It is here that the old people stick, with a view of the family's factory chimneys from the windows. They are rather lost, the old people, in the big house. They are shy in the presence of the butler and the footman and very lonely. They have no friends, and secretly long for the old days, when they had high tea in the cottage kitchen; and because she has nothing to do, the old lady trots timidly round the rooms upstairs after the competent housemaids with a duster in her hand.

Not so the young married couple. The son divides his time between the factory

and the hunting field. He plays bridge and dines out in a dinner jacket and goes to hunt balls. He has married a sporting girl from some other part of the country and is determined, once the old people are gone, to move away from the sight of those chimneys. Perhaps he doesn't wait. It is important to get away from streets and trams before one's children are out of the nursery. He gets himself a hunting box or a farm in a good hunting district. The boys are put down for Eton or Harrow the week they are born; and by the time the children take notice the scene has changed, the third generation is surrounded by horses and dogs, a home farm and a garden, women in tweeds or riding clothes, men in pink coats or men with guns. The talk in the autumn is all of partridges, pheasants and grouse, in winter of foxes and hounds, in spring of cricket and salmon. And, lo! an English gentleman is in the making.—Mary Borden, novelist and essayist (in private life the wife of Brigadier General Edward Louis Spears of the British Army), in *Harper's Magazine*.

Leavetaking

*Pass, thou wild light,
Wild light on peaks that so
Grieve to let go
The day.
Lovely thy tarrying, lovely too is night:
Pass thou away.*

*Pass, thou wild heart,
Wild heart of youth that still
Hast half a will
To stay.
I grow too old a comrade, let us part.
Pass thou away.*

—From *Selected Poems of Sir William Watson* (Thornton Butterworth).

LETTERS OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

Dying in 1923, at the age of thirty-four, Katherine Mansfield left, besides four volumes containing some of the best short stories in the language, a remarkable Journal and a quantity of equally remarkable letters, from which these passages are taken. Compiled and edited by her husband, J. Middleton Murry, to whom many of them are addressed, they show the author to have possessed as rare a character as she did talent. If she was not a great writer, she was of the breed—and it is the traces of her effort, her lifelong struggle to become a good writer, that are worth more to us, as human beings, than all the masterpieces she might have written. As observed of her Journal, from which extended quotations were made in the European Scrap Book last year, here preëminently is the record of a writer in the making.

May, 1915.

WHY haven't I got a real "home"—a real life—why haven't I got a Chinese nurse with green trousers and two babies who rush at me and clasp my knees? I'm not a girl—I'm a woman. I *want* things. Shall I ever have them? To write all the morning and then to get lunch over quickly and to write again in the afternoon and have supper and *one* cigarette together and then to be alone again till bedtime—and all this love and joy that fights for outlet, and all this life drying up, like milk, in an old breast. Oh, I want life! I want friends and people and a house. I want to give and to spend. . . .

* * * *

May, 1915.

. . . Do you, too, feel an infinite delight and value in *detail*—not for the sake of detail but for the life *in* the life of it? I never can express myself (and you can laugh as much as you please.) But do you ever feel as though the Lord threw you into Eternity—into the very exact center of eternity, and even as you plunged you felt every ripple floating out from your plunging—every single ripple floating away and touching and drawing into its circle every slightest thing that it touched. . . .

* * * *

February, 1918.

. . . I find the French language, style, attack, point of view, hard to stomach at present. It's all tainted. It all seems to me to lead to dishonesty—Dishonesty Made Easy—made superbly easy. All these *half*-words, these words which have never really been born and seen the light, like "me trouble," "vague," "tiède," "blottant," "inexprimable" (these are bad examples, but you know the kinds I mean) and the phrases and whole paragraphs that go with them—they won't, at the last moment, *do* at all. Some

of them are charming and one is loth to do without them, but they are like certain plants—once they are in your garden they spread and spread and spread, and make a show perhaps, but they are *weeds*. No, I get up hungry from the French language. I have too great an appetite for the real thing to be put off with pretty little kickshaws, and I am offended intellectually that “ces gens” think they can so take me in.

It’s the result of Shakespeare, I think. The English language is damned difficult, but it’s also damned rich, and so clear and bright that you can search out the darkest places with it. Also it’s *heavenly* simple and true. . . .

* * * *

February, 1918.

. . . What an old wind-bag G. K. C. [Gilbert K. Chesterton] is!

* * * *

March, 1918.

. . . “By the way” *re* President Wilson. Monsieur G. says he is not at all liked in France. And why? . . . It’s all very well for him to stand on a mountain and “dire de belles choses.” He’s never suffered. He only came into the war because he saw that the Allies were going to be beaten and realized that if they were, Germany would attack America with fleets and fleets of “sous-marins puissants.” America’s entry and “retard” were both on purely commercial grounds. Wilson held out to collect as much war-profits as he could—came in to avoid having those war-profits taken from him by Germany. So *the* men are L. G. [Lloyd George] and Clemenceau. They do understand that you can never “traiter avec ces genslà,” that we must go on until—“bien sûr”—England and France bleed again, but equally “bien sûr” Germany is in the hands of whoever is left “en Angleterre ou la France” to do whatever they please with. Their pleasure, of course, being to make strings of sausages out of the whole country. . . .

* * * *

May, 1918.

I have been walking up and down this huge, bright, bare hotel bedroom, really, if one had looked through the “spiritual” keyhole,—wringing my hands, quite overcome, for the *n*th time by the *horror of life*—the sense that something is almost hopelessly wrong. What might be so divine is out of tune—or the instruments are all silent and nobody is going to play again. There *is* no concert for us. Isn’t there? Is it all over? Is our desire and longing and eagerness, quite all that’s left? Shall we sit here for ever in this immense wretched hall—waiting for the lights to go up—which will never go up.

Heavens! the hysterical joy with which I’d greet the first faint squeak-

ings of a tuning up—the lovely relief with which one would lean back and give oneself up and up to it. But no—I don't hear a sound.

It's all very well to say: "I am dead" but what the devil is the good of that with all this *fury* of living burning away in my bosom—with God knows nothing to feed it or fan it—just burning away.

But the ugliness—the ugliness of life—the intolerable corruption of it all—How is it to be borne? . . . And then—*hotels*, you know, strange hotels! The horror of them—The grimace for service rendered, the perpetual "Would you please bring up my letters as soon as the post arrives?"—another *strange bed*, and the mysterious people whom one always passes going to or coming from the lavatory. . . .

Oh—how I *loathe* hotels. I know I shall die in one. I shall stand in front of a *crochet dressing table cover*, pick up a long invisible hairpin left by the last "lady" and die with disgust. It's almost funny—loving as I do, loving passionately, beautiful rooms, the shape of furniture, colors, quiet, I find myself wandering eternally in rooms papered with birds, chrysanthemums in urns and bunches of ribbons, and furnished with fumed oak and lace curtains—and that *glare* from the windows—that dreadful gape which reaches to every corner—that sense of nowhere to hide!

* * * *

August, 1918.

I wonder what decision you are arrived at about the cottage with the tower [Higher Tregerthen, Zennor]. Perhaps the house itself is very imperfect in many ways but there is a . . . something . . . which makes one long for it. Immediately you get there you are *free*, free as air. You hang up your hat on a nail and the house is furnished. It is a place where you sit on the stairs and watch the lovely light inhabiting the room below. After nightfall the house has three voices. If you are in the tower and someone comes from the far cottage—he comes from far away. You go by the edge of the field to Katie Berryman's for the bread. You walk home along the rim

August, 1918.

. . . I love courage—spirit—poise (do you know what I mean? all these words are too little) more than anything. And I feel inclined to say (not to anybody in particular) "Let us love each other. Let us be kind and rejoice in one another and leave all squabbles and ugliness to the dull dogs who only become articulate when they bark and growl. The world is so dreadful in many ways. Do let us be tender with each other."—KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

of the Atlantic with the big fresh loaf—and when you arrive the house is like a ship. I mustn't talk about it. It bewitched me.

Saturday afternoon. J. is downstairs discussing the theory of relativity with S. I feel they are being a trifle portentous. The kittens are trying to kill their mother with love in front of my fire; the wind makes a pleasant sound, but all my daffodils are fallen before it. I feel awfully happy. A husband, a home, a great many books and a passion for writing—are very nice things to possess all at once.

* * * *

June, 1919.

One of the chief reasons for one's dissatisfaction with modern poetry is one can't be sure that it really does belong to the man who writes it. It is so tiring, isn't it, never to leave the Masked Ball—never—never. . . .

* * * *

June, 1919.

. . . On Bank Holiday, mingling with the crowd I saw a magnificent sailor outside a public house. He was a cripple; his legs were crushed, but his head was beautiful—youthful and proud. On his bare chest two seagulls fighting were tattooed in red and blue. And he seemed to lift himself—above the crowd, above the tumbling wave of people and he sang:

“Heart of mine, Summer is waning.”

Oh! Heavens, I shall never forget how he looked and how he sang. I knew at the time this is one of the things one will always remember. It clutched my heart. It flies on the wind today—one of those voices, you know, crying above the talk and the laughter and the dust and the toys to sell. Life is wonderful—wonderful—bitter-sweet, an anguish and a joy—and oh! I do not want to be resigned—I want to drink deeply—deeply. Shall I ever be able to express it?

* * * *

July, 1919.

. . . I feel so much *more* sensitive to everything than I used to be—to people good or bad, to ugliness or beautiful things. Nowadays when I catch a glimpse of Beauty—I weep—yes, really weep. It is too much to be borne—and if I feel wickedness—it hurts so unbearably that I get really ill. It is dreadful to be so exposed—but what can one do?

* * * *

July, 1919.

. . . This house seems to be an R-34 today, rushing through the air. Everything is in flight. It's as much as one can do to catch anything. The windows all open—the curtains moving—a smell of cherry jam boiling from

the kitchen. Gertie saying, "If you please, m'm, the nasturtiums in the front are out," as if they were walking up to the door—advancing upon us.

Oh Life—mysterious Life—What art thou? Forster says: a game—I feel suddenly as though from all the books there came a clamor of voices—the books are speaking—especially the poets—How beautiful willows are—how beautiful—how the sun rains down upon them—the tiny leaves move like fishes. Oh Sun, shine for ever! I feel a little bit drunk—rather like an insect that has fallen into the cup of a magnolia. . . .

* * * *

October, 1919.

I sent a review yesterday. Before I forget—will you change the last sentence of all? Substitute another word for the word "great." I can't remember just how it went, but I woke up in the night with the Lord crying "Samuel!" to me and saying, "Cut that bit out about a *great* novel!"

* * * *

December, 1919.

. . . G. B. S. on Butler is very fine indeed [A review of Festing Jones's *Life of Samuel Butler*, by George Bernard Shaw, which appeared in *The Manchester Guardian*]. He has such a grip on his subject. I admire his tenacity as a reviewer and the way in which his mind follows Butler with a steady light—does not waver over him, find him, lose him, travel over him. At the same time it's queer he should be (G. B. S.) so uninspired. There is not the faintest hint of inspiration in that man. This chills me. You know the feeling that a great writer gives you: "My spirit has been fed and refreshed: it has partaken of something new." One could not possibly feel that about Shaw. It's the clang of the gate that remains with you when all's over. What it amounts to is that Shaw is anything you like, but he's not an artist. Don't you get when you read his plays a sense of extraordinary *flatness*? They may be extremely amusing at moments, but you are always laughing *at* and never *with*. Just the same in his prose: You may agree as much as you like, but he is writing *at* not *with*. There's no getting over it: he's a kind of concierge in the house of literature—sits in a glass case, sees everything, knows everything, examines the letters, *cleans the stairs*, but has no part, no part in the life that is going on. But as I wrote that, I thought: Yes, but who *is* living there, living there as we mean life? Dostoevsky, Tchekhov and Tolstoy and Hardy. I can't think of *anybody else*. . . .

* * * *

December, 1919.

Often I long to be more *in life*—to know people—even now the desire comes. But immediately the opportunity comes I think of nothing but how to escape. And people have come to see me here—*What* are they? They are not

human beings; they are never children—they are *absolutely unreal* Mechanisms.

And those people in England—When one goes away the memory of them is like the memory of clothes hanging in a cupboard. And yet the beauty of life—the haunting beauty of “the question”—Sometimes when I am awake here, very early in the morning, I hear, far down on the road below, the market carts going by. And at the sound I live through this getting up before dawn, the blue light in the window—the cold solemn look of the people—the woman opening the door and going for sticks—the smell of smoke—the feather of smoke rising from their chimney. I hear the man as he slaps the little horse and leads it into the clattering yard. And the fowls are still asleep—big balls of feather. But the early morning air and hush. And after the man and wife have driven away some little children skurry out of bed across the floor and find a piece of bread and get back into the warm bed and divide it. But this is all *the surface*. Hundreds of things happen down to minute, minute details. But it is all so full of beauty—and you know the voices of people before sunrise—how different they are? I lie here, thinking of these things and hearing those little carts. . . . It is too much. One must weep.

* * * *

February, 1920.

. . . *Monte Carlo is real Hell*. To begin with it's the cleanest, most polished place I've ever seen. The villas are huge and they have strange malignant towers. Immense poppies sprout out of the halls and roses and geraniums hang down like carpets. All the shops are *magasins de luxe*, lingerie, perfumes, fat unguents and pawnbrokers and pâtisserie. The Rooms are the devil's headquarters. The blinds are down, there's a whitish glare from the electric light inside—carpet on the outside steps—up and down which pass a continual procession of *whores*, pimps, governesses in thread gloves—Jews—old, old hags, ancient men stiff and greyish, panting as they climb, rich great fat capitalists, little girls tricked out to look like babies—and below the Room a huge outside café—the famous Café de Paris with *real* devils with tails under their aprons cursing each other as they hand the drinks. There at those tables, sit the the damned. The gardens—if you could see them—the gardens in Hell. Light, bright delicate grass grown in half a night, trembling little pansies, grown in tiny beds, that are nourished on the flesh of babies—little fountains that spray up into the air all diamonds—Oh, I could write about it *for ever*. . . .

* * * *

May, 1921.

. . . “The great artist is he who exalts difficulty”—do you believe that? And that it's only the slave (using slave in our mystical sense) who

piners for freedom. The free man, the artist, seeks to bind himself. I have been finding out more and more that it's only the difficult thing that is worth doing; it's the difficult thing that one deliberately chooses to do. . . .

* * * *

June, 1921.

. . . About the old masters. What I feel about them (all of them—writers too, of course) is the more one *lives* with them the better it is for one's work. It's almost a case of living *into* one's ideal world—the world that one desires to express. Do you know what I mean? For this reason I find that if I stick to men like Chaucer and Shakespeare and Marlowe and even Tolstoy I keep much nearer what I want to do than if I confuse things with reading a lot of lesser men. I'd like to make the old masters my *daily* bread—in the sense in which it's used in the Lord's Prayer, really—to make them a kind of essential nourishment. All the rest is—well—it *comes after*. . . .

* * * *

November, 1921.

. . . I like such awfully unfashionable things—and people. I like sitting on doorsteps, and talking to the old woman who brings quinces, and going for picnics in a jolting little wagon, and listening to the kind of music they play in public gardens on warm evenings, and talking to captains of shabby little steamers, and in fact, to all kinds of people in all kinds of places. But what a fatal sentence to begin. It goes on for ever. In fact, one could spend a whole life finishing it. But you see I am not a high-brow. . . .

I'm in love with life, terribly . . . and am here in Switzerland because I have consumption. But I am not an invalid. . . .

* * * *

February, 1922.

. . . I must begin work. Seven stories sit on the doorstep. One has its foot inside. It is called *The Fly*. I must finish it today. This is a hard moment for work—don't you feel? It's hard to get *life* into it. The sun is not up yet. Oh Spring, hurry, hurry!

* * * *

March, 1922.

. . . France is a remarkable country. It is, I suppose, the most civilized country in the world. Bookshops swarm in Paris and the newspapers are written in a way that English people would not stand for one moment. There's practically *no* police news. True, they did write about Landru's execution, but so well it might have been de Maupassant! They are corrupt and rotten politically, that's true. But oh, how they know how to live! And there is always the feeling that Art has its place . . . is accepted by everybody, by the servants, by the rubbish man as well as by all others as something im-

portant, necessary, to be proud of. That's what makes living in France such a rest. . . . English people are, I think, superior Germans. (10 years hard labor for that remark.) But it's true. They are the German ideal." . . .

* * * *

March, 1922.

. . . It seems to me that very feeling of inevitability that there is in a great work of art—is a proof—a profession of faith on the part of the artist that this life is not *all*. (Of course, I'm not talking of personal immortality as we were taught to imagine it.) If I were to agree with S. I'd have to believe that the *mind* is supreme. But I don't—not by a long long chalk. The mind is only the fine instrument, it's only the slave of the soul. I do agree that with a great many artists one never sees the *master*, we only know the slave. And the slave is so brilliant that he can almost make you forget the absence of the other. But one is only really *living* when one acknowledges both—or so it seems to me—and great art is achieved when their relation is perfected. . . .

* * * *

August, 1922.

. . . I believe one can cure nobody, one can change nobody fundamentally. The born slave cannot become a free man. He can only become free-er. I have refused to believe that for years, and yet I am certain it is true, it is even a law of life. But it is equally true that hidden in the slave there are the makings of the free man. . . .

I have been steeped in Shakespeare these last days with a note book—looking up every word, finding what are inkles and caddises. . . . I nearly know the sheep shearing scene from *A Winter's Tale* by heart. It's the more *bewitching* scene—but that's one of my favorite plays. If I am strictly truthful I know nearly all of it *almost* by heart. And I began reading the songs in *Twelfth Night* in bed this morning early—

Mark it Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age. . . .

Clo: Are you ready, sir?

Duke: Ay, prithee, sing.

(*Music*)

Clo: Come away, come away, death, etc.

Oh, how that does all ravish me. I think I could listen to that for a small eternity.—From the *Letters of Katherine Mansfield*, by permission of Alfred A. Knopf.

THE TRAGIC LOVE SECRET OF ROSSETTI

by Sir Hall Caine

Sir Hall Caine, the famous Manx novelist and friend of Rossetti, who died in his arms, reveals in these passages taken from his newly published volume of pre-Raphaelite recollections, the tragic romance of the great poet-painter, whose love for the beautiful girl who was to become Mrs. William Morris caused his wife, Elizabeth Siddal Rossetti, to commit suicide. Caine learned the secret from Rossetti himself forty-seven years ago, a few months before Rossetti died. "To marry one woman and then find out when it's too late that you love another is the deepest tragedy that can enter a man's life," Rossetti confided to Caine. He did not dwell upon the effect the discovery had on the woman who bore his name and occupied second place in his affections.

FRIENDS who saw much of them [Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Elizabeth Siddal] in the earlier days of their married life spoke of their obvious happiness, and protested, in particular against evil rumors circulated later, that nothing could have been more marked than Rossetti's zealous attentions to his young wife. All the same, it is true that very soon her spirits drooped, her art was laid aside, and much of the cheerfulness of home was lost to both of them. . . .

One evening Rossetti left his wife preparing to retire for the night, and went out again, apparently to walk. What happened to her during the hours in which she was alone, what impulse led her to the act she committed, whether it was due to an innocent accident common to persons in her condition, or to dark if delusive broodings. . . . it is not to say now. When he returned at half-past eleven o'clock he found his rooms full of a strong odor of laudanum. His wife was breathing stertorously and lying unconscious on the bed. He called a doctor, who saw at once, what was only too obvious, that she had taken an overdose of her accustomed sleeping draught. . . . After lingering several hours without recovering consciousness—and therefore without offering a word of spoken explanation—towards seven o'clock in the morning she died. . . .

On my second visit to Rossetti at his house in Cheyne Walk [London], at bedtime we took candles from a table in the hall and went up a narrow and tortuous staircase, which was otherwise dark, to a landing from which many rooms seemed to open, so large was the house in which Rossetti lived alone, except for a cook and two maid-servants.

"You are to sleep in Watts's room tonight," he said, and then he suggested that before going to my own bedroom I should take a look at his. . . .

An enormous black oak chimney-piece of curious design, having an

ivory crucifix on the largest of its ledges, covered a part of one side of the room, and reached to the ceiling. Cabinets, a hip-bath, and the usual furniture of a bedroom occupied places about the floor, and in the middle of it, before a little couch, there was a small table on which stood a wired lantern containing a candle, which Rossetti lit from the open one in his hand, another candle lying by its side. On the table were two small bottles, sealed and labeled, and beside them was a little measuring glass. Without looking further, but with a painful suspicion coming over me, I asked if that was his medicine.

"They say there's a skeleton in every cupboard," he said in a low voice. "That's mine; it's chloral. . . . I have just taken sixty grains of it," he said, as he was going out. "In four hours I shall take sixty more, and in four hours after that yet another sixty."

"Doesn't the dose increase with you?" I asked.

"It has not done so perceptibly in recent years. I judge I've taken more chloral than any man whatever. Marshall" (his medical man) "says if I were put into a Turkish bath I should sweat it at every pore."

As he said this, standing half outside the threshold, there was something in his tone and laugh suggesting that he was even proud of the accomplishment. To me it was a frightful revelation. . . .

It is not for me, who, by virtue of the closest intimacy, was permitted to see a great and unhappy man in his mood of most vehement sorrow and self-reproach, to uncover his naked soul for any purpose less sacred than that of justifying his character against misinterpretation, or bringing his otherwise wayward conduct and mysterious life within the range of sympathy; and if I go further with the story of this terrible night, it is with the hope of that result and no other—no other in the world.

For what I shall say next there is, so far as I know, no witness except my own memory, and that stands between my soul and the soul of Rossetti alone. But for no lower reason than that of lifting the darkest cloud that hangs over the character of my friend above the common and, I think, vulgar charge that his long enslavement to a pernicious drug was due merely to want of manliness in meeting the world on its own terms, and for the purpose of indicating my belief that it was more probably the sequel to an event of the most tragic kind that can enter into a man's life, I will no longer hesitate to say that he told me that on the night of his wife's death, when he returned to her room from his walk, he found a letter or message addressed to himself lying on the table by her side. I think he said he had not shown that letter to anyone, and that he had never mentioned it before. . . . He said that the message had left such a scar on his heart as would never be healed. . . .

Certainly it was not for me to take too literally all the burning words of self-reproach which Rossetti heaped upon himself; but if I had now to reconstruct his life afresh from the impressions of that night, I think it would be

a far more human, more touching, more affectionate, more unselfish, more intelligible figure that would emerge than the one hitherto known to the world.

It would be the figure of a man who, after engaging himself to one woman [Elizabeth Siddal, milliner and artists' model], in all honor and good faith, had fallen in love with another [who was to become the wife of William Morris, poet, designer, printer and socialistic prophet], and then gone on to marry the first out of a mistaken sense of loyalty and a fear of giving pain, instead of stopping, as he must have done, if his will had been stronger and his heart sterner, at the door of the church itself. It would be the figure of a man who realized that the good woman he had married was reading his secret in spite of his efforts to conceal it, and thereby losing all joy and interest in life. It would be the figure of a man who, coming home late at night to find his wife dying, probably by her own hand, was overwhelmed with remorse, not perhaps for any unkindness, any want of attention, still less any act of infidelity on his part, but for the far deeper wrong of failure of affection for the one being to whom affection was most due.

Thus the burial of his manuscript in his wife's coffin was plainly saying: "This was how I loved you once, for these poems were written to and inspired by you; and if I have wronged you since by losing my love for you, the solitary text of them shall go with you to the grave." Thus the sadness and gloom of later days, after the poet had repented of his sacrifice and the poems had been recovered and published, were clearly showing that Rossetti felt he had won his place among the English poets only by forfeiting the tragic grace and wasting the poignant pathos of his first consuming renunciation. . . . —From *Recollections of Rossetti*, published by Cassell & Company (London).

Dahlias

*Dahlias you come too late, the mirth is
over,*

*Do you not see the pageant has passed
by?*

*Gone is the music, lover fled with lover,
And the dark garden hushed beneath the
sky.*

*Your rubies glow along the dusky bor-
ders,*

*You spill your tourmalines and ame-
thysts;*

*Rash Dahlias, of your treasure you're
no hoarders*

*Who squander beauty on the autumn
mists.*

*Do you not see the butterflies are ban-
ished,*

*The lawns deserted and the swallows
flown;*

*The revellers gone, and the last minstrel
vanished?*

*Do you not see the faun has turned to
stone?*

—D. M. Holland, in the *London Spec-
tator*.

THE ANIMAL IDEAL IN AMERICA

by Count Hermann Keyserling

Although Count Keyserling, who spent several months in the United States in 1928, was most impressed by the high standard of living that he found prevalent throughout the country, he believes it to be "based on the assumption that man is nothing other than an animal, and must be dealt with accordingly." In other words, "the American ideal is an animal ideal," in which "man is conceived as an animal and not as spiritual being." Here are some passages from an article written in English by the distinguished German philosopher, and not translated as has been the case with all his previous writings.

THE wonderful progress and expansion of the United States not only in business and on the lines of material and technical development, but also on those of education and scientific research, are primarily due to the primitiveness of the American. He could shut his eyes to the other side of the problem, the one belonging to the spirit, because in the process of rejuvenation he could no longer visualize its reality. This circumstance enabled him to go ahead as an animal with a self-assurance no man of spiritual consciousness could afford. Of course, the American has spiritual needs; but these he satisfies, in accordance with his true state, by primitive forms of religion and philosophy. Christian Science, from the scientific point of view, is a form of Shamanist religion; Fundamentalism is one of the crudest expressions of Tabooism I know of; and the Reverend Billy Sunday plays upon the instrument of the savage tribesman's fear-mechanism with the most consummate skill. I mention these forms of religion because I have an impression that the more normal churches really no longer play a part worth mentioning in spiritual life: they have become too much of a success for that and are developing too much on the general lines of big business. . . .

There is, then, progress in the absolute sense in most American achievements which are psychologically based upon Behaviorism of some kind. But as is always the case, here too complete success breeds danger. The more primitive a man, the more he is inclined to generalize; here lies the root of all superstitions. And if he can solve so many problems to his satisfaction by considering man in the light of a mere animal, he is naturally inclined to believe that all problems can be solved in the same way. The soul of American institutionalism and educationalism and, today indeed, the active soul of practically the whole nation, is the belief that everything can be changed and perfected from without; that environment means everything; that the autonomy of life and the free initiative of the creative spirit can be completely discarded. . . .

When present-day Americans think of making their nation musical, they believe that they have done everything that is required when they have built a beautiful institute and endowed it with millions. That the existence of music depends entirely on the talent of a few personalities, that institutionalism entirely misses the point where spiritual values are concerned, rarely occurs to them. Very few American Mæcenases realize that to pay men of science and art less liberally than railway presidents, in a country where a high standard of living is a national ideal, inevitably makes for mediocrity on scientific and artistic lines. The same applies to capacity for statesmanship and government; this, too, is shockingly underpaid in the United States, which circumstance largely accounts for the lack of talented men in the political field. In Europe a talented statesman, scientist, or artist could and can be underpaid because he always was and still is considered so immeasurably superior in quality to any man merely able to make money, that inferiority in material means really only compensates overwhelming advantages. There is no equivalent to this point of view in American public opinion. . . .

The soul of American institutionalism, then, is the belief that institutions as such are everything and the creative soul of man means nothing. Man always becomes what his environment makes of him. Under these circumstances it is, of course, perfectly logical to give everybody what is considered to be the best education and to expect that thereupon the general level will inevitably rise in every respect. But as far as my observations go, all thinking Americans realize that the general level has not risen. We have given the reason: American institutionalism looks upon man in the light of an animal. *And this must needs make of him as much of an animal as he is able to become.* . . . —From *Harper's Magazine*.

Obviously a new geological epoch must assert itself most clearly where man made an entirely fresh start at the beginning of that epoch or soon after it had set in. Here lies the explanation of the most important difference between America and Europe. But this also explains why Bolshevik Russia and America are so much alike. Russia has violently shaken off all the fetters of its past traditions, and although the Russian soul is entirely different from the American, the fact of a new animal ideal has of a sudden drawn Russia quite close to the United States. And the same will be the case with all those rejuvenated races which have thought it necessary to shake off their past in order to begin a new life. In a very short time all of these will gravitate either toward the center, the symbol of which is America, or toward Russia.—Count Hermann Keyserling.

WHY ARE JEWS LIKE THAT?

by Lewis Browne

The Jewish author of these observations and a Gentile friend found themselves one noonday in a New York street surrounded by a horde of Yiddish garment workers characteristically milling about, pushing, shouting in strident argument, gesticulating, when the exasperated friend demanded: "Say, Browne, why are Jews like that?" As the author records, "I could not answer him at once. A prod in the ribs from some unseen elbow had taken the wind out of me. But when, a moment later, I was able to breathe again, I yelled back: 'Because we can't help it.'"

The author is a Hebrew scholar, born in London, who came to the United States in 1912, and for a time was a rabbi in Waterbury, Connecticut, and in the Free Synagogue at Newark, New Jersey. Subsequently he resigned the rabbinate to devote himself to writing.

Following his observations comes the summing up of the Jewish problem by another Jew, an author and a lecturer, who has made a special study of racial problems in America.

THE one common denominator among us Jews that distinguishes us everywhere and always is not something biological, theological, nor political, but *psychological*. We Jews have a peculiar manner of reacting to the world, a manner bred in us so long, and still today so stimulated by the people around us, that we cannot possibly slough it off. And at the root of that manner is the inescapable feeling that you Gentiles still consider us "outsiders."

I know there are many Jews who will not admit they have this feeling. Many do most vehemently deny they have the slightest trace of anything like a "Jewish consciousness." But the very vehemence of their denial seems to give them away. They may go to the farthest extremes in their effort to identify themselves with the Gentile majority, straightening their noses, intermarrying, joining the church, and even contributing funds to anti-Semitic "patriotic" societies—but nevertheless they are not able to shake off that tenacious psychology. Always they remain sensitive, always they retain at least a subconscious fear that they are being slighted because they stem from Jews. Always there lurks in them a trace of a suspicion that perhaps, after all, they do not "belong."

Nor can you blame them, nor the rest of the Jews, if they feel so suspicious and sensitive. After all, you've given us ample fuel for such emotions. For almost three thousand years now you have hunted and harassed us incessantly. Never have you let us alone, never have you allowed us to live in peace. And the reason? You yourselves have not known it. Oh, you've always been glib with good excuses, but you've never faced the real cause of your hostility. You've always resorted to gross or petty faultfinding; you've com-

plained of this little thing in us, or that. At different times you've complained that we killed Christ, or worshipped an ass, or ate soup noisily, or drank Gentile blood at Passover (but very quietly!).

In Russia under the Czar it was said that all Jews were Socialists, and now under Stalin it is said they are all Capitalists. In Germany during the World War it was said that the Jews were secretly French spies, and in France that they were German spies. All sorts of silly legends and stupid rumors and petty prejudices and plausible lies have been used to justify the hostility toward us. But without exception these have been mere afterthoughts, lame rationalizations. The basic reason has always been simply that we Jews remain Jews and don't or won't become Gentiles. Our chief crime has always been that we persist in being different. . . .

The will to remain Jewish has become a habit with us—as has also the world's will to keep us Jewish. For it must be realized that our present persistence is not all of our own volition. You non-Jews contribute not a little toward preserving us as a separate folk. Even in America you discriminate against us. You close certain residential districts against us, and certain clubs, colleges, even religious institutions. Well-founded rumor has it that at least one church on Fifth Avenue actually refuses to receive any more Semitic converts because its Jewish quota is filled!

However, whether the cause be in the Jew or in the Gentile, the result is the same: the Jew has to remain a Jew whether he wants to or no. And that does something to him. The mere ordeal of keeping alive in spite of the world's hostility gives him that distinctive manner about which we've been

One cannot easily define the Jewish manner; but neither can one easily deny its reality. It is the one fundamental thing about us that marks us as peculiar, the one quality that most distinguishes us from our neighbors. Were we lacking that distinctive air, were we an ordinary folk, we would not earn one tithe the publicity we get. For, after all, we Jews are exceedingly few in numbers; generously estimated, we make up less than three quarters of one per cent. of the population of the world. There are almost as many inhabitants in Burma alone as there are Jews on all five continents! Yet see how much talk there is about us continually: How many songs are sung, lies told, jokes cracked, sermons preached, and articles written about us year after year in almost every land on earth. And it has been that way for two thousand years or more. Though never mighty in size, we have always cast a mighty shadow. The patent reason for it is that we are a peculiar lot; we are different.—Lewis Browne.

speaking. The fact that he is *considered* different compels him to *be* different. . . .

It is characteristic of us to attack life with a rush and a fury, for we realize that a Jew must push twice as hard to get half as far as a non-Jew. Therefore, whatever we attempt, be it the amassing of wealth or the measuring of stars, characteristically we attempt it impatiently. Of course, that does rob us of grace at times; it does sometimes make us a bit over-aggressive. But we simply *have* to be that way. In the first place, it is part of our heritage to work fast. For two thousand years we have been involuntary gypsies, forever driven from city to city and land to land. In the past if a Jew wanted to have his own house, he had to build it quickly, for he knew that otherwise he might never be able to live in it. He was in incessant danger of deportation, and he dared not take his time.

It has become part of what one might call our inherited wisdom to be in a hurry. I do not mean that aggressiveness is to be found in our chromosomes, and that we inherit it like the color of our eyes. I have no doubt that a Jewish child reared from the moment of birth in a completely non-Jewish environment would, if never told of its origin, never grow to be especially aggressive. But if reared in the home of its own parents, the trait would have to crop out almost inevitably. Why? Simply because nervous haste is in the air in the Jewish home. From infancy we see parents and friends about us who act with a peculiar impulsiveness and react with a striking intensity, and from them we learn by imitation and emulation to do likewise.

And fortunate it is for us that we do learn it, for even today we still need to be excessively vigorous. The odds are still against us everywhere; not merely socially, but—and this is an infinitely graver matter—economically. Jewish stenographers are finding it increasingly difficult to obtain positions in New York, and Jewish professors are finding it almost impossible to receive their deserved promotion in most colleges in the land. Many banking establishments, not a few industrial corporations, many hospitals, innumerable law firms, exercise a quite obvious boycott against Jews. Of course, that boycott is rarely absolute, and an able Jew can almost always break his way in. But there's the rub: he has to be able, inordinately able.

It is our clear knowledge of this situation that makes us as eager and ambitious as we are. We realize that only by becoming indispensable can we make ourselves acceptable, and therefore we work with such prodigious vigor. Undoubtedly we overdo it at times, pushing and crowding with obnoxiously indecorous haste. . . .

And again, only on the ground of the prejudice against us can one explain another of our secondary traits—our radicalism. There is no denying that we Jews as a group are especially prone to favor change in the present order. But what else can you expect? If the present order won't accept *us*,

how can we accept *it*? In this respect we are like most other vigorous minorities. . . .

Finally, there is that most advertised of our traits, our intelligence (or, if you will, our shrewdness)—and that, too, can be explained by the life we have led. It is no wonder if we Jews seem to exhibit inordinately sharp wits, for, after all, during almost two thousand years we have had naught else to live by save wits. While all the other peoples on earth were toughening their muscles to fight their way out of danger, we Jews had to be developing our brains so that we could talk our way out of it. . . .

Once we were driven from our own homeland in the year 70 A. D., we were left with naught save trading as our means of making a livelihood. In most of the countries to which we fled we were not permitted to own land and become farmers. . . . And this protracted separation from the soil helped not a little to develop our mentalities. In the cities we were forced to live by trading, for practically all the industries were controlled by guilds which discriminated severely against Jews. We had to eke out an existence in the cracks between the boulders in the social structure; we had to be the middle-men. It was a hazardous profession, and to a high degree demeaning; but we were determined to keep alive and that was the one way we could do it. So we became the hucksters of civilization. We bought and sold in all the market places of Europe, settling down and opening shops, or else peddling with packs on our backs. Chiefly we dealt in objects which were easily portable and not fixed in value—as jewelry and textiles—for these we found most profitable. And that is why still to this day so many Jews deal in diamonds or have clothing stores.

Or else we took to money-lending, which for centuries was forbidden to Christians by the church. We became fly-by-night financiers for the petty princelings of Europe, and sometimes even for the kings and the popes; for though pious Christians considered money-lending a sin, they were right glad to have the Jews around to commit it. And that is why still to this day so many Jews go in for pawnbroking or banking. We're old hands at the game of finance; we served our apprenticeship in it when most other folks were still trading in kind. . . .

Why are Jews like that? Because we can't help it.—From *The American Magazine*.



I agree with Carnarvon that G's. [Gladstone's] Manifesto [1874] is very ill-written, but I do not agree with Carnarvon that it is not in his usual style. I think his usual style the worst I know of any public man—and that it is mar-

velous how so consummate an orator should, the moment he takes the pen, be so involved and cumbersome and inelegant in expression.—From The Letters of Disraeli to Lady Bradford and Lady Chesterfield.

THE JEW IN PALESTINE TODAY

by Emil Ludwig

It is interesting to read these eyewitness observations of the celebrated German biographer in the light of the recent Moslem revolt in Palestine and the sanguinary clashes between the Jews and Arabs in and around Jerusalem. The bone of contention between the rival peoples is not so much religious as political and economic, it appears. In 1915 the British Government told the Arabs, who greatly outnumber the Jews in Palestine, that they could have representative government; in 1917 it told the Jews that it would co-operate in their Zionist homeland plans, thereby promising a minority race a permanent home at the expense of the majority. The end is not yet.

A SENSE of nationality, rather than of religion, is what holds the Jews in Palestine together. Of the 150,000 or more recent settlers, Zionists of the last thirty years, without counting the earlier immigrants, the majority attend the synagogue once or twice a year only; few of them go there every Sabbath; very few, indeed, are pietists.

A "good European" who visits this land of the Jews is horrified, at first, to find there a revival of all the nationalisms which it is one of the good European's chief tasks to combat. Discouraged, the visitor wonders whether Palestine is to witness a mere repetition of everything that has imperiled Europe for a century and made it uninhabitable for a decade. Is there to be in Palestine a new manifestation of that insufferable ambition, that narrow and foolish pride, which makes every nation aspire to be the strongest, the most prolific; to be regarded as the best and the ablest; to become the "leading nation"? If so, he may as well turn his back on Palestine!

But in Palestine, I contend, he will find the special case. Those who, persecuted everywhere else, come together there to find a place of refuge, those who are driven thither by outward stresses or inner urges, come to Palestine, to the land where their forefathers dwelt long ago, inspired with the conviction that now at length they will be able to lift up their heads, will no longer belong to a race of inferiors, will be masters in their own household. Such is their basic feeling, and nowhere among them did I find it marred by the illusion that they were the Chosen People. . . .

Pioneers, I have called them, and there is no exaggeration in the use of this term. They are pioneers just as much as if they were settlers in California or in Africa. For the land is stubborn! Stony desert is the country round Jerusalem, though it is beginning to respond to the labor of their diligent hands. Even the Emek Valley, where villages are springing up everywhere, is by no means a promising area for settlement, and to start farming in such



THE WAILING WALL IN JERUSALEM

From a Photograph Taken During the Recent Riots

Mourners at the famous spot—a remnant of Solomon's Temple—where the Jews have congregated and wept ever since a Moslem mosque was reared on the site of the temple 700 years ago. The wall is on Moslem property, and it figured prominently in the Mohammedan attack on armed Jewish mourners, in August, 1929. (See *The Jew in Palestine Today*, Page 120)

a place implies a talent for renunciation. The coastal regions of Palestine are comparatively fertile, but are not extensive enough to absorb and feed more than a fraction of the immigrants.

None the less these Jewish settlers, who (it had been declared) would never take kindly to any occupation other than the time-honored Hebrew pursuit of commerce, and would obviously fail to make a livelihood when reduced to trading with one another, these people, supposed to be loath to undertake manual work, and of whom an opponent said that every one of them would want to be a parliamentary deputy and if possible to become president, have actually retransformed themselves into agriculturists, are once more herdsmen and ploughmen as they were in the days when Moses brought them the Tables of the Law.

Such a change has only been rendered possible by giving them a country which they can regard as their own. Were it not for this, not one of them would handle a spade. Were it not for this, they would one and all of them peddle old clothes in preference to walking behind a plough. Some of them were peasants in Russia before coming to Palestine, but these are in the minority. Most of them were intellectuals of one sort or another, writers and dealers and talkers, to whom the handling of axe or shovel was at first a difficult task. As a sign that they are a united people, they insist upon a common language; what comes first in the new Palestine is not the common faith, but the common tongue. . . .

Their only wish is for a tranquil existence, one in which they are not subject to contumely. Couples come together, under the form of marriage, but their wedding is rarely solemnized by a rabbi. If girls in search of amorous adventures come hither, they are speedily cured, either of their taste for Bohemia, or of their taste for Palestine. Here bodily toil is so arduous that the eroticism of towns takes wings, and love is simplified, being primarily directed towards the procreation of children. The contentiousness characteristic of urban life, in which class distinctions are so much in evidence, has vanished. No doubt it would be untrue to say that all love one another. They are human beings; cliques are formed; and, living at close quarters as they do, enmities must sometimes arise. But seldom does any member quit the group; serious disputes are rare. . . .

The wonder of the new Palestine is not the factories—the sugar-mills, the glass works, and the silk-weaving establishments—in Jaffa and Haifa. These have been simply brought here from Vienna, Prague or Posen; and it is only because they will pay better in Palestine that they have not been transferred by preference to Cairo or Calcutta. As for the fruit groves along the coast, from which the bulk of the export of Jaffa oranges is now derived, their success is of interest to the accountant rather than to the ethnographer or the psychologist.

But what is going on all over the countryside, the quiet and persistent

transformation of the ancient earth, is a finer spectacle today than it can possibly be ten years hence. . . . — From *On Mediterranean Shores*, translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul, by permission of Little, Brown & Company.

In Zionism is Dynamite

. . . I am not of those who believe in a Moslem world as a single unit. I am not of those who threaten Europe with a Moslem war. Pan-Islam, after the reign of the Caliph Omar, was never again realized, not even in the heyday of the Caliphates of Damascus or Bagdad. And Pan-Islam today is a bugaboo. But if war is waged against the Arabs there will be a Moslem uprising against the British in India, against the French in Syria, even in Morocco, against the Spanish in the Rif, against the Italians in Tripoli. And Zionism in Palestine will be the cause of it all.

There is no exaggeration, therefore, in the belief that the peace of the world depends in a large measure upon peace in Palestine. Let the more intelligent, the more reasonable, the more far-sighted Zionists consider this. Let them furthermore reconsider their claims to Palestine. What are these claims? Fundamentally, they are historical and religious. Because the Jews once conquered and ruled Palestine they believe that they still have a claim to it. On the same ground it may be rightfully claimed by the Egyptians, by the Persians, by the Greeks, and by the descendants of the Romans, the Italians. On the same ground Spain may rightfully claim Mexico and South America; and with more reason the American Indian would have a right to establish a national home in Washington. . . .

Let us consider the religious claim. The prophecy of the Old Testament, we are told, must be fulfilled. I say it has been fulfilled, and it is being enormously fulfilled in New York, for instance. For Zion is not where once was a Jewish temple and where there is not today even the ruins of a Jewish temple. Zion does not consist in agricultural colonies and economic concessions. Zion is a spiritual ideal. Wherever the Scriptures are, there is Zion for the orthodox Jew. And wherever there are great opportunities for the acquisition of wealth and power, and for the enjoyment of life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness, there is Zion for the mundane Jew, who is not unlike his Christian or Moslem neighbor anywhere, except perhaps in his capacity for acquisition and his exquisite delight in calculation.

If there is anything divine in these qualities, the Jews are the chosen people. And if they really believe that they are, they would be abusing the divine favor by segregating themselves in Palestine. The world is rightly their home. And they should be everywhere, as they have been since the Dispersion, not as a punishment to Israel but as a blessing to mankind. . . . —Ameen Rihani, a native of Palestine, in *The Nation* (New York).

Business men today constitute the army in the field; men of science are the army in reserve.—Sir Arthur Keith.

THE DEAD SEA AS A GOLD MINE

by H. Plunkett Woodgate

THE River Jordan, flowing southward from the Sea of Galilee, empties approximately 6,000,000 tons of water daily into the Dead Sea. On its course a number of salts are collected—the same salts that cured Naaman of his leprosy—and all are deposited in this narrow gash of water that separates Palestine on the west from Transjordan on the east. The lake averages about forty miles in length and ten in breadth, and in certain ways presents a world's phenomenon. It is some 1,200 feet below sea-level and possesses no outlet of any kind. The obvious question as to what happens to the daily influx of water is answered to the effect that an equal amount is evaporated by the heat of the sun; but the same sun, being rather particular, only evaporates fresh water and leaves the salts to be distributed throughout the lake or accumulated at the bottom. Not long ago a lecturer of the Royal Geographical Society estimated that the accumulated salts at the bottom of the Dead Sea would form a mass of four cubic miles in volume. . . .

One of the first acts of the British Government after receiving the Palestine Mandate from the League of Nations was to appoint a Commission of Inquiry to ascertain whether the exploitation of the Dead Sea salts was a profitable proposition or merely a wild speculation. A remarkably good report was issued by this Commission, setting forth in the most glowing terms the enormous wealth that could be derived from this lake of treasure. . . .

It was proved that a minimum of 50,000 tons of potash could be produced in the second year of operation, this figure rising by gradual stages till the annual output reached a million tons or more. . . .

The separation of the salts was to be effected by evaporation from the heat of the sun. The laborers employed on the task would be housed in the neighborhood of Jerusalem and conveyed to their work by means of lorries. This was necessitated by the intense heat around the Dead Sea, and the fact that Jerusalem is only some twenty miles away and over 2,000 feet above sea-level. The question of transport presented the greatest difficulty of all, in spite of the fact that, as the crow flies, the Dead Sea is only forty miles from deep water. However, it was shown that two new railways would have to be cut, one of which would lead north to Beisan on the Haifa-Damascus line, where a junction would be effected to the Mediterranean Port. The other would take a southern direction to Akaba on the Red Sea and supply salts to the whole of the Orient. The construction of these two railways would provide a means of evading the heavy Suez Canal dues for merchandise, and, indeed, it would appear that this Lake of Wealth could not have been more conveniently placed by nature as a point of contact between the Eastern and Western Worlds.

The details of the operations are, however, of small account when compared to the international interests aroused by the marketing of this Concession. Of the many countries concerned, undoubtedly the most important is Germany, which practically controls a monopoly of the whole potash industry as it stands at present. In fact, the only known sources of the supply of potash exist in the greater mines of Stassfurt and the lesser ones of Alsace and Lorraine. These two are virtually combined, and their output is about a million tons a year, sold at the rate of about £8 [\$40] per ton. It would, naturally, be a disturbing factor in the eyes of the German monopolists if the unlimited potash of the Dead Sea were to be exploited and then suddenly let loose on the world's markets. At first an effort was made by them to obtain the Concession, but as their chances diminished, they changed their attitude to one of obstruction, or at any rate, postponement. . . .

But, in addition to Germany, America also had an interest. In fact, one of the original tenderers was an American chemist, whose chances were closely watched on the other side of the Atlantic. A certain amount of weight was added to his claim owing to American farmers being the largest consumers of potash, and the great benefits brought about by American capital in the improvement and education of the poorer classes in Palestine. (It might be added that there is a distinct and increasing school of thought throughout the world that the consumer, in addition to the employee, should be a beneficiary of any great industrial project.)

Apart from Germany and America, there are the two countries of Palestine and Transjordan, which are, traditionally and geographically, the owners of the Dead Sea. Finally, there is France, whose bankers bought and paid for a concession granted by the Turkish Government in 1913; and in the terms of the Lausanne Treaty, all pre-war Turkish contracts were recognized. . . .

This French group are so convinced of the validity of their concession—which has not yet been recognized by the Colonial Office—that they have already initiated litigation before the International Court of Justice at The Hague. They propose that Great Britain should acquire 51 per cent. of the capital and remain in complete control of the operations when in full working order. This claim has a very direct appeal to the Arab populations of the two countries concerned, whose opinions have for the most part been hitherto ignored.—From the *London National Review*.



The old dividing line drawn between the animal and the vegetable kingdom is largely meaningless; the plant is but

a stationary animal, and the animal but a moving plant.—Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose, Indian botanist.

THE JEWISH CHALLENGE

by Johan J. Smertenko

THE challenge of the Jews to America lies precisely in their vexatious character. The United States is, after all, neither medieval Spain nor mad Rumania nor sadistic Poland. If it were clearly shown that Jewish virtues and contributions outweighed their vices and deprivations, America would rationally conclude to accept the Jews; it is the widespread belief, whether justified or unjustified, that the balance swings the other way, which constitutes the challenge.

For the United States is also unlike the countries of Europe in that it holds certain principles and has assumed certain obligations toward its citizenry of whatever race or creed. Poland, Hungary and Rumania, for instance, feel free to persecute and exterminate the Jew on the sheer grounds that they dislike him. They have made no pretensions to hospitality, justice, or indeed human decency, though they have been forced to make certain international pledges of good behavior. But America cannot feel that way without violating more than "scraps of paper," without denying her ideals. . . .

Americans do not seem to realize the contradiction between this self-imposed problem and their present attitude toward the Jew, between their vaunted democratic ideal and the restrictions and discriminations which are operative today. And yet these things are plain enough to see. . . .

No self-respecting Jew can be one hundred per cent. American until America is prepared to be at least four per cent. Jewish.

But the American still believes his country is fair and free, his principles liberal and democratic, his ideal unchanged and undefiled. How then does he reconcile the obvious prejudice and anti-Semitism with democracy and fairness? He does not try to. He announces that anti-Jewish feeling is un-American, prevalent only among the unassimilated immigrants, the Irish, Germans, Poles. If pressed for a personal reaction, he escapes the contradiction by a simple psychological dodge. Ask him and he will answer in all sincerity: He does not hate Jews; he detests vulgar Jews. He does not object to Jewish employees; he must protect himself against the wicked Jewish worker. He does not exclude Jews from universities or clubs or teams; he simply does not want this or that or the other horrid type of Jew in his schools and clubs and teams. In short, he particularizes.

But it is time he realized that a group is made up of individuals and that he cannot indict these individuals on a hundred contradictory counts without making the entire group feel it is unjustly accused and a victim of prejudice. It is time—and none too soon—to rid the American people of a delusion which makes a joke of their ideas and a tragedy of the lives of more than four million fellow-citizens.—From the *Outlook and Independent*.

THE ILLUSION OF RELIGION

by Sigmund Freud

Boldly declaring that religion, in direct contrast to science, is an illusion, Professor Freud argues that it is no longer necessary to cultural civilization, that in fact it is the "universal obsessional neurosis of humanity," without which humanity at this period of development would be much better off. Moreover, the Sage of Vienna thinks that unless the prohibitions necessary to culture are fixed on a more rational basis than the commands of religion, they will in the course of time lose their strength as the masses of people acquire a more scientific way of thinking. Thus Freud brings a message no less startling to the generation which accepts him than that which he brought to the generation which he shocked and stunned with his gospel of psychoanalysis.

CLEARLY religion has performed great services for human culture. It has contributed much toward restraining the asocial instincts, but still not enough. For many thousands of years it has ruled human society; it has had time to show what it can achieve. If it had succeeded in making happy the greater part of mankind, in consoling them, in reconciling them to life, and in making them into supporters of civilization, then no one would dream of striving to alter existing conditions.

But instead of this what do we see? We see that an appallingly large number of men are discontented with civilization and unhappy in it, and feel it as a yoke that must be shaken off; that these men either do everything in their power to alter this civilization, or else go so far in their hostility to it that they will have nothing whatever to do either with civilization or with restraining their instincts. At this point it will be objected that this state of affairs is due to the very fact that religion has forfeited a part of its influence on the masses, just because of the deplorable effect of the advances in science. . . .

It is doubtful whether men were in general happier at a time when religious doctrines held unlimited sway than they are now; more moral they certainly were not. They have always understood how to externalize religious precepts, thereby frustrating their intentions. And the priests, who had to enforce religious obedience, met them half-way. God's kindness must lay a restraining hand upon his justice. One sinned, and then one made oblation or did penance, and then one was free to sin anew. Russian mysticism has come to the sublime conclusion that sin is indispensable for the full enjoyment of the blessings of divine grace, and therefore, fundamentally, it is pleasing to God. It is well known that the priests could only keep the masses submissive to religion by making these great concessions to human instincts.

And so it was settled: God alone is strong and good, man is weak and sinful. Immorality, no less than morality, has at all times found support in religion. If the achievements of religion in promoting men's happiness, in adapting them to civilization, and in controlling them morally, are no better, then the question arises whether we are right in considering it necessary for mankind, and whether we do wisely in basing the demands of our culture upon it. . . .

Culture has little to fear from the educated or from the brain workers. In their case religious motives for civilized behavior would be unobtrusively replaced by other and secular ones; besides, for the most part they are themselves supporters of culture. But it is another matter with the great mass of the uneducated and suppressed, who have every reason to be enemies of culture. So long as they do not discover that people no longer believe in God, all is well. But they discover it, infallibly, and would do so even if this work of mine were not published. They are ready to accept the results of scientific thought, without having effected in themselves the process of change which scientific thought induces in men. Is there not a danger that these masses, in their hostility to culture, will attack the weak point which they have discovered in their taskmaster?

If you must not kill your neighbor, solely because God has forbidden it and will sorely avenge it in this or the other life, and you then discover that there is no God so that one need not fear his punishment, then you will certainly kill without hesitation, and you could only be prevented from this by mundane force. And so follows the necessity for either the most rigorous suppression of these dangerous masses and the most careful exclusion of all opportunities for mental awakening, or a fundamental revision of the relation between culture and religion. . . .

It is, to be sure, a senseless proceeding to try and do away with religion by force and at one blow—more especially as it is a hopeless one. The believer will not let his faith be taken from him, neither by arguments nor by prohibitions. And even if it did succeed with some, it would be a cruel thing to do. A man who has for decades taken a sleeping draught is naturally unable to sleep if he is deprived of it. That the effect of the consolations of religion may be compared to that of a narcotic is prettily illustrated by what

The more the fruits of knowledge become accessible to men, the more widespread is the decline of religious belief, at first only of the obsolete and objectionable expressions of the same, then of its fundamental assumptions also. The Americans who instituted the monkey trial in Dayton have alone proved consistent. Elsewhere the inevitable transition is accomplished by way of half-measures and insincerities.—Sigmund Freud.

is happening in America. There they are now trying—plainly under the influence of petticoat government—to deprive men of all stimulants, intoxicants and luxuries, (*i.e.*, tea, alcohol, and tobacco) and to satiate them with piety by way of compensation. This is another experiment about the result of which we need not be curious.

And so I disagree with those who argue that man cannot in general do without the consolation of the religious illusion, that without it he would not endure the troubles of life, the cruelty of reality. Certainly this is true of the man into whom you have instilled the sweet—or bitter-sweet—poison from childhood on. But what of the other, who has been brought up soberly? Perhaps he, not suffering from neurosis, will need no intoxicant to deaden it. True, man will then find himself in a difficult situation. He will have to confess his utter helplessness and his insignificant part in the working of the universe; he will have to confess that he is no longer the center of creation, no longer the object of the tender care of a benevolent providence. He will be in the same position as the child who has left the home where he was so warm and comfortable. But, after all, is it not the destiny of childishness to be overcome? Man cannot remain a child for ever; he must venture at last into the hostile world. This may be called "*education to reality*"; need I tell you that it is the sole aim of my book to draw attention to the necessity for this advance?

You fear, probably, that he will not stand the test? Well, anyhow, let us be hopeful. It is at least something to know that one is thrown on one's own resources. One learns then to use them properly. And man is not entirely without means of assistance; since the time of the deluge science has taught him much, and it will still further increase his power. And as for the great necessities of fate, against which there is no remedy, these he will simply learn to endure with resignation. Of what use to him is the illusion of a kingdom on the moon, whose revenues have never yet been seen by anyone? As an honest crofter on this earth he will know how to cultivate his plot in a way that will support him. Thus by withdrawing his expectations from the other world and concentrating all his liberated energies on this earthly life he will probably attain to a state of things in which life will be tolerable for all and no one will be oppressed by culture any more. . . .

In the long run nothing can withstand reason and experience, and the contradiction religion offers to both is only too palpable. Not even the purified religious ideas can escape this fate, so long as they still try to preserve anything of the consolation of religion. Certainly if you confine yourself to the belief in a higher spiritual being, whose qualities are indefinable and whose intentions cannot be discerned, then you are proof against the interference of science, but then you will also relinquish the interest of men. . . .

Science has many open, and still more secret, enemies among those who cannot forgive it for having weakened religious belief and for threatening to

overthrow it. People reproach it for the small amount it has taught us and the incomparably greater amount it has left in the dark. But then they forget how young it is, how difficult its beginnings, and how infinitesimally small the space of time since the human intellect has been strong enough for the tasks it sets it. Do we not all do wrong in that the periods of time which we make the basis of our judgments are of too short duration? We should take an example from the geologist. People complain of the unreliability of science, that she proclaims as a law today what the next generation will recognize to be an error and which it will replace by a new law of equally short currency. But that is unjust and in part untrue. The transformation of scientific ideas is a process of development and progress, not of revolution. . . .

No, science is no illusion. But it would be an illusion to suppose that we could get anywhere else what it cannot give us.—From *The Future of Illusion*, by permission of the Hogarth Press and the Institute of Psycho-Analysis.

The New Papal Index of Prohibited Books

Pope Pius XI recently received from the Vatican printer a copy of the new edition of the Index Librorum Prohibitorum, the first to be printed in Italian rather than Latin, containing a list of about 5,000 books which Catholics are forbidden to read, and a preface by Cardinal Merry del Val, explaining the need of the Index. The latest book on the list was published two years ago. Here are some of the banned authors and their works.

Gabriele d'Annunzio, Italy's most famous living novelist and poet, all works. In 1927, the Italian Government undertook the publication of a special edition of his collected works.

Edward Gibbon (1737-1794), famous English historian: *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774), English poet, playwright, novelist and man of letters: *Abridged History of England*. This was written chiefly as a "potboiler,"

for school use, by the author of *The Vicar of Wakefield* and *The Deserted Village*.

Ferdinand Gregorovius (1821-1891), distinguished German historian: Travel books.

"Modernist": *Letters to His Holiness, Pope Pius X, A Priest of New England*.

Laurence Sterne (1713-1768) English humorist: *The Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy*.

George Sand (1804-1876), pseudonym of Mme. Amandine Lucile Aurore Dudevant, née Dupin, French novelist: Love Romances.

Ernest Renan (1823-1892), French philosopher and Orientalist: *Vie de Jesus* (Life of Christ), and seventeen books.

Alexandre Dumas (the elder) (1802-1870), and Alexandre Dumas (the younger) (1824-1895), French novelists and dramatists: All their romances.

Victor Hugo (1802-1885) French poet and novelist: *Les Misérables* and *Notre Dame de Paris*.

Baron Christian Karl Josias von Bunsen (1791-1860), Prussian diplomatist

and scholar: *Hippolytus and His Age*, published in two volumes in 1852, and later incorporated in *Christianity and Mankind*, seven volumes (1854).

Daniel Defoe (1659-1731), English author: *The Political History of the Devil*, (1726). Defoe is the author of *Robinson Crusoe*.

John William Draper (1811-1882), American scientist, president of New York University School of Medicine from 1850 to 1873, and professor of chemistry until 1881: *History of the Conflict Between Religion and Science* (1875). Draper made important researches in photo-chemistry, and was the first to take a human portrait by light.

John Charles Earle: *The Spiritual Body*.

Gideon Harvey (1640-1700), Dutch-English physician: *The Art of Curing Diseases by Expectation* (1689). This was a collection of random criticisms on medical practice, with an ironical title.

Anatole France (1844-1924), pseudonym of Jacques Anatole Thibault, French man of letters: all his works.

Immanuel Kant (1724-1804), German philosopher: *Critique of Pure Reason*.

Jean de la Fontaine (1621-1695), French poet: *Nouvelles Contes* and verse.

Alphonse de Lamartine (1790-1869), French poet, statesman and man of letters: *Voyage d'Orient*, *Jocelyn* and *Chute d'un Ange*.

Honore de Balzac (1799-1850), French novelist: Love romances.

Andrew Lang (1844-1912), Scottish scholar and man of letters, author of popular fairy tales: *Myth, Ritual and Religion*, two volumes, 1887.

Pierre Larousse, French lexicograph-

er; *Grand Dictionnaire Universel du XIX Siecle*, fifteen volumes, 1866-1876.

Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1632), English author and physician: *Religio Medici*, his greatest and earliest work, which has been described as "a kind of confession of faith, or spiritual self-revelation."

Samuel Richardson (1689-1761), English novelist: *Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded* (1740).

Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778), French philosopher: *Contrat Social* (The Social Contract), *Julie, Letters From a Mountain* and *Letters to Christopher*.

Sir Richard Steele (1672-1729), Irish man of letters, who collaborated with Joseph Addison in writing the famous "Spectator": *On the State of the Catholic Religion*.

Joseph Addison (1672-1719), English essayist, poet and man of letters: *Remarks on Several Parts of Italy* (1705).

Talleyrand (Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Perigord) (1754-1838), French statesman: *Letter Written to Pope Pius VII*.

Henry Hallam (1777-1859), English historian: *Constitutional History of England* (1827) and *View of the State of Europe During the Middle Ages* (1818).

Voltaire (1694-1778), French philosopher: the seventeen dialogues, also seven other works.

Emile Zola (1840-1902), French novelist: all his works.

Maurice Maeterlinck (1862—), Belgian-French dramatist and poet; all his works.

Eugene Toques: *Life of Saint Theresa* and *Jesus*.

Literature for literature's sake is a silly and unsocial idea, invented by grumblers and idlers.—Arnold Bennett.

Very nearly everything very nearly didn't happen at all.—Philip Guedalla, English biographer and sociologist.

THEOLOGIAN DENY BIBLE STORIES

Such long-accepted Bible stories as Jonah and the Whale, Noah's Ark, Belshazzar's Feast and the Tower of Babel are declared to be myths without historical foundation and impossible of credence, in a book, A New Commentary of Holy Scripture, including the Apocrypha, which "marks an epoch in Biblical criticism." Its editors, Bishop Charles Gore, assisted by Canon H. L. Goudge, Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, and the Rev. Alfred Guillaume, Professor of Hebrew in the University of Durham, have enlisted more than fifty contributors, all of them authorities on their several subjects. The preface states: "This Commentary is written by Anglican scholars who, while holding their faith, are determined in approaching the books to give their critical faculty, instructed by all the means within their power, its full and rightful freedom. It is hardly necessary to say that they have not found the results of legitimate criticism to conflict with the Catholic faith, though, believing, as they do, that criticism is a progressive science, and in the main a new science, their conclusions do very often differ widely from those which have been traditional." Here are some of them:

THE CREATION: Genesis contains "no account of the real beginnings either of the earth itself or of man and human civilization upon it.' We know, e.g., that the beginnings of the world and of mankind reach back to a remote antiquity, immeasurably earlier than that indicated in the carefully dated records of Genesis."

THE DELUGE: "That this story of a universal deluge covering the whole earth so as to submerge the highest mountains cannot be historical hardly needs demonstration. . . . The ultimate origin of the legend is probably to be found in some disastrous flood in Babylon."

NOAH'S ARK: "To collect pairs of animals from all quarters of the globe into one place would be a manifest impossibility, even could an ark have been built capable of containing them."

THE GARDEN OF EDEN: "The idea is common to more than one primitive race. . . . Speculation as to the site is futile. . . . Any fertile spot in Mesopotamia may have furnished the basis."

THE TOWER OF BABEL and the Confusion of Languages: "We know that differences of language are the result, not the cause, of the diversity of races."

METHUSELAH'S Enormous Age: "Longevity such as is here described is physiologically incompatible with the structure of the human body."

MELCHIZEDEK, King of Salem, Priest of the Most High God: "It cannot be supposed that Melchizedek was a priest of the true God at this period. . . . He was a priest of El Elyon, by which title the highest of Canaanite deities is implied."

THE PILLAR OF FIRE and Cloud Guiding the Israelites: "The fire may have had some natural basis (e.g., the custom of carrying a brazier filled with burning wood at the head of an army or caravan on the march)."

THE FALL OF MANNA: "Its providential character is magnified; it is the staple food of the Israelites for forty years . . . and the supply is exactly sufficient for each man's need."

MOSES ON SINAI: "Whether this chapter is only 'a dramatic picture the details of which are not to be pressed,' or whether an actual thunderstorm is the natural foundation of what is described, we cannot say."

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS: "There is a serious difficulty in the way of accepting the Second Commandment (forbidding graven images) as original, for images were widely used in the worship of Jehovah, apparently without condemnation, till the time of the 8th century prophets."

THE TABERNACLE IN THE WILDERNESS: "Lack of the necessary materials, skill, and labor in a desert people, and the difficulties of transport make the account incredible in itself."

CROSSING OF THE JORDAN when the waters "failed and were cut off": "May well have been due to natural causes. We are told that the waters were dammed some distance off, probably by a landslip."

FALL OF JERICHO: "There is no reason to suppose that anything supernatural occurred. 'The wall fell down flat' is merely literary hyperbole."

BALAAM'S ASS: "The tale of how Balaam's ass spoke is not really different in kind from many another wonder-tale in the Old Testament, and no one feels it to be ridiculous when the horses of Achilles in the Iliad turn and foretell their master's death."

JONAH AND THE WHALE: "Of course, there is no atom of history in all this. The detail of the great fish is not more impossible than to find in the chronicles of Nineveh a real repentance . . . at the bidding of a Hebrew prophet."

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST: "Cannot be reconciled with the historical facts as recorded in other authorities. No Belshazzar was King of Babylon so far as is known."

DAVID AND GOLIATH: "According to 2 Samuel, 21, verse 19, Goliath of Gath was slain by Elhanan the son of Jair in the reign of David. Critics are agreed that the latter statement is the more historical."

THE SONG OF SOLOMON: "Erotic poetry is unrepresented in the other parts of the Old Testament."

MIRACLES IN OLD TESTAMENT: "Exaggeration is a Semitic habit."

In the New Testament great emphasis is laid upon two vital points; that the historical evidence for Christ's existence and for the resurrection is "overwhelming." There is no trace here of any minimizing tendency or wish to explain away the central facts of Christianity. Examples of the treatment may be given in detail:

DESTRUCTION OF GADARENE SWINE: "It is a difficulty. That the herd was seized with a common instinct of terror and perished in consequence seems certain. It is another illustration of our changed attitude to the infallibility of the Bible record that we should like to think Mark is in error in connecting their destruction with anything said or willed by our Lord."

RAISING OF JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER: "We should naturally conclude that what was taken by those who sent the message to be death our Lord knew to be not death but coma."

RAISING OF LAZARUS: The Biblical narrative is accepted with all its implications—"the climax of the miracles of healing."

DARKNESS AND RENDING OF TEMPLE VEIL AT THE PASSION: "Mark, followed by Matthew, connects the rending of the veil with the moment of Jesus's death, but he gives us no clue for deciding whether he attached any other significance to it than that of a mysterious and presumably supernatural concomitant, like the great darkness of the Passion."

PENTECOST AND GIFT OF TONGUES: "1 Corinthians leaves no room for doubt that speaking with tongues is a psychological phenomenon not particularly uncommon."—From *A New Commentary on Holy Scripture, including the Apocrypha* (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge: London).

False and True Values

Modern values could be summed up in two words—Speed and Money; and both these things have ceased to have any relation to reality, though their attendant evils form a large part of our everyday life. . . .

I cannot see that any real benefit accrues to the world at large, simply because someone has sufficient nervous endurance and concentration to go from one place of no importance to another place of no importance in sixty seconds less time than it took someone else to do the same thing a few weeks before. I do not find anything specially meritorious in the mere fact of going from where you are to somewhere else, even if you do go at lightning speed—any merit to be obtained depends upon what you do when you get there, and so far as I can gather, no one does anything when they get

there. They simply come back again, if they are still alive. Nor does it rouse any enthusiasm in me to know that some day in the dim future it may be possible for me to travel during some hours—or days—of deafening roars and explosions from here to Mars. . . .

In the same way I cannot see that the world in general is benefited by the presence of multi-millionaires. I do not wish multi-millionaires any ill—but, as I say, I cannot take any real interest in them. They come into the category of "face-value only," and as such . . . are much like paper-money, which has no intrinsic value, but is dependent for the esteem in which it is held upon the numbers printed on its surface. . . .

Paper-money seems to me now as fictitious as the short journeys taken "at the rate of" so many miles an hour. Money has no relation to life at present; it has no relation to anything real;

it has no true relation to the things which it buys. It has got outside human control altogether; it is a Frankenstein monster dominating the unhappy world which created it. Where Charity once spread a cloak which was permitted to cover venial faults, this Frankenstein monster now offers the one garment which is allowed not only to cover, but to glorify, any kind of mortal sin. Nothing matters if you can spend more money than your neighbor; and if you can spend it in such a way that no one who really needs it benefits by it, then so much the better.

We no longer realize our needs; and our wants, inflated and unbalanced by a perpetual inrush of fevered air, have ceased to bear any relation to any known reality, either material or spiritual.—Edith Sitwell, in the *London Spectator*.

A Dirge on the Approaching Completion of the Shannon Scheme

(Inspired by a remark overheard at a
Limerick bazaar)

*We shall all be blown up by electricity
soon, very soon.*

*Ireland will break loose and go hurtling
to the Gulf of Iskanderun—*

*All except the Six Counties, which are
bound by indissoluble ties to the Brit-
ish Empire,*

And are therefore immune—

*We shall all be blown up by electricity
very soon.*

*Why should we fret ourselves over a Na-
tional Tune?*

*Whether we bare our heads to "John
Peel" or "Eileen Aroon,"*

*Whether we choose to call the hope of
the family just plain "boy"*

Or "gorsoon,"

*We shall all be blown up by electricity
very soon.*

*We shall all perish together, soon, very
soon—*

Gael and usurper, senator, lazy loon.

*The Free State will vanish in the East,
and we shall remain a handful of dust
On the four winds strewn,
When stator and rotor take up their
malevolent croon.*

*We shall all perish together, soon, very
soon.*

*But the fairy people will pour out of
rath and dun,*

*And leap upon snow-white horses that
come snorting out into the eastern air
From the caves of Uggoon,*

*To race down the long green eskers of
Sranagaloon.*

*And they shall make a great hosting, as
in the days of Fionn,*

*To the strength of the dynamos shall be
joined the strength of a wizard rune,
They shall march over the whole earth
until there is no Internal Combustion
engine left*

*East of the sun or west of the moon,
Mechanics and all their devices shall be
utterly overthrown.*

But we, we shall not see that day.

*We shall all be blown up by electricity
very soon.*

—Tola, in *The Irish Statesman*.

*American concert audiences are big-
ger and more appreciative of good music
than those in any other country.—Sergei
Rachmaninoff, Russian pianist.*

ROBBING DEATH AND AGE OF THEIR STING

by Dr. Serge Voronoff

Here is the last word from the discoverer of glandular rejuvenation, who, in 1919, first startled the world by announcing to the French Surgical Congress that he had found a remedy for old age by gland-grafting. Dr. Voronoff here reviews his defeats and triumphs in plain language understandable to the layman. That some of his claims are challenged by scientists and rival experimenters does not greatly affect the credit given Voronoff for his pioneer work.

BY 1919 I had performed 120 experiments on animal grafting, and had put the finishing touches to my method in all the details. As a matter of fact I had been experimenting with a view to the possible application of the glandular graft to man. . . .

Before new methods can be applied to man, however, it is necessary to experiment with animals. Anti-vivisectionists lament over the fate of our laboratory animals, and I am heartily with them. But, should we experiment on human beings, in order to discover methods which may serve to save our lives, ward off infirmities, cure us of serious diseases?

Without these preliminary experiments no progress in medicine is possible. We must make our choice, therefore: either man or animals.

I chose the animal, not merely from my conviction that human life is decidedly worth more than that of a rabbit or a dog, but also because of having once been very painfully impressed when I was a medical student.

I had, among my professors, a celebrated surgeon who died a few years ago, and to whom, very justly, a statue was erected in Paris. . . . On one occasion, this famous master was giving us a clinical lecture, in the hospital ward, on his new method of operating. He was pleased and proud to tell us of the large number of women whose lives had been saved by his technical method. But he added: "I will say nothing regarding my twenty-two first patients, who all died; but you see the present results, the number of women I am saving . . ."

I admired my master, his coolness, his consciousness of having accomplished his duty on the field of battle launched for the purpose of saving his fellow creatures; but I felt profoundly moved at the thought of those twenty-two unhappy women whose lives had been sacrificed in order that others might be saved afterwards. . . .

In the course of my own researches I have not even had to sacrifice beasts. In order to restore vigor to aged animals, I have only to emasculate younger ones, an operation which, in our laboratories, is practised under anæsthesia, while it is still performed, in all countries, under barbarous and

atrocious conditions, on millions of animals—horses, bulls and rams—without our anti-vivisectionists saying one word against it.

When my preliminary work was finished, however, and I proposed to give men the benefits of a method I had tried on animals, I found myself in an embarrassing situation. In this new surgery it was no longer a question of depriving an individual of a diseased organ, but of endowing him, on the contrary, with a sound one. Where could the latter be found?

Bone and skin grafting was practised on human patients prior to my glandular grafts on animals and demonstrated that the operation succeeded only between individuals of the same species. It would be necessary, therefore, in order to graft a gland on an aged man, to procure the new gland from a young man. But it would obviously be a rather questionable proceeding to propose depriving the latter, at the outset of his life, of a source of energy on behalf of someone else who had exhausted his own, after having enjoyed the benefit of it for many years. The law, moreover, forbids such a thing—at least in France. In such cases the consent of the giver would be valueless in the eyes of the law which stipulates that “no person has the right to dispose of his body.” It belongs to the State. As a matter of fact an emasculated man, even if only one of his interstitial glands has been removed, is unfit for military service. Moreover, even if the law did not stand in the way, generous donors, in a matter of this special kind, would be very seldom found. . . .

One source of available human spare parts, nevertheless, may become accessible, without injury to anyone, when doctors shall be authorized to remove them from the bodies of healthy men who have died from accident. Contrary to the ordinary belief death is never an instantaneous event. The stopping of the heart beats and the arrest of breathing indicate only the beginning of death, which gradually and slowly spreads to the other organs; all of them are condemned to die for the lack of supply of the nourishing liquid, the red blood necessary to maintain life; but they can remain fasting, so to speak, and continue to live for a certain time. . . .

The other organs of a man killed by decapitation, or merely the result of an accident, survive still longer. Each organ continues to live for a shorter or longer time according to the delicateness of its composition. The bones survive for eighteen hours; the kidneys, the liver and the glands for from six to eight hours. If they are removed in time, these organs retain all their vital properties and, if transplanted in another body they are capable of again accomplishing their former functions. The difficulty is to ensure their removal within the lapse of time during which they continue to live in the dead body of their original possessor. . . .

My confidence in monkey glands as the proper material for human grafting dates from 1913. I was not then yet a member of the College de France, but I had a laboratory of my own where I carried on researches in

complete freedom of mind. It was there that I succeeded in carrying out the experiments that opened to me the doors of the College de France.

After having removed from a ewe its two ovaries, I grafted them on another ewe born at the same time from the same mother; with these borrowed ovaries the first ewe was able to give birth to a lamb. In my laboratory, I had also some monkeys, and studied their anatomical constitution, and the composition of their blood. I then began to realize that there was a close kinship between us and these younger brothers. . . .

Can it be that the ape is physically superior to man by reason of the quality of its organs, its more robust constitution, unstained by inherited morbid affections: arthritism, alcoholism, or syphilis? I believe so. In any case, I can affirm that the grafting of monkeys' thyroid glands has given me much better results than the use of the human gland. . . .

Gland-grafting in no way is an aphrodisiac remedy, but acts on the whole organism by stimulating its activity. When the secretion from a youthful grafted gland gets into an aged man's blood, all the cells feel its effect, but those which react first are the most refined, the most delicate, the most sensitive, in other words: the brain cells.

This is the reason why the first indication of the success of a grafting operation is always the improvement of the memory, greater clearness of thought, more faculty for intellectual work. Then come the increase of muscular energy and of the physical strength in general, a sentiment of well-being, a renewed "joy of living," and that sprightliness which results from the perfect functioning of all our organs. . . .

The internal secretion of a youthful grafted gland does not act like a flash of lightning on the old organism, nor does it in any way burn out the tissues.

The effects of this secretion are shown by the multiplication of the cells, and their more active renewal from which results the increase of vital energy.

When, at the end of a few years, the effect of the graft has become partially exhausted, the organism, thanks to the acquired vigor, finds itself in a better state than it was before the grafting. This explains why the second graft finds again the proper soil in which to exercise its action in the heart of the tissues to stimulate cellular energy and re-establish harmony in the organic functions.

The future will teach us how many times the graft may be practised, each time giving our organism the benefit of a tonifying secretion issuing from the young interstitial gland.

What I can already affirm is that a second graft, which has now been practised in the cases of half a score of individuals, five or six years after the first, gives positive results in every way similar to those conferred by the initial operation. . . . —From *The Conquest of Life*, translated from the French by Dr. G. Gibier Rambaud, by permission of Brentano's.

To Let Go or Hold On—?

*Shall we let go,
and allow the soul to find its level
downwards, ebbing downwards, ebbing
downwards to the flood?
till the head floats tilted like a bottle
forward tilted
on the sea, with no message in it; and
the body is submerged
heavy and swaying like a whale recover-
ing
from wounds, below the deep black
wave?
like a whale recovering its velocity and
strength
under the cold black wave.*

*Or else, or else
shall a man brace himself up
and lift his face and set his breast
and go forth to change the world?
gather his will and his energy together
and fling himself in effort after effort
upon the world, to bring a change to
pass?*

*Tell me first, O tell me,
will the dark flood of our day's annihila-
tion
swim deeper, deeper, till it leaves no
peak emerging?
Shall we be lost, all of us
and gone like weed, like weed, like eggs
of fishes,
like sperm of whales, like germs of the
great dead past
into which the creative future shall blow
strange, unknown forms?*

* * * *

*Must we hold on?
Or can we now let go?*

Or is it even possible we must do both?

—D. H. Lawrence, in *The Dial* (New York).

Praised Be the Sun!

*If, in a world where life is born from
death,
And from the fate of dying none is
free,
And the chief law is strife, and every
breath
Of man and beast and bird and fish
and tree
Is daily drawn in dissolution's doubt;
If, in a world like this, there can be
one
Among the rounding shows to single out
For song of praise—then will I praise
the Sun!*

*The Sun, the Sun! Though it can deserts
make,
And light its lanterns in their wind-
swept bones;
I praise the Sun, that doth with glamor
flake
The flowering meadows and the very
stones;
That can the world transfigure to my eye,
And warm to substance all that shadows
by.
Passing I live; and, when I foundered
be,
O thou, beloved sunlight, cover me!
—John Galsworthy, in the *New York
Times*.*

The He-Goat

*He is not fatherly, like the bull, massive
Providence of hot blood;
The goat is an egoist, aware of himself,
devilish aware of himself,
And full of malice prepen-
se, and over-
weening, determined to stand on the
highest peak
Like the devil, and look on the world as
his own.*

—From D. H. Lawrence's *Collected
Poems* (Secker: London).

A GERMAN SIZING-UP OF UNCLE SAM

by Dr. Moritz J. Bonn

ONLY during the Great War did the United States, after a steady development of nearly a hundred and fifty years, carry the Declaration of Independence to its logical economic conclusion. It is no longer a European colony in the economic sense; it is colonizing old established Europe with capital, methods and men. Under these circumstances, it is a question of life and death to Europe, and to the world in general, to know what America stands for, to understand its meaning.

In spite of this urgent necessity, a gulf between the United States and Europe is broadening and deepening as modern communications develop. Familiarity may not breed contempt, but it certainly does breed misunderstandings. Furthermore, this antagonism is not due to racial causes. . . .

Racially the United States is far more akin to the different European stocks from which it sprang than these stocks are to each other. Having drawn its inhabitants from European (and many non-European) countries, it has not permitted segregation, but has tried to fuse them into a common American nationality. Before the war America carefully avoided those methods of compulsory national assimilation that were all too common in Europe at the time, but during and since the war a process of more or less forceful Americanization has set in. The United States has not succeeded in melting down a unified American stock within the space of a single generation. . . . But for the first time since the quest of the Golden West began, people can at last be born and buried in the same place, without a change of habitation, and their sons and daughters are finally beginning to stretch their roots deep down into the native soil. Surely they will partake of the essence of this soil which they have conquered and made habitable, and, as time goes on, will reflect in their morals and customs the essential features which Providence has given to each region.

America will not produce those varied types that have blossomed out into the form of nations in modern Europe. Her racial problem is not whether the immigrants of non-Anglo-Saxon groups will retain their separate nationalities, but rather what the nature of the new American stock will be.

There seems to me no doubt that these various national strains grafted on the old American tree and planted in the highly varied American soil will blossom out into a "polytypy" or a "polytomy" of regional characters which will make American life quite different from European conceptions of it. The American scene will regionalize the American people; the inhabitants of New Mexico will differ from the New Englanders, notwithstanding the Declaration of Independence and the mail-order houses. I look forward to a strong growth of national regionalism, much as it existed in the thirteen

original States a hundred and fifty years ago, while at the same time the unity of the country as a whole is bound to increase. . . .

In the past America was ruled by conventions (in the French and in the English sense of the word), not by tradition. When a large number of the people who severally used to respect these conventions come to disbelieve their *raison d'être*, the driving force of the American world will be spent. Fear of impending anarchy explains easily enough the frantic efforts made by powerful groups to safeguard the faith of certain backsliders. For the eclipse of Hell is driving the last element of fear out of American life.

What will a people be like who have successfully freed themselves of fear of life and death, who are not frightened of the ways of the world, and who no longer believe in divine wrath? If the old order is going to fall, something new and positive must come. . . .

I see one great danger ahead of her. If America's social and economic system is sound, the rest of the world must accept it. Measured by American standards, the rate of progress in Europe, and certainly in Asia and Africa, is slow. The Old World, even now, is made up of various social strata; European society is a pyramid of different well-defined layers, between which there is no easy transition. The American pyramid, on the other hand, can quickly be mounted by a convenient flight of steps to which an elaborate system of moving stairways has lately been added. Europe is slow, skeptical and traditional; America is impatient, rational and emotional. . . .

I have never been frightened of what might be termed the conscious American imperialism that the lords of Wall Street are supposed to be carefully nursing. Most of such talk is fantastic piffle. But I am terrified by the missionary fanaticism that sleeps in the heart of the American people. They will never, I am convinced, try to gain the lordship of the world in a conscious effort for spoils and domination. But they are just now developing a very helpful and sane form of economic control by establishing financial liens in all countries, which will make them silent partners in the business of the world. . . . —From an article by a member of the faculty of the University of Berlin, in *The Living Age* (New York).

A nation of business men, to whom empire means only a well-run estate, and who are willing to offer social service to other economically less prosperous nations by means of loans, may fight for the sanctity of business contracts, though fighting might be far more costly than canceling. The only American danger I really foresee is not the wickedness or the greed of the American business men. . . . It would be because men who spend their lives within the empire of business rarely learn the business of empire.—DR. MORITZ J. BONN.

TOLSTOY REVEALED IN HIS WIFE'S DIARY

"An extraordinary document of human revelation," appropriately describes the diary of Sophie Andreyevna neé Behrs, wife of the great Russian novelist-humanitarian. Among other things, the diary furnishes convincing proof that being the wife of a celebrity is not the most tempting career in the world.

Earlier in her diary, under date of September 12, 1867, Countess Tolstoy gave vent to this wail of distraction when she was on the verge of motherhood: "See what I have done by loving him so deeply! It is so painful and humiliating, but he thinks that it is merely silly . . . I want nothing but his love and sympathy, and he won't give it to me; and all my pride is trampled in the mud; I am nothing but a miserable, crushed worm, whom no one wants, whom no one loves, a useless creature with morning sickness and a big belly, two rotten teeth and a bad temper, a battered sense of dignity, and a love which nobody wants and which nearly drives me insane."

It was at her grandfather's estate, Ivitsy, not far from Moscow, that their brief courtship took place, followed by marriage in 1862, when Tolstoy was thirty-four years old. Incidentally, the grandfather, Alexander Mikhailovich Islenyev, was the original of the "papa" in Tolstoy's Childhood, in which also Islenyev's second wife figures as la belle Flamande. The Tolstoy and Islenyev families had long been acquainted.

For all Countess Tolstoy's tears and moans, the impression one gets is not so much that "he hasn't learned to love a woman like me," as that he wrote of her as "the one being who has given me the greatest happiness in life and who alone loves me. . . . There is a good man within me who sometimes falls asleep. Love him, Sonya, and don't blame him."

January 25th, 1891.

. . . DURING the past two years I have begun to notice that people are treating me as an old woman. It is a new feeling, but it doesn't upset me. It becomes a habit to expect people to like you and even to admire you. But now I am more anxious than ever to be treated with kindness and respect.

Last night, when I was correcting the proofs of the *Kreutzer Sonata*, it occurred to me that, when a woman is young, she loves a man with her heart, and gladly gives herself to the man she loves, knowing what pleasure it gives him. But as she gets on in years, looking back, she suddenly realizes that the man only loved her when he wanted her and that he became glum and peevish whenever he was satisfied. And when, after trying to ignore this for a long time, she at last begins to feel the same way, her tender, sentimental love disappears, and she becomes like him; I mean, she at times becomes passionate towards her husband and expects to be satisfied. Woe to her if he has ceased to love her, and woe to him if he can no longer satisfy her. Hence all those

family conflicts and those unexpected and ugly divorces among elderly people.

Happiness can only exist where the spirit and the will have conquered the flesh. And the *Kreutzer Sonata* is all at fault about young women. A young woman, especially when she bears children and nurses them, has none of that sexual passion. Why, at that age she is a woman only once in two years! Her passion does not awake until she is thirty. I came back from Tuala at six and had dinner by myself. Lyova had gone out to meet me, but missed me: I was very sorry. He has become kinder to me of late, and although I like to deceive myself on the subject, I cannot help feeling that it is all due to his improved health and to the return of his former sensuality. . . .

February 7th.

. . . For the second time I've wanted to go to Kozlovka with Lyova; but, as though to spite me, he always goes on horseback. He has again become gloomy, unpleasant and unnatural. Yesterday morning I was very angry with him—though I didn't show it. He wouldn't let me sleep till two in the morning. At first he was downstairs busy washing, and he took so long that I got quite worried. To wash is quite an event for him. He told me that his feet perspired so much that they got sore between the toes. He nearly made me quite sick. . . . Then he lay down and read for a long time. I know I am in his way when he doesn't need me for his satisfaction. These days are so depressing when I feel a physical aversion towards my husband—but I can't, I can't get used to it—to all the dirt, the smell. . . . I do my best to concentrate on his spiritual self, and I succeed when he is kind to me.

. . . Today Lyova made quite a row; he began by saying that I hurt him and did not realize it, that he even wanted to destroy these diaries, and asked me how I would like to be constantly reminded of things that were as unpleasant. To this I replied that I did not feel sorry for him, and that if he wanted to destroy his diaries, he could do so—my work didn't matter; but as for hurting anyone, he couldn't have hurt anyone more than he had hurt me with his last book—he had hurt me so badly before the whole world that we would never be quits. His weapons are sharper and their aim is better. He would like the world to see him on the pedestal which he has constructed with such endless effort; while his diaries trail him back into the mud where he had lived before—and that's what annoys him. I don't know why and how they have connected the *Kreutzer Sonata* with our married life, and yet it is a fact that everybody—from the Tsar right down to Lyova's brother and his best friend, Dyakov—have all felt sorry for me. But what's the good of looking at other people? In my own heart I have felt that this story was directed against me; it has wounded me and has disgraced me in the eyes of the whole world, and has destroyed the last remnant of love between us. And all this in spite of the fact that I never did anything wrong during my whole married



PORTRAIT OF IVAN RODIN
From the Painting by A. E. Arkhipov

This picture has been acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, through George D. Pratt, who bought it at the Exhibition of Contemporary Art of Soviet Russia in New York. The artist, a native of Ekaterinsk, Russia, was for many years instructor at the Moscow School of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture. In 1927 he was awarded by the Council of the People's Commissaries of the U. S. S. R. the title of People's Painter of the Republic.

life, and never looked at any other man! Whether I was capable of loving another man is a different question; a question which concerns *me alone*, and none but me; and so long as I have remained pure, no one in the world has the right to approach this question.

I don't know why, but for the first time today I expressed my feelings about the *Kreutzer Sonata* to Lev Nikolaevich. It was written such a long time ago. But, sooner or later, he would have known about it, and I said it all in reply to his accusations that "I was *hurting him*." So I showed him my *own* pain.

February 13th.

Yesterday's talk, which wounded me so deeply, ended with an understanding that we should live together for the rest of our lives in as peaceful and friendly a way as possible.

February 20th.

. . . In the evening Lyova, the two Gés, and I had an unpleasant talk about our married life and about the pain a husband experienced when his wife misunderstood him. Lyova said: "You give birth to a new idea, a new philosophy, with all the pain of childbirth, and yet you get blamed for your pain, and they try to ignore it." To which I replied that while he was giving birth to his spiritual children, here was I giving birth to real children, and feeling real pain, and that these children had to be fed and brought up, that there was all the property to look after, and that really one hadn't time to change one's life to suit one's husband's spiritual whims, and to follow him in his ideas—which were, after all, only things to be regretted. . . .

July 21st, 1891.

I must write down today's sad, absurd, and incredible story. I don't know what is most absurd about it—myself or the positions with which I am faced? But how harassed and exhausted I feel, in body and mind!

Just before dinner, Lyova said that he was writing a letter to several newspapers, renouncing the copyright of his latest works. When he brought up the question the last time, I had made up my mind to bear it patiently, and succeeded in doing so. But when, a few days later, he came back to the subject, I wasn't prepared for it, and my first feeling was a spiteful one—I immediately felt how unjust such an action would be towards his family; for the first time I realized that this publication would be an open avowal of his disagreement with his wife and family.

This upset me most of all, and we said a lot of unpleasant things to each other. I told him he was ambitious and vain-glorious, and he said I was always out for money, and that he had never seen such a greedy and stupid woman. I said that he had made it his business to humiliate me, all my life, because he had never had anything to do with decent women, while he replied

that I only spoiled the children with the money I got. . . . Finally, he began to shout: "Leave me alone! leave me alone!" So I went out and walked down the garden, not knowing what to do. The gardener saw me weeping and I felt so ashamed. I wandered into the orchard. I sat down beside a ditch and signed all the notices in my pocket, in pencil. Then I wrote in my note-book that I was going to Kozlovka to kill myself, because the constant trouble with Lev Nikolaevich had worn me out; that I was unable, by myself, to come to any clear decision in our family problems.

I remember how, in my youth, I always wanted to commit suicide after our quarrels, but I always felt that I could not do it; I would have done it today if it hadn't been for an accident. I was at my wit's end as I ran to Kozlovka. For some reason, I kept thinking of [young] Lyova, and reflecting that, if I suddenly got a letter or wire saying that he had died, it would hasten my decision. When I came to the footbridge across the big ravine, I sat down to rest, and though it was getting dark, I was not afraid. Curiously enough, I felt *ashamed* to go home without fulfilling my purpose, so I wandered vaguely on, with such a terrible headache that I thought my head would burst. Suddenly I saw someone, dressed in a blouse, coming towards me. I was overjoyed—for I thought it was Lyova, and that he would make it up. But it turned out to be Alexander Kuzminsky. It annoyed me that he should upset my plan, for I knew he wouldn't let me go on by myself. He was much surprised to see me, and realized at once that I was upset. I had not expected to see him, and asked him to go home and to leave me alone. I assured him that I would come at once, but he wouldn't go away and kept asking me to go with him. He pointed to a crowd in the distance, saying that you never knew what kind of people were roaming about here, and that I might get a fright.

. . . By-and-by they all gathered on the verandah, laughing and chattering, and Lyova finally came too. He talked in such a cheerful, lively fashion, just as if nothing at all had happened; as for the pain he had caused me—why, he had caused it so often already! He will never know that I nearly committed suicide; and even if he does know about it, he will not believe it.

January 1st and 2nd, 1895.

. . . At four o'clock this morning the bell wakened me. I gave a start and waited, it rang again. The butler answered the bell; it turned out to be Khokhlov, a madman, and one of Lyova's followers. He is trying to chase Tanya, wanting to marry her! Poor Tanya simply can't go out of doors now, because of this shabby individual, this *dark* one, all covered with lice, who keeps running after her wherever she goes. Such are the people whom Lev Nikolaevich has brought into the family circle, and whom I have got to get rid of!

It's curious; it is only the weak and stupid people—men who have morbidly broken away from ordinary life—who throw themselves head over heels

into Lev Nikolaevich's teaching; they are the people who are doomed to perish one way or another.

I feel that whenever I write my diary, I fall into the habit of condemning Lev Nikolaevich. But I cannot help complaining, since all the things he preaches, for the sake of human happiness, really complicate life so much as to make it almost unbearable. His vegetarianism means having to cook a double dinner, which is more work and expense. The sermons on love and the good have resulted in indifference to his family and the intrusion of all kinds of rabble into our family circle. The [verbal] rejection of worldly goods is responsible for this constant criticism and condemnation.

When matters get too complicated, I lose my temper and say things that I oughtn't to say; then I feel unhappy, and regret it when it is already too late.

January 26th, 1895.

. . . I cannot share my husband's *ideas*—which are false and insincere. It is all so strained and artificial, and the basis is all wrong; it is all vanity, this endless thirst for fame, this everlasting desire to become more and more and more popular. No one believes what I say, and everyone's indifference is terribly painful. . . . He is austere and indifferent. And his biographies will tell of how he helped the laborers to carry buckets of water, but no one will ever know that he never gave his wife a rest and never—in all these thirty-two years—gave his child a drink of water or spent five minutes by his bedside to give me a chance to rest a little, to sleep, or go out for a walk, or even just recover from all my labors.

February 5th, 1895.

. . . I remember Turgenev, when he came to Yasnaya Polyana and we went shooting snipe in the springtime, Lyova standing behind one tree, and Turgenev and I beside another. I asked him then why he had stopped writing. He bent down, and, looking round in mock alarm, said: "I don't think anyone can hear us except the trees. So let me tell you, my dear [he used to call everybody "my dear" in his old age]—before I am able to write anything, I must first of all experience the fever of love—and now it's impossible!" "That's a pity," said I; and added jokingly: "But why don't you try to fall in love with me—and then you might write something." "No, it's too late," he replied.

July 21st, 1897.

. . . I have never loved, and never will love, anyone with a better and stronger love than I have loved my husband. Sometimes when I see him, I am filled with joy—I love his eyes, his smile, his conversation, which is never coarse (except in moments of anger, but let us forget about that), and his constant desire for self-perfection.

August 31st, 1897.

. . . Lev Nikolaevich he has decided to write an open letter to be printed abroad. The point is that, Nobel, the Swedish kerosene man, left a will in which he bequeathed all his millions to the man who would do most for the cause of peace—i.e., against war. They had a meeting in Sweden, where they decided that Vereshchagin had made a powerful protest against war with his paintings. But it was later discovered that he had done it not on principle, but accidentally. Then it was said that Lev Nikolaevich deserved to inherit the fortune. Of course, he would not take the money, but he has written a letter saying that the Dukhobor sect—who had refused to do their military service and had severely suffered for it—had done most for the cause of peace.

Later I found that Lev Nikolaevich had attacked the Russian Government in it—just for the fun of it. This greatly upset me, and, in a state of nervous excitement, I wept and blamed Lev Nikolaevich for not sparing himself and for molesting the Government for no apparent reason. I even wanted to leave the house—for it is hard to live under this constant threat; for Lev Nikolaevich might some day write something really spiteful and desperate against the Government, and then we would be deported.

He was much moved by my sorrow, and he promised not to send the letter. But today he again decided to send it, though in a milder form. As for me, I suddenly grew quite indifferent to everything—just from an instinct of self-preservation; for one can't go on spending sleepless nights like last night, and weeping and worrying all day long.—From the *Countess Tolstoy's Later Diary*, translated from the Russian by Alexander Werth and to be published in America early in 1930 by Payson & Clarke, Ltd. (Copyrighted).

Rainbows

*Rainbows are lovely things:
The bird, that shakes a cold, wet wing,
Chatters with ecstasy,
But has no breath to sing:
No wonder, when the air
Has a double rainbow there!*

*Look, there's a rainbow now!
See how that lovely rainbow throws
Her jewelled arm around
This world when the rain goes!
And how I wish the rain
Would come again, and again!*
—From W. H. Davies' *Collected Poems*, by permission of Jonathan Cape (London).

Hunting Joy

*How sad a face this Knowledge wears!
How strange is Truth, which none
can doubt!
How easy is an Eden made,
How hard to keep the Serpent out!
How easy to create a Joy,
How hard to hold it safe and fast;
Since half the world would hunt it
down.
As Fame, or Love, can prove at last.
I'll make my Joy a secret thing.
My face shall wear a mask of care;
And those who hunt a Joy to death,
Shall never know what sport is there!*
—W. H. Davies, in the *London Observer*.

SECRETS OF GREAT BIOGRAPHY WRITING

by André Maurois

"A well-written life," M. Maurois observes, "is a much rarer thing than a well-spent one." It is fitting that the distinguished French biographer, who has himself added to these rarities with biographies of Byron, Shelley and Disraeli, should tell us how to add to their number. These passages are taken from one of six notable lectures given by the author at Trinity College, Cambridge. They were at first delivered in English, were recast and put into French, and the revised version was translated into English for book publication.

THE modern biographer, if he is honest, will not allow himself to think: "Here is a great king, a great statesman, a great writer; round his name a legend has been built; it is on the legend, and on the legend alone, that I wish to dwell." No. He thinks rather: "Here is a man. I possess a certain number of documents, a certain amount of evidence about him. I am going to attempt to draw a true portrait. What will this portrait be? I have no idea. I don't want to know before I have actually drawn it. I am prepared to accept whatever a prolonged contemplation of my subject may reveal to me, and to correct it in proportion to such new facts as I discover." . . .

A human life is always made up of a number of motifs; when you study one of them, it will soon begin to impress itself upon you with a remarkable force. In Shelley's life the water motif dominates the whole symphony. It is by the banks of a river that we first find him dreaming in his youth at Eton; it is on a stream that he afterwards launches his fragile and symbolical paper boats; then his life is spent in ships; his first wife, Harriet, dies of drowning and the vision of a watery death haunts the reader for a long time before the actual event, as though Destiny had been leading Shelley from childhood towards the bay of Spezzia.

In Disraeli's life there is a flower motif, which sometimes takes the form of a pot of geraniums sent by his sister, sometimes of the queen's primroses; there is an Eastern motif, clear and piercing, which sounds with a blare of trumpets in youth, but gradually the brazen sounds are softened and, as death approaches, are nothing but a distant echo muffled by the strains of English violins; and there is the antagonistic rain motif, that terrible English rain which sets out to extinguish the over-brilliant Eastern flame and succeeds; the rain which at the beginning puts to flight the muddy knights of the Eglington tournament, the rain which submerges Peel and robs the Hughenden peacocks of their feathers; the rain which in the end carries off the sun-kissed wizard himself.

Of this magnificent poetry of life Mr. Lytton Strachey has made himself

a master, and I know few finer passages than those last pages of *Queen Victoria*, in which he shows us all the motifs of the queen's life passing through her dying consciousness:

The spring woods at Osborne, so full of primroses for Lord Beaconsfield . . . Lord Palmerston's queer clothes and high demeanor, and Albert's face under the green lamp, and Albert's first stag at Balmoral, and Albert in his blue and silver uniform, and the Baron coming in through a doorway, and Lord M. dreaming at Windsor with the rocks cawing in the elm trees, and the Archbishop of Canterbury on his knees in the dawn, and the old king's turkey-cock ejaculations, and Uncle Leopold's soft voice at Claremont, and Lehzen with the globes, and her mother's feathers sweeping down towards her, and a great old repeater-watch of her father's in its tortoise-shell case, and a yellow rug, and some friendly flounces of sprigged muslin, and the trees and the grass at Kensington.

It is a page that makes one think of the funeral march of Siegfried, or of the motifs of the Tetralogy as they return shrouded in crêpe at the end of the *Twilight of the Gods*. . . .

The biographer makes himself like his hero in order to understand him; the reader, in order to copy his actions. There is no greater influence on men's conduct than the knowledge of the conduct of others. "Since that has been done, I can do it," says the reader to himself. . . .

Most of us, I imagine, are not fired by ambition; in the souls of most of us great political careers do not touch a responsive chord. Yet, in spite of this, we do feel that the reading of Lives exercises some moral influence upon us. This is often a salutary influence, since the men of whom Lives are written are nearly always men above the common level and they lift us above the everyday cares of life into a region where creative action is freer and thought more lofty. . . .

An important point to note is that even if the life recorded is that of a man of great character, and even if the reader of it is capable of understanding that character, a biography will always dispense an individualist, and never a social, morality. Those individual men who have made sufficient stir in political or literary history to become the subjects of biographies, have generally become so by being exclusively occupied with themselves or with their works. This is very striking in the biographies of great writers. Even in an apparently sociable man like Dickens one sees at once that his egoism was

Every biographer should write on the first page of his manuscript: "Thou shalt not judge." . . . For all moral preoccupation in a work of art, whether it be a novel or a biography, kills the work of art. As soon as we attempt to prove something, we prove nothing.—André Maurois.

terrible. As soon as the book on which he was engaged showed signs of declining in pace and quality, he began to blame his family and the place where he was living—he must leave, not in a week, not in two days, but at once. Consider Tolstoy's life impartially, in the light of his children's records and of the short autobiography of the Countess Tolstoy, and there too you will see how there were no limits to the increasing dominance of a strong personality. The natural result is that the reader who feels that he has the slightest touch of genius in any particular direction, finds himself, after reading great men's Lives, impelled towards an urgent need of independence and to a contempt of the conventions of civilized society. . . .

If you read the official Lives of Herbert Spencer, you will not find in them that strange old man engrossed in painting over the flowers of his carpet with red ink, the old man as he was known to the two charming old maids with whom he spent several years towards the end of his life, the authoresses of *Home Life with Herbert Spencer*.

I am well aware that some one may reply, "It is a great deal better that it should be so. How does it concern us, if we are forming a judgment on a philosophy or even on a philosopher, to know that he attached great importance to the color of his carpet or the thickness of his socks?"

Well, I'm not sure. It is always dangerous to give, as an example of a possible life, a life which has become unreal as a result of too much being left out. I fully believe that the truth about a man ought primarily to contain all that goes to make his greatness, but I also believe that we should not always neglect the elements of littleness, for it is in the conquest of such elements that greatness often consists. . . . —From André Maurois' *Aspects of Biography*, translated from the French by Sydney Castle Roberts, by permission of D. Appleton & Company.

The Story of a Story

Talking with the editor of one of the leading magazines the other day, I observed interrogatively: "There must be hundreds of good writers in the country who don't get a chance to put their work in print. Why don't you look for them?" He replied: "We have over 200 short stories sent into this office every week by outsiders; I have a staff of five persons who do nothing but read those manuscripts. We are satisfied if we find among that litter of stories two that will stand touching up."

I made a wager with him, saying that I would send to him a short story that was the best I had in me. I wouldn't tell him how it would be sent or when; certainly it wouldn't be under my own name. And I wagered that the story would be returned to me as being unsuitable.

I did write what I considered to be the best story that was in me; my secretary wrote it out in long-hand in a penny copy-book, and her name and address were on the manuscript. The story was returned within two days! Enclosed with it was a printed slip of rejection.

I then had the story typed, and sent it in under my own name. The editor didn't wait to write; he telegraphed: "Best story I've read for months."

I present any editor with this idea: Publish a series of twelve short stories without the names of the authors appearing; invite readers to cast a vote in favor of this or that story. It should make delicious reading—the report on the voting.

We trade too much on names. The public is to blame because it will insist on allowing others to choose its entertainment for it. Vanity, too, creeps into our discussions on art. We like to pretend that we understand the depth of this writer or the mordacious wit of another. Only to ourselves dare we murmur that we didn't understand the work.

All the arts would be the better for twelve months of anonymity. The public would learn to think for itself.—Andrew Soutar, well-known novelist, in the *London Star*.



Books in Relation to People

Our attitude towards books is not very different from our attitude towards people. Most of us like to make the acquaintance of all kinds of people. However terrifying or horrible a person might be, we should probably like to meet him or her just once. Given a safe-conduct, it would be great fun to meet Attila, or Nero, or the Borgias. But all these people are not our friends.

Now the difference between readable books and rereadable books is the difference between a host of acquaintances and a few old friends. When we read, we are simply going out to parties and the like, for the purpose of staring at and having a chat with anybody and every-

body. But when we reread—and by that I mean read over and over again—we are seeing our old friends, the kind of people we are glad to see any time, no matter how tired or depressed we may feel. Indeed we ask them to come in frequently, because we are tired and depressed. These books have the qualities of people you can go on and on happily knowing. Admiration may be there, but it is accompanied by something else, namely affection. That is the trouble about smart, clever people—they do not inspire affection. We soon weary of their performances. We do not want performances.—J. B. Priestley, in the *London Bookman*.



Friendship is a fire which warms us, but which will never burn our fingers; if we can keep it alive it will be our warmth and light until we are in the grave, and perhaps beyond that.

If every one of us should cultivate the virtues which propagate friendship—the loyalty, the clear vision, and the warm and inexhaustible stores of the heart—we should be ready for that large and universal friendship which will regenerate the world—the general belief and trust in other men, whether they do or do not speak the same language as ourselves.

*There will be no more room for the cold-hearted dictates of that "worldly wisdom" which is not wisdom, or for that hitherto uncertifiable lunacy, on the part of statesmen and financiers, which can believe that oil interests or other financial interests justify the squandering, in anguish and filth, of a million lives.—Edith Sitwell, English poet and critic, in the *London Daily Mail*.*

THE TRAGEDY OF KATHERYN HOWARD

by Francis Hackett

This is a chapter from a notable biography of Henry VIII, setting forth his romantic relations with the fifth and fairest of his six queens. For thirty-eight years "Bluff King Hal" dominated England, moulded statecraft, defied the papal power of Rome and made himself the supreme head of a religion. Of his six wives, he probably came nearest to loving the subject of this sketch who, in the royal matrimonial line, succeeded the charmless Anne of Cleves, to whom Henry "seemed . . . at once a little comic and a little repulsive," and from whom "she separated . . . with an alacrity that another man might have resented." Meanwhile, here is the finely told story of Queen Katheryn, lovely and passionate, who paid for her passion with her head.

. . . THE rose without a thorn—that was the tribute Henry had inscribed on one of the countless jewels he gave to Katheryn. And as he gazed at his new choice, his eyes revealed that this was a union unlike the others. Catherine of Aragon had been the serious matron whom he perforce respected: Elizabeth Blount had been a ripe young goddess who submitted to him: Anne had been hard ambitiousness: Jane had been the perfect demure consort. There had been other affairs, like Mary Boleyn, casual and capricious. But this new choice was electric. "The King's Highness did cast a fantasy to Katheryn Howard the first time that ever his Grace saw her." And all he had heard of her—from her grandmother the old Duchess, from her companions, from Lord William Howard—made him value the "jewel for womanhood" he had luckily lighted on. He had himself chosen her device, "No other will but his," and this possessiveness beamed from him. He was like a collector who has brought home a treasure in faïence, not the most precious material but the gayest and the most vivid. "He is so amorous of her he cannot treat her well enough." He could not, in public or in private, keep his hands off his acquisition. "More than he did the others," he affectionately caressed her.

The object of these caresses was physically the rose without thorns which Henry desired. She was very small and well-rounded with a delightful open expression, vivacious, graceful, quick to dance, giddy, gay, imperious. She had dressed herself and her ladies in the French style, and her hazel eyes and auburn hair gave her the coquettish brightness that enchanted and elated her royal husband.

But she was scarcely the delightful toy that Henry surmised. Six years younger than his daughter Mary, she touched in him the vibrant double chord of lover and protector: he saw her in his own amplitude and her submissive

inexperience. But she could hardly be expected to share this glamorous autumnal haze. A rose though she was to him, she was far more like a plump and fleet young doe who turns on a rich pasture her vernal eyes. She could respect this corpulent personage, but he was less a fellow-being than a glorious circumstance that had endowed and enveloped her. She could not really think of her magnate as that marvelous creature, a man. . . .

In spite of his dream of making a son, Katheryn did not become pregnant. It was an unkind world. He mirrored it by his own sourness. He spent Shrovetide "without recreation, even of music." He stayed in Hampton Court "more a private family than a King's train." He abused his people, saying "he had an unhappy people to govern whom he would shortly make so poor that they would not have the boldness nor the power to oppose him." He abused his Privy Council that, "under pretence of serving him, were only temporizing for their own profit, but he knew the good servants from the flatterers, and, if God lent him health, he would take care that their projects should not succeed."

This was the fitful volcano that Katheryn had to live with. But while she soothed him with whatever endearments are appropriate to a King who has a fistula and who is marvelous excessive in drinking and eating, calling him her wolf or her little pig or whatever, her own inmost mind was busy with Thomas Culpeper [her lover] and the approaching royal progress to the North.

After long delays through June and the almost treasonable behavior of the weather, it was at last deemed possible for Henry and the Queen to proceed to the North. It was five years since Lincolnshire and Yorkshire had revolted. Norfolk and Suffolk, rusty perennials, took command of the immense and impressive cortège with which Henry was going to receive the penitential welcome of his subjects. The company numbered four thousand to five thousand, and in case the penance should falter, it included war-horses and artillery. . . .

As the journey went forward, with every sign of public loyalty and devotion, an extraordinary little drama of private disloyalty was being enacted under Henry's unseeing eyes. . . .

Master Culpeper was no cyclone. But Katheryn knew her mind and she did not fear to scribble him a note, one of those tremendous Alpine struggles with the pen that are possible only to illiterate people who are climbing to their star.

"Master Culpeper," she wrote to him in August, "I heartily recommend me unto you, praying you to send me word how that you do.

"I did hear that ye were sick and I never longed for anything so much as to see you.

"It maketh my heart to die when I do think that I cannot always be in your company.

"Come to me when Lady Rochford be here for then I shall be best at leisure to be at your commandment.

"I do thank you that you have promised to be good to that poor fellow, my man, for when he is gone there be none I dare trust to send to you. I pray you to gyve me a horse for my man, for I have much ado to get one, and therefore I pray send me one by him: and in so doing I am as I said afore; and thus I take my leave of you, trusting to see you shortly again.

"And I would you were with me now that you might see what pain I take in writing to you.

"Yours as long as life endures.

"KATHERYN."

* * * *

The King had chosen his young bride for personal reasons. He heard the revelation [of her infidelity] not as a man of power, in whom the passion of power and the apprehensiveness of power were uppermost. He heard it as a very simple human being . . . his heart "pierced with pensiveness." Then he began to cry. It must have moved every one. "And finally, with

At forty-nine, as Holbein has preserved him in the superb portrait at Rome, Katheryn's bridegroom was a solid Magnifico. Though he shuffled to the altar, obliged as a rule to help himself with a long stave on account of his leg, he presented himself before Bishop Gardiner not as an inert or sagging mass but as a pyramid of defensiveness. There was in the eyes that living twinkle, half-humorous and half-malicious, which may be as kind as dew or as cruel as broken glass. With ears laid back, fists doubled, feet widely splayed, the shoulders built out with velvet and the stomach at anchor, this was a ponderable man, square and imperturbable—until one viewed the face which gave his firmness the impressive mobility that a swiveling gun confers on a bastion. Through long years he had learned to plant himself in his own sort of genial island independence, and, with one eye wide open and the left narrowed, he looked at once crafty and debonair. But this free and good disposition which diffused itself from the unembarrassed Henry was not unlike the insouciance of his feathered bonnet: he could whip it off in an instant, and there, hard and bald, was the high skull, the convergence of all his smooth and receding policies on that one point, the apex of a pyramidal egoism.—FRANCIS HACKETT.

plenty of tears, which was strange in his courage," he opened the heart that had been wounded. . . .

This was the indulgent Henry that Katheryn had known. And had she been behaving properly during her marriage, she might have escaped being sent to a nunnery for life. But the past treads on the present. Lassells' sister had cited the chamberer Tilney at the Duchess's. Tilney was hunted up and she mentioned Marget Morton: Morton named Culpeper.

"I never mistrusted the Queen," exclaimed this woman, "until at Hatfield I saw her look out of her chamber window on Master Culpeper after such sort that I thought there was love between them."

This was the thing Katheryn had feared. Before she could warn Culpeper to save himself, he was caught and sent to the Tower. . . . He was sentenced to death at Tyburn, to be hanged, cut down alive, split open, his bowels burnt, and finally killed by beheading.

"Gentlemen," he had pleaded, "do not seek to know more than that the King deprived me of the thing I love best in the world, and, though you may hang me for it, she loves me as well as I love her, though up to this hour no wrong has ever passed between us. Before the King married her, I thought to make her my wife; and when I saw her lost to me, I was like to die, as you all know how ill I was. The Queen saw my sorrow and showed me favor, and when I saw it, tempted by the devil, I dared one day while dancing to give her a letter, and received a reply from her in two days, telling me she would find a way to comply with my wish. I know nothing more, my lords, on my honor as a gentleman." . . .

Till the trials were completed Henry was calm, but as the council strummed on his nerves day by day, each bit of evidence being submitted to him, he suddenly burst out before them into such a storm of grief and rage, calling for a sword to slay Katheryn, that they gripped their chairs and thought he had gone mad.

"That wicked woman!" he cried, his face tumid with hate and his eyes boiling. "She never had such delight in her lovers as she shall have torture in her death!"

These expressions exploded from him in the middle of a conference. All of a sudden he broke down and began to cry. She was to have been the wife of his old days. His ill-luck in meeting with such ill-conditioned wives was the thing with which he upbraided his ministers. . . .

She [Katheryn] was sent from Hampton Court to be shut up in Syon, "a late nunnery near Richmond," guarded by four women and some men, till parliament met in the middle of January. During the first weeks a feverous madness overwhelmed her, but gradually, with the verve of a girl under twenty, she recovered her spirits. . . .

"Very cheerful and more plump and pretty than ever." So Chapuys reported her at the end of January, saying she was just as careful about her

dress, and just as willful and imperious, as when at court. But her cheerfulness had depths. She expected to be put to death. She said she deserved it. She only asked that "the execution shall be secret and not under the eyes of the world." . . .

When word came to her that both Lords and Commons had passed the act of attainder and that the King would allow her to plead before parliament, she did not ask to defend herself. She submitted entirely to the King's mercy and owned that she deserved death. She was resigned, or thought herself resigned.

- But when Sir John Gage came out to Syon, a blond-bearded man with mercilessly direct eyes, to tell her to pack up and make ready for the Tower, an anguish wrung her nerves. At the actual moment for leaving, as she came to it, her body recoiled, her hands clenched, she fought back and said, "No, no." But the barges were ready. Engulfed in sobs she went down to embark at Isleworth. By the time she had reached the Tower, however, her cheeks in the fever of excitement, she had captured her composure. Southampton was first in a great barge, with other councilors; Suffolk with his men came last in another great barge; and she in a small barge with a few ladies and guards. The lords landed first: then Katheryn, in black velvet: "and they paid her as much honor as when she was reigning."

Gage was the new governor of the Tower, since William Kingston's death. Lady Rochford had been out of her mind, off and on, since learning she was to be condemned, but she had at last come to her senses and was with her mistress. Katheryn again broke down in the Tower, on the afternoon of February tenth. Culpeper had been here before her. "She weeps, cries, and torments herself miserably without ceasing." To give her leisure to poise herself and "reflect on the state of her conscience," her execution was deferred for a few days.

This was on the Friday. On Sunday, towards evening, Gage came to her and told her to prepare for death, for she was to die next day.

That evening she asked to have the block brought in to her, that she might know how to place herself. This was done, and the young woman made trial of it.

When she came to the block the next morning, February 13th, it was set on the spot where her cousin Anne Boleyn had been executed. The council, except her old uncle, had collected in the shiver of the winter morning, with the trees bare, the stars hardly gone out, and the air wraithed with the nearness of the Thames. A large number of people had gathered at the scaffold.

She spoke a few breathless words. A Spaniard heard them and wrote them.

"Brothers, by the journey upon which I am bound, I have not wronged the King. But it is true that long before the King took me, I loved Culpeper, and I wish to God I had done as he wished me for at the time the King wanted

to take me he urged me to say that I was pledged to him. If I had done as he advised me I should not die this death, nor would he. I would rather have had him for a husband than be mistress of the world, but sin blinded me and greed of grandeur; and since mine is the fault, mine also is the suffering, and my great sorrow is that Culpeper should have had to die through me."

At these words she could go no farther. She turned to the headsman and said,

"Pray hasten with thy office."

He knelt before her and begged her pardon.

She said wildly, "I die a Queen, but I would rather die the wife of Culpeper. God have mercy on my soul. Good people, I beg you pray for me."

Falling on her knees she began to pray. Then the headsman severed her bent neck.—From *Henry the VIIIth, the Personal History of a Dynast and His Wives*, by permission of Horace Liveright.

Sad Birds

Suggested by the music of "Oiseaux Tristes" (Ravel)

*Like this we sing all day, but we have
no song.*

*We pine in this cage, we pine all day
long,*

*Hung out over the street, watching the
sky,*

*We two, sad birds, watching the rest
soar by.*

*We'll never forget, never, never forget
The freedom we had, the life, our nests
in the trees;*

*The rustling woods, the wind, the sun
on the fields;*

*The rain and the long, wet grass; the
shimmering leaves,*

*Hiding us snug within. Oh joy! when
the sun*

*Came out. Oh songs, we'll never sing
again.*

*Now we answer each other on two sad
notes,*

*Longing and longing hung out by the
window pane.*

*That brilliant song? The others! They're
passing this way.*

*Oh whirl of wings! Oh thrilling, tremen-
dous flight!*

*Not a thought for us. They circle and
swoop. They're gone.*

*Like that, up and away and out of sight,
We used to fly. I feel it now, the wind on
my wings,*

*Fluttering, flying; the song in my throat.
I see*

*The earth below. I swoop towards the
sun, up*

*And then down again to the top of a
swaying tree.*

*For this we yearn all day, and we have
no song.*

*We pine in this cage, we pine all day
long.*

*Hung out over the street, watching the
sky;*

*We two, sad birds, watching the rest
soar by.*

—Irene Haugh, in *The Irish Statesman*
(Dublin).

THE FUTURE OF NAKEDNESS

by John Langdon-Davies

THE Present of nakedness can be stated in a brief sentence: nakedness to-day is a crime in all civilized countries and a sin in all Christian congregations; it is an unnatural and vicious condition of the human body; it is the fruit of that forbidden tree the eating of which men have no intention of risking again. . . .

We would laugh as heretofore at the naked savage and persecute anyone who felt inclined to imitate his methods of living. But into this garden, which has been as tranquil about the existence of clothes as that other garden was at first about their nonexistence, there has once more crawled the serpent of wisdom. Science, always the destroyer of good breeding, has discovered or rediscovered the uncomfortable fact that nakedness is a medicine for the sick and an inspiration for the healthy; that clothes, far from being the ramparts of a beleaguered city, are the investing army striving to encompass its fall; that a coat, a pair of trousers, and a waistcoat are barriers between the starving, hard pressed tissues within and the relieving army come to raise the siege. In short, science, the crafty serpent, has begun to tell us that if we want to be healthy we must begin by taking off our clothes; it has actually undertaken, in fact, the rehabilitation of nakedness. . . .

What better epitaph could a simple man require than some such words as these: "He helped us to take off our clothes"? And if such an epitaph as this can be honestly earned by him, the writer at least will be able to die happily. And if afterwards he is deemed worthy of reward, he will hope to meet Lady Godiva face to face, and to turn for one brief instant to Peeping Tom and say: "I understand you, Tom. You saw the inevitable; you should not be blamed. Generations have punished you with their misunderstanding, but all that is over now. Tom, old man, shake hands!"

Is the fear of nakedness an unchanging part of human nature, or can it be changed? For let the reader be honest; he would not like to walk down Fifth Avenue without his clothes, and he would not like to see most of his friends in a like condition. Why, half New York would be terrified if it had to walk along Fifth Avenue in the *wrong* clothes, let alone in no clothes at all. Yet here is the situation in a nut-shell, the very men whose days would become a burden to them if they had three buttons on their coats instead of two, or trousers bottoms an inch too wide or an inch too narrow; the very women whose shoe heels must be a certain height and whose hats must be a certain shape, size and color, find themselves told by unbending and irrefutable Science that all these things must be discarded—the two buttons and the three buttons, the heels, the trousers, all—in the interests of sanity, health, intellect, and patriotism. It is a solemn moment in the life of humanity. . . .

Everyone assumes that the main function of clothes is to keep us warm, that the hairless human animal needs these artificial protections against the rigors of our terrestrial climates. Historical evidence, however, does not altogether bear this out.

If we turn to study various societies of primitive savages we find that in many cases, where the climate is far worse than our own, they do not seem to need the least protection from it. In Australia, for example, Baldwin Spencer tells us that the northern coastal tribes are not much troubled with clothing. Out on the central uplands and around the coasts of the Gulf of Carpentaria the nights in winter are bitterly cold, often below freezing-point, and yet the natives have never learned to make fur rugs out of the skins of the kangaroos, wallabies and opossums, that they can and often do secure in plenty. Thus it cannot be lack of raw material which prevents these men from wearing clothes . . . clearly the human body need never have adopted a covering as far as heat and cold are concerned. . . .

If then, we do not wear clothes for protection against the elements, for what reason do we wear them? A chorus answers immediately, "We wear them for decency." And that in a sense is indisputable. Then are we to sacrifice health, mental and physical energy, and all the other things enumerated in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* for this thing, decency? Was man made for modesty, or modesty made for man? Again our fears can be reduced by a glance at the history of humanity. Modesty is a matter of relativity; it means one thing at one time, another at another, and it varies from place to place. . . .

The fact that we value people by their clothes, judge them by their clothes, fall in love with them by their clothes, means that all sort of unfortunate results might happen if our standard of judgment, the cynosure of our eye, suddenly disappeared. Today there are few healthy minds in healthy

Clothes are an abomination, air and sunlight are wholesome and clean, and contact with them does bring a freedom and a purity which our civilized ways of living largely destroy . . . and yet, somehow, the idea of a naked world remains quite absurdly grotesque. Even if we see nothing essentially indecent in it, we cannot help finding something funny in the picture of a bank, an office, or a railway station with unclothed staffs, and even an author sitting solitary at a desk in a state of nature provokes a smile. The idea seems somehow like a nightmare, and even if this is a relic of snobbishness or prudery and a fatal admission of baseness, the smile remains.—Ray Strachey, in the London Nation & Atheneum.

bodies; there are some healthy minds and quite a number of healthy bodies, but the two are rarely combined. But intelligence can succeed in seeming not altogether unlovely or unlovable, thanks to clothes. It would be a pity if we premitted a state of affairs where only professional boxers and gymnasts should seem lovable and no merely intelligent woman could get married at all.

Nakedness, then, in order to safeguard civilization, should only be permitted to those who neither offend the eyes nor fall below a certain intellectual standard; very intelligent people, who could not qualify for nakedness, might even be permitted to wear ear-rings or spats, and if male an eye-glass, if female a little rouge. The difficulties will be larger at first, for as time goes on nakedness will of itself put a term to our present divorce between physical and mental beauty.

The reader who has shut his eyes and imagined with horror the effect of nakedness upon the looks of the average crowd may be comforted by being assured that the transition will be gradual. It is true that most of our acquaintances would not qualify at once for nakedness; but many of them will do their best to improve in the hopes of winning the prize. . . . —From *Lady Godiva: The Future of Nakedness*, by permission of Harper & Brothers, through the author.

Clothes and Sex Appeal

. . . If you want sex appeal raised to the utmost point, there is only one way of doing it and that is by clothes. Probably the general adoption of clothing in many climates had for its object sex appeal rather than protection from the weather.

I want to give a few illustrations. Some years ago I was at a place in Germany called Kissingen. I did not take a mud bath, but went in the evening to one of those little garden places where they have entertainments and I saw a lady who was both singer and acrobat. She first went through a performance on a trapeze in simple tights from head to foot. Except that there was some fabric all over her person, she was exactly as if she had no clothes on at all, and one felt that was perfectly all right. It suited

a performance on a horizontal bar. Then she retired for a moment before coming out to sing a mildly naughty little song. And what did she do? She felt that the costume in which she had performed on the horizontal bar, somehow or other would be impossible in which to sing a naughty song. She came out with a little skirt on and, of course, she immediately became indecent. She knew it and she put on the skirt for that purpose. She felt that in some way the little skirt had sex appeal. . . .

The Victorian woman was a masterpiece of sex appeal. She was sex appeal from the top of her head to the soles of her feet. It was amazing how she did it. She was clothed, of course, from head to foot. Everything about her, except her cheeks and nose, was a guilty secret, something you had to guess at. . . .

They did not dress the Victorian lady.

They upholstered her. All her contours, to take the principal ones, all four of them, were all emphasized. When the lady herself could not emphasize them sufficiently by her own person she used artificial aids. . . .

The result was that the Victorian age was an exceedingly immoral age, an age in which there arose a sort of disease which modern psychiatrists, I think, call exhibitionism. You had a tendency on the part of some ladies to do something dreadful, to show their ankles, for instance. Hardly the most desperate or abandoned of them ever dreamed of showing their knees, or anything like that. You had, on the one hand, this tremendous sex appeal produced by clothes, and on the other hand the tendency to defy it or exploit it by making a little revelation of some kind. . . .

If you want sex appeal, clothes; if you want to minimize sex appeal, get rid of as many clothes as possible.—George Bernard Shaw addressing the third international congress of the World League for Sex Reform, in London.

Too Many Women! Where?

The excess of women over men in the European lands is now much smaller than it was at almost any period during the last 500 or 600 years. In the fourteenth century the excess of women over men in Central Europe was about 15 per cent. For Frankfurt-am-Main we have the following figures for the end of the century: population, about 10,000; composed of 4600 men and 5500 women—a much larger proportion of women than is to be found in Frankfurt to-day.

In modern England (with Wales) we have 18,500,000 males and 20,000,000 females (a ratio of 100 to 108). In pres-

ent-day Germany there are 30,000,000 males and 32,500,000 females.

These figures speak for themselves. They reduce to a sheer absurdity the oft-repeated contention that there is now such an abnormal ratio between the sexes that our previous ideas as to woman's social functions must be revolutionized. If anything further were needed to knock this fallacy on the head, it is to be found in the fact that nowhere do women pursue masculine careers more ardently than in America, where there is an excess of men over women. . . .

Nevertheless, it is quite common to hear well-educated people express the view that there are two women for every man in England. I recently met a cultured Englishwoman who firmly believed that not more than one woman in three could possibly marry, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that I could persuade her to accept the accuracy of the government statistics. . . . Very few people know that there are some 2,500,000 unmarried men in the best marriageable ages in Britain.

The German statistics throw a vivid light on the situation, proving conclusively that feminine celibacy is not due mainly to the excess of women over men, but to the non-marriage of so many men. Population: 62,500,000; males 30,200,000 and females 32,300,000. Men from twenty to forty-five—10,900,000, of whom *nearly* 5,000,000 *were unmarried*. Women from twenty to forty-five—12,600,000. Of every 100 women, about 58 are married (or widows). If all men married, this proportion would be 92.

The really decisive matter is not the ratio of men and women in the whole population, but the ratio during the marriageable ages. Consider the following figures for England and Wales (1926): Women of marriageable age (twenty to forty-five), about 7,900,000;

men of marriageable age (twenty to fifty), about 8,000,000.

It is, of course, necessary to remember that men may, and often do, marry at a somewhat later age than women. In looking for a wife, a man is practically confined to the age groups between twenty and forty (although, since a certain proportion of women over forty do marry, I have taken the groups up to forty-five into account); but a woman may very easily find a husband anywhere between twenty and fifty.

Now, in the light of these figures, let us consider the remarkable fact that there are in this country [England] some 3,000,000 unmarried women of marriageable age—most of them thinking, no doubt, that they belong to the army of the “superfluous.”

We must, of course, allow for the women who simply do not wish to marry, or who have not found any suitable partner; but even then we cannot possibly account for the prodigious discrepancy between the number of women who *might* marry and those who *do*, save by assuming that there are some very powerful and unusual factors at work.

What are these factors?

There cannot be the slightest doubt that the general tendency of the present-day education of girls is largely responsible for the immense army of unmarried women in our midst. We cannot possibly divorce education from the rest of our national life. A machine which grinds out, year by year, hundreds of thousands of young women equipped solely with a view to competing with men in industry and business must of necessity create social conditions highly unfavorable to marriage and home life. The struggle to earn a family wage or salary is thus made far more difficult for the average man. It would be impossible to form an estimate of the exact number of men

who have been prevented from establishing homes of their own as a result of the competition of women, but it must be very large indeed. . . .—Mayrick Booth, in *The Nineteenth Century* (London).

Old-Fashioned Widow's Song

These verses were found among the manuscripts left by the poet-author. Her husband, J. Middleton Murry, thinks they were written in 1920 when she was living in a small villa at Ospedaletti on the north Italian coast. Ill and virtually alone, “she suffered moments of bleak and terrible depression,” and this poem express a phase of her “rebellion against the pain of things.”

*She handed me a gay bouquet
Of roses pulled in the rain,
Delicate beauties, frail and cold—
Could roses heal my pain?*

*She smiled: “Ah, c’est un triste temps!”
I laughed and answered, “Yes,”
Pressing the roses in my palms.
How could the roses guess?*

*She sang, “Madame est seule?” Her eye
Snapped like a rain-washed berry.
How could the solemn roses tell
Which of us was more merry?*

*She turned to go: she stopped to chat;
“Adieu,” at last she cried.
“Mille mercis pour ces jolies fleurs!” . . .
At that the roses died.*

*The petals drooped, the petals fell,
The leaves hung crisped and curled.
And I stood holding my dead bouquet
In a dead world.*

—Katherine Mansfield, in *The Bookman* (New York).

PEN-PICTURES OF GLADSTONE AND PARNELL

by T. P. O'Connor, M. P.

The oldest Member of Parliament, at the time of his death in the Fall of 1929, here depicts two of its historic figures, both of whom he knew personally over a long and dramatic period of British statecraft. To them both was "Tay Pay" O'Connor politically and even violently opposed at one time or other, but what an impression of heroic qualities he leaves upon the reader! This is perhaps the more remarkable in the case of the great British statesman, Gladstone; but never so clearly or more fairly has the enigmatic Irish leader, Parnell, been portrayed—the man, as distinguished from the statesman.

NO description of the Parliament of 1880 and of subsequent Parliaments would be true to the facts if it did not put in the forefront the immense power of Gladstone. Literally, even when in hopeless opposition, he dominated the assembly, and his domination was physical as well as mental. Be the House ever so full, however many good-looking men in face and figure there might be in it, Gladstone physically, with the beauty and the impressiveness of his face and figure, stood out different from and above them all. He had, in the first place, an immense head, the full size of which, of course, was brought out more by the fact that by 1880 he was very nearly bald, and the head was large both in front and at the back; so that, if size of head meant corresponding size of brain, Gladstone's head could have easily taken the first prize. . . .

The next remarkable thing in the appearance of Gladstone was his extraordinary eyes; they were large, black, and flashing; sometimes there came into them a look that was almost wild. As is known, he took a long walk every day, and this had become with him so great a habit that—as he told me himself—when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer and was working fifteen to sixteen hours a day, he would still walk home, and, if it were raining, he would take a hansom, change into waterproof clothes, and still take his usual amount of walking exercise. The blackness and the brightness of the eyes were brought into greater relief by the almost deadly pallor of his complexion. The nose might appear to be a little too large, but, on the other hand, it seemed to be quite in symmetry with the massive countenance and head. The chin was large.

Similarly with the figure: he had broad shoulders, a deep chest; he walked very erect even to almost his latest days. I have been told by some of his intimate associates that the legs were not perfectly shaped, that there was even a slight approach to knock-knees. I never observed it myself, but whether that be so or not, as he walked up the floor of the House he seemed to be en-

veloped by a great solitude, so unmistakably did he stand out from all the figures around him. I must add to this description of his extreme physical gifts the wonderful quality of his voice. It was a powerful voice, but sweet and melodious, and it was managed as exquisitely and as faithfully as the song of a great *prima donna*. If the speech were ringing, it came to your ears almost soft by that constant change of tone which the voice displayed; it could whisper, it could thunder.

As his oratory, like the best House of Commons methods, varied from indignation to light raillery, so did the tones of his voice. The gestures were all graceful—so graceful that sometimes you saw the legs mark a passage as well as the arms. Now and then he came to the House a bit excited, probably by some occurrence outside or in the Cabinet, or in the diplomatic correspondence, and he shouted for a few minutes; and when he shouted he became less effective than usual; but this rarely lasted for more than a few minutes, and ordinarily he had a majestic composure. I have seen many great figures in my nearly half-century of life in the House of Commons; but, with all respect to the greatest among them, the House of Commons without Gladstone seems to me as great a contrast as a chamber illumined by a farthing dip when the electric light has failed. . . .

* * * *

I think it is not pushing things too far to say that there was a close resemblance between Charles Stewart Parnell and his grandfather [Commodore

Charles Stewart Parnell was never haughty; he was never overbearing. I remember being struck, one evening, when he, O'Connor Power, and I were dining together in a restaurant, by the difference between the two men. O'Connor Power (who was a man of irritable temper) snarled at the waiter, who possibly was inefficient; Parnell never said a word.

How false to Parnell's character was that story of his pulling up one of his followers and saying: "Mr. Parnell, if you please"! Parnell not only never said that, but he was incapable of saying it. At the same time, he had a tremendous dignity, and a pride as of Lucifer; he would have immediately checked any undue familiarity. I never heard him say anything harsh to anybody, but in those strange red-flint eyes of his there were terrible lights, and on a few occasions—not many—I have seen him direct those eyes upon someone who was saying something disagreeable to him, and their effect was immediate, overpowering.—T. P. O'Connor, M. P.

Charles Stewart, the distinguished American naval officer who commanded the *Constitution* in the War of 1812, and captured two English battleships]. I have always held that both in appearance and to a large extent in character Parnell was much more American than either English or Irish. He had at once that combination of masculinity and of courage and of nerve which are more American than English or Irish. He had that impeturbability of manner and impassivity of face which also are not characteristically English or Irish. . . .

I cannot say that my first impressions of Parnell were winning; I accepted the usual judgment upon him that he was absolutely cold-blooded, and everything about him lent countenance to that judgment. He was cold in look, cold in manner, cold in speech. . . .

Parnell was always the most slatternly of men. It used to be said that when he was called from his belated and feverish attempts to prepare a speech in the library of the House of Commons, he lost half his papers in the short distance between the library and his place in the House.

With no special powers of speech, except in moments of great passion and great emergency, Parnell was usually a dreary and a costive speaker. Yet you could see him there, standing up in the empty House, talking hour after hour quite indifferent to the fact that there was nobody listening and nobody to listen; and the tall, thin figure, the impassive face, the inscrutable eyes, gave to this spectacle an almost uncanny look. An observation he made to me about the absence of any hearers while he droned out his dreary speeches hour after hour to the empty benches was very characteristic of the man. He said he rather liked an empty House; it gave him more time to think. . . .

Whether he in his heart liked or disliked the English people as a whole, it was always difficult to say. It was an Englishwoman, after all, whom he loved and who loved him, but the very core of Parnell's being was pride, Satanic pride, which led to his return of scorn for scorn of the other race which claimed the right to govern—or rather, misgovern—his own race. . . .

It was in 1881 that there came one of those episodes, half farcical, half tragic, which always seemed destined to play their parts in Irish history. For some reason or other the idea got abroad in the Irish Party that the Government intended to arrest and imprison Parnell. At that epoch of the [Home Rule] movement the removal—especially in such a way—of its great leader seemed to some of his colleagues fraught with incalculable danger.

Be that as it may, Parnell disappeared—it was supposed to Paris. For some days no word was heard of him. And here I must repeat that there was always in the minds of his followers, and even when he was apparently most triumphant, an undercurrent of apprehension. He was incalculable; he was mysterious—he came from a family with a bad history of both insanity and suicide.

This suspense could not be borne any longer, and several members of

the Party (including Mr. Dillon and Mr. T. D. Sullivan) were sent across to Paris to try and trace the vanished chief. They went to the hotel where it was likely he would stop; they found there bundles of letters awaiting him and unopened. After a solemn consultation it was agreed that Mr. Dillon should be authorized to open the letters. It was not long after this process had been gone through that Parnell himself walked calmly into the room where his colleagues were awaiting him.

A well-known chief in Scotland Yard was reported to have declared that if only he were required he could find our mysterious leader within a few hours—which meant, of course, that all Parnell's elaborate precautions for hiding his visits to Kitty O'Shea at Eltham had failed before the watching of his movements by the detective department. . . .

No man ever took more elaborate, or sometimes more childish, means of hiding the story of his passion than Parnell. Mrs. O'Shea lived in a house at Eltham, near to Mrs. Wood. Mrs. Wood was the widow of one of the Woods who played so large a part in the conflict between Caroline of Brunswick and George IV., and she inherited a vast fortune. Mrs. O'Shea was her favorite niece; though they did not occupy the same house, they practically lived together. It is an interesting little item in this story that the evenings of the poor old lady and Mrs. O'Shea were enlivened by a gentleman who read to them from the classic works of the period; the name of that gentleman was George Meredith. . . .

Mrs. O'Shea's husband, Captain O'Shea, M. P., for reasons I do not profess to be able to penetrate, took as much pains as Parnell to conceal the state of things between Parnell and his wife. People used to remark that the relations between Parnell and O'Shea were almost ostentatiously fraternal. O'Shea used constantly to cross from the Ministerial side of the House to our benches on the opposite side to speak with Parnell . . . I remember one day hearing Parnell say to O'Shea, "I think it would be very foolish"—evidently discussing some action which O'Shea contemplated, and O'Shea seemed to submit to the advice. . . .

I am convinced today, as I was at the time, that Mr. Gladstone had, up to the time of the bringing of divorce proceedings by O'Shea, no idea of the real state of things between Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea. . . .

There never was a passion which seemed to have taken more full possession of a man than Parnell's for Mrs. O'Shea had taken of him, and by the time of his imprisonment in Kilmainham it had certainly reached one of its most violent moments. I have often asked myself, in thinking over the past, when it was that this passion had its first beginning; sometimes I put it down to a curious little scene that took place between him and me early in 1881, as I recollect it. We were sending off a telegram from the telegraph office then underneath the Westminster Palace Hotel. I observed that Parnell was not in his usual composed temper. He tried to write; finding the pencil

somewhat blunt, he threw it from him with an angry gesture and an angry face. I jumped to the conclusion that something unusual had disturbed his nerves—was it refusal or was it concession of the last surrender of the woman he loved? . . .

As to their first meeting, Justin M'Carthy told me how one day Parnell was expected, not having declined a note of invitation, at one of a series of dinners being given by Mrs. O'Shea in London. The time went on, everybody anticipating his coming at any moment, but he neither came nor sent an apology. His chair remained vacant, and Mrs. O'Shea, who was of a bright temper and very fond of a joke, sat in Parnell's vacant chair and, amid the laughter of her friends, said, "The uncrowned King of Ireland shall sit in that chair at the next dinner I give." In order to carry out this boast she drove down to the House of Commons with her sister, Mrs. Steele—it was a bright, sunny day, she recounts, little conscious of the blackness of night that she was bringing to Parnell and to herself—sent her card in to Parnell and asked him to come out and speak to her and her sister in Palace Yard.

"He came out," she writes, "a tall, gaunt figure, thin and deadly pale. He looked straight at me, smiling, and his curiously burning eyes looked into mine with a wondering intentness that threw into my brain the sudden thought—'This man is wonderful—and different'."

When she had gently reproached him for his neglect of her, and especially for not answering her note, he explained that he had not opened his letters for days (one of his extraordinary habits), but promised to come to dinner with her after his return from Paris, where he had to go for his sister's wedding.

But even at this first meeting there were indications that this was a case of real love at first sight; she leaned forward in the cab to say good-bye and "a rose I was wearing in my bodice fell out on to my skirt. He picked it up and, touching it lightly with his lips, placed it in his buttonhole. This rose I found long years afterwards done up in an envelope, with my name and the date, among his most private papers, and when he died I laid it upon his heart."—From *Memoirs of An Old Parliamentarian*, by permission of D. Appleton & Company.

One of the characteristics of my sex is that the best of us remain boys to the end. How often you see two old gentlemen, perhaps lame and crippled with gout, leaving their club late at night, and one says to the other, "Come along, old boy." Have you ever heard two old la-

dies going home and saying to one another, "Come along, old girl?" We men have our faults, but the secret of eternal boyhood is in us, in our feelings, and possibly sometimes in our manners and in our customs.—Stanley Baldwin, ex-Prime Minister of England.

AMERICA'S CHIEF ATTRACTION

by Ford Madox Ford

. . . I SPEND most of my time in New York because I like—I might almost say that I love—New York. I do not do it for gain, for I have never once been in the United States without spending more money than I earned there. . . .

That alone seems a rather unanswerable reason against becoming an American citizen, for it would not seem to be a very proper proceeding—even if the laws allowed it—to become a citizen of a land which one had no real prospect of being able permanently to inhabit. Still, the attraction and the advantage of American citizenship are so considerable that I daresay I could get over even that—by economizing, or working harder, or living in the country.

I like New York, then, better than any other place in the world—hardly even excepting Paris. I am more at home there, I feel more myself and I have far friendlier human contacts than elsewhere.

I am not, of course, going to depreciate the land of my birth and allegiance in a foreign country; but London is for me a city so sad that I cannot bear to go there, all my earlier friends being dead or broken in the war or impoverished or aged and there being no one there for me to talk to and no friendly door which will open at my knock . . . Oh, but there is one; it is an American's.

And it is impossible to *like* the French. They excite in me the greatest enthusiasm, the greatest respect, the most heated of admirations. But their return for your admiration and enthusiasm is so exactly that of a blue Angora cat when you try to pet it—their cold disdain for one of a lesser breed without the law is so unconcealed that it is impossible to feel for them either liking or affection.

I should willingly die for France—and indeed, if you told me that I

The United States is not just a nation like any other nation. It is Humanity. It is all humanity striving to carry the race of mankind to a higher level. That is why I love it—because of its hope, of its curious seeking for channel after channel in the slough that is human life, of its very disregard for law. It is obviously impossible for the American in the bulk to acquire the Englishman's ruminant respect for authority, and it would be calamitous if he did, for it is better that there should be danger to life and property than complete mental stagnation.—
Ford Madox Ford.

should never return, say, to Tarascon, I believe that I should die slowly of homesickness, for I love the country with an intense and unalterable passion—the hills and woods and rivers and lakes and the pastures and the olive trees and the vines; but I do not know that I should feel any great sorrow if you told me that I should never again meet French people in the bulk. . . .

I think Americans very little understand the reason why, for generations now, they have been admired, loved or tolerated by Europeans. It is because from our earliest days we have been taught—and have really believed—that America has had as her province the perfecting of the destinies of humanity. The American has the delusion that he is adored for his dollars, for his mass production, for his largest-sort-of-every-sort-of-thing-in-the-worldishness. He isn't. By far—by *far*—the majority of the French wish that no Americans would ever come to their country, for, during the tourist season food prices—and all other prices—soar to fantastic heights. . . .

America is loved or suffered and is at any rate glamorous for the other nations of the world—except, of course, for the English who do not *really* know that America exists—because she has, almost alone among the nations of the world . . . intellectual curiosity. I mean that if during the last six months I have quite seriously contemplated applying for first papers, it is for that sole reason. I don't want your money, I loathe your mass production. But I do want contact—as much contact as possible—with the American mind. . . . —From an article by the author of *New York Is Not America* and other distinguished volumes of essays and fiction, in the *New York Herald Tribune Magazine*.



The Spectacle of America

One is expected to feel a thrill as one looks for the first time upon the skyline of New York—and quite right, too. For myself the thrill is there at the thousandth glimpse; and the same is true of Fifth Avenue, which for half a century has been one of the great streets of the world. Both are in process of perpetual change. In the brief space of fifteen years I have seen New York transformed. It is now a city which the homestaying European cannot envisage, so colossal is the difference between our scale and the scale of this newest America. New York, we are always being reminded, is not

America. That, of course, is so, if we are thinking of the contrasts between the life of the vast metropolitan center and that of the immense scattered population living in small towns. But none the less it is true that New York, like Chicago, like Detroit and Los Angeles, is American and nothing else. Mr. H. G. Wells, observing the city as it was on the eve of the great contemporary changes, said that it was inhabited by the only remaining race of unbroken men. In certain ways, we may say, they have been effectually broken in; but unquestionably the sight of New York's millions, in large part recently from Europe, moving unconcernedly against a background

so overwhelming, makes a profound impression upon the foreigner.

The scene to-day is more moving, more clangorous, more terrible than ever. When I first saw it, in the winter before the war, the skyline of high buildings consisted of an unequal group at the lower end of Manhattan Island, as it juts into the splendid harbor. They form now an enormous growth, the highest still clustered at the point of the island, but with hundreds more spread over the great area. . . .

Until yesterday upper Fifth Avenue was the street of American riches and display in private living. To-day that particular glory has passed from Fifth to the parallel Park Avenue, a continuous rampart of apartment houses, representing land and rent values on an inconceivable scale, the last word in fineness of building, plumbing, woodwork, domestic arrangements; the greatest aggregate of financial power ever gathered together in a residential quarter. And what Fifth and Park Avenues and Riverside Drive have become, other avenues are hastening to imitate. . . .

All this, the European exclaims, represents only an outrageous megalomania, a scheme of concentration that can have nothing to do with civilization. It must be an intolerable mode of living. That may be true; it almost certainly is. But in touching here upon what an American would call some high points of the picture I am calling attention only to the fact of the American scale, to the evidence of a new and exciting form of city-making. . . .

The manifold development of civic and social enterprise is most particularly associated with a wonderful renaissance of architecture. For something like a quarter of a century, I believe, we in Europe have been ready to acknowledge

that in the making of commercial buildings, of structures such as railway stations demanded by the neo-technic age, the American genius has known its triumphs. Later achievements in the same field have been astounding. They are being multiplied continually; and if I mention the Telephone Building in New York, the offices of the *Chicago Tribune* and *Daily News*, the union stations of Chicago and Cleveland, the city hall of Los Angeles, I am citing only a few conspicuous examples of a stupendous movement. It is now showing equal vitality and adventure in civic design, and is carrying the higher kinds of American domestic architecture over the entire country. The raw and sprawling American town is condemned by the foreign traveler as, on the whole, worse than the worst in Europe. But it is America itself that is creating the new standards of seemliness and quality by which the old town with its indescribably ragged edges is finally judged: for in the new suburban expansion of one city after another—Philadelphia, Toledo, Louisville, Seattle and a hundred more, with their admirable park systems—one may see the promise, and not seldom the fulfilment, of a standard of civilized living which, within the next ten or twenty years, should enable the American people to claim that they have attained a practical combination of town and country for a majority of the population. . . .

There are manifest features in the contemporary development of America which we must recognize as having no parallel in history. Let it be granted that in the United States school and college practices are in many ways poor or perverse; that the belief in buildings and equipment is pathetic; that the dollar measure is general and depressing; that in the immense expansion of business

colleges and technological institutes a William James would find overwhelming evidence of the continuing national worship of "the bitch-goddess, Success." These things cannot be disputed. But I, for one, do not believe that the traveler who goes through America with his eyes open can resist the demonstration that certain things of value are being discovered and applied; that a lesson of high moment is being nationally learned. . . .
—From an article by S. K. Ratcliffe, Bromley Foundation Lecturer at Yale, in *The Contemporary Review* (London).

On Going to Live in America

A curious incident took place at a woman's meeting at Islington Chapel the other day. The minister, the Rev. Joseph Shepherd, rose and announced that he had received a letter from a rich man in America who wished to marry an English wife, and who, if he could obtain one, was willing to provide her with a luxurious home and an income of £3,000 or \$15,000 a year. The American, he explained, was not particular. "He did not mind if the bloom of youth had left her cheeks. Any respectable woman, even though she might perhaps be approaching middle-age, who was willing to go to his country, might make a suitable partner." The only conditions the rich man made were that the woman should be English and that she should not be an adventuress, an adventuress presumably being a woman who would marry a man for his money.

The women of Islington were present in great numbers to listen to the rich man's offer. The young, the middle-aged and the old were there, the rich and the poor. "Many of the women in that crowded audience," according to Mr.

Shepherd, "knew what it was to want for food"; but "not one stirred, or indeed showed the slightest interest." They threw the rich man's offer back in his teeth. "We appreciate his offer," was the general tone of their comments, "and the tribute that he pays us . . . but we would sooner be poor in Islington than millionaires' wives in America." . . .
—"Y. Y.," in *The New Statesman* (London).

Winter

*Now the last leaf is taken from the tree,
Now the last song is sung, the last word
said,
Now face to face with naked certainty
We stand at last; now fear, now hope are
dead.*

*This is the end. There is no more to say.
We will go out and see how strong and
wide
And flawless is the earth, and how the
day
Is riveted with frost on every side.*

*We will go out across the ringing land
Through the clear, frozen day, until the
light
Turns once again to darkness, and we
stand
Encompassed by the fixed and staring
night.*

*No grief shall then assail us, nor regret
Make weak our hearts; but lifting up our
eyes
We will consider how the stars are set
Like golden nails in the unflinching
skies.*

—Christina Bevan, in *The Saturday Review* (London).

THE PEKING MAN

by G. Elliot Smith, F. R. S.

*As a sequel to the finding of two evidently human teeth of extreme antiquity, in 1926, at a place called Choukoutien, among the hills southwest of Peking, China, Dr. Davidson Black, a brilliant young Canadian scientist, has unearthed fossil remains of a distinct and hitherto unknown type of primitive man. The new genus is dubbed *Sinanthropus Pekinensis*, or the Peking Man. Geologists are apparently unanimous in pronouncing this "the most important find of early human remains yet made," in that it is more entitled to be regarded as the "missing link" than anything previously found.*

According to Dr. Black, the so-called Peking Man had a well-developed skull, indicating a brain of good size, and his teeth were definitely human, even though his jaw was of characteristic ape formation. His age is placed at a million years, and he represents a type that in all probability originated in Central Asia.

AT the annual meeting of the Geological Society of China, which took place in Peking, February 14, 1929, Professor Davidson Black gave an account of the discovery of a series of fossil remains of a new and very primitive genus of the human family, for which he invented the distinctive name of *Sinanthropus Pekinensis*.

The discovery of *Sinanthropus* in China ranks in importance with the finding of *Pithecanthropus* in Java by Professor Eugène Dubois in 1891, and of the Piltdown Man (*Eoanthropus*) in Sussex by the late Charles Dawson, in conjunction with Sir Arthur Smith Woodward, in 1912. These three divergent but extremely primitive members of the human family seem to have been approximately contemporaneous. It is, of course, impossible as yet exactly to correlate the geological ages in countries so far apart in space as Java, England, and China. But all three fossils belong to the Early Pleistocene Age, which may be as much as a million years ago.

Whatever date will eventually be assigned to these three experimental types of mankind, it is certain that they are vastly more ancient than any other human beings at present known, not excluding even *Palæanthropus* (Heidelberg Man), and the relatively much more recent Rhodesian Man and Neanderthal Man. . . .

The series of photographs and drawings establish the fact that the jaws of *Sinanthropus* reveal nearer affinities to the Piltdown jaw than to any other known types. The fragments of the skull, although still embedded in the matrix of travertine, enabled Professor Davidson Black to determine that they were definitely larger than the corresponding parts of the brain-case

of *Pithecanthropus*, but are thinner than, and distinct in type from, the Piltdown skull. . . .

The curious fact emerges that of these three earliest members of the human family so far known to us, the one who lived on the eastern littoral of the vast continental land-mass much more closely resembled his contemporary living in the Far West (in England) than his neighbor in Java. The discovery of three such contrasted types at the beginning of the Pleistocene Period on the extreme fringes, east, south, and west, of the vast domain of man suggests two reflections. Their common human ancestor must have lived long before them, in the Pliocene Period, to allow time for such profound contrasts to be developed. A variety of experimental types of the human family, grotesque caricatures of mankind, must have been roaming about in the heart of the great continent, working out the destiny of man, at the time when Nature was throwing the jetsam and flotsam of her failures into Java, Sussex and China.

The chief interest at the moment is the important bearing of the new discovery on the controversies over the interpretation of the Piltdown fossils, which, even after seventeen years, are not yet completely settled. Both the jaws found in China present the same ape-like conditions which, in the opinion of leading European palæontologists, make it impossible to assign to the Piltdown jaw a human status. No one questions the association of the jaws with the brain-cases in the Chinese discoveries. Hence they afford the strongest possible corroboration of the position adopted by British anthropologists in 1912—that the association of an ape-like jaw, such as Mr. Dawson found at Piltdown, with a primitive human skull was not impossible.

This consideration lends particular interest to the new discovery. But, in addition, it broadens our perspective of the early history of the human family and gives us greater confidence in interpreting their profound significance.—From *The Illustrated London News*.

He Resolves to Say No More

O my soul, keep the rest unknown!

It is too like a sound of moan

When the charnel-eyed

Pale Horse has nighed:

Yea, none shall gather what I hide!

Why load men's minds with more to bear

That bear already ails to spare?

From now alway

Till my last day

What I discern I will not say.

Let Time roll backward if it will;

(Magians who drive the midnight quill

With brain aglow

Can see it so,)

What I have learnt no man shall know.

And if my vision range beyond

The blinkered sight of souls in bond,

—By truth made free—

I'll let all be,

And show to no man what I see.

—Concluding poem in Thomas Hardy's last book, *Winter Words*, posthumously published by the Macmillan Company.



THE PEKING MAN

From the Restoration Drawing by A. Forestier

A new link in human evolution has come to light in the fossil remains recently unearthed near Peking, China, by Professor Davidson Black, and named from the locality Sinanthropus Pekinensis. It ranks in importance with those of Pithecanthropus in Java and the Piltdown Man in Sussex, England, all three belonging to the Early Pleistocene Age, possibly a million years ago. (See The Peking Man, Page 179)

CROSS-ROADS TO HAPPINESS

by Bertrand Russell

IF George Washington were to return to earth, the country which he created would puzzle him dreadfully. He would feel a little less strange in England, still less strange in France; but he would not feel really at home until he reached China. There, for the first time in his ghostly wanderings, he would find men who still believe in "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and who conceive these things more or less as Americans of the War of Independence conceived them. And I think it would not be long before he became President of the Chinese Republic.

Western civilization embraces North and South America, Europe excluding Russia, and the British self-governing dominions. In this civilization the United States leads the van; all the characteristics that distinguish the West from the East are most marked and farthest developed in America. We are accustomed to take progress for granted: to assume without hesitation that the changes which have happened during the last hundred years were unquestionably for the better, and that further changes for the better are sure to follow indefinitely. On the Continent of Europe, the war and its consequences have administered a blow to this confident belief, and men have begun to look back to the time before 1914 as a golden age, not likely to recur for centuries. In England there has been much less of this shock to optimism, and in America still less. For those of us who have been accustomed to take progress for granted, it is especially interesting to visit a country like China, which has remained where we were one hundred and fifty years ago, and to ask ourselves whether, on the balance, the changes which have happened to us have brought any real improvement. . . .

If I were to try to sum up in a phrase the main difference between the Chinese and ourselves, I should say that they, in the main, aim at enjoyment, while we, in the main, aim at power. We like power over our fellow-men, and we like power over Nature. For the sake of the former we have built up strong states, and for the sake of the latter we have built up Science. The Chinese are too lazy and too good-natured for such pursuits. To say that they are lazy is, however, only true in a certain sense. They are not lazy in the way that Russians are, that is to say, they will work hard for their living. Employers of labor find them extraordinarily industrious. But they will not work, as Americans and Western Europeans do, simply because they would be bored if they did not work, nor do they love hustle for its own sake. When they have enough to live on, they live on it, instead of trying to augment it by hard work. They have an infinite capacity for leisurely amusements—going to the theater, talking while they drink tea, admiring the Chinese art of earlier times, or walking in beautiful scenery. To our way of thinking,

there is something unduly mild about such a way of spending one's life; we respect more a man who goes to his office every day, even if all that he does in his office is harmful.

Living in the East has, perhaps, a corrupting influence upon a white man, but I must confess that, since I came to know China, I have regarded laziness as one of the best qualities of which men in the mass are capable. We achieve certain things by being energetic, but it may be questioned whether, on the balance, the things that we achieve are of any value. We develop wonderful skill in manufacture, part of which we devote to making ships, automobiles, telephones, and other means of living luxuriously at high pressure, while another part is devoted to making guns, poison gases and aeroplanes for the purpose of killing each other wholesale. . . .

Comparing the actual outlook of the average Chinese with that of the average Westerner, two differences strike one: first, that the Chinese do not admire activity unless it serves some useful purpose; secondly, that they do not regard morality as consisting in checking our own impulses and interfering with those of others. . . .

With us, the people who are regarded as moral luminaries are those who forego ordinary pleasures themselves and find compensation in interfering with the pleasures of others. There is an element of the busybody in our conception of virtue: unless a man makes himself a nuisance to a great many people, we do not think he can be an exceptionally good man. This attitude comes from our notion of Sin. It leads not only to interference with freedom, but also to hypocrisy, since the conventional standard is too difficult for most people to live up to. In China this is not the case. Moral precepts are positive rather than negative. A man is expected to be respectful to his parents, kind to his children, generous to his poor relations, and courteous to all. These are not very difficult duties, but most men actually fulfill them, and the result is perhaps better than that of our higher standard, from which most people fall short.

There is one serious defect, and only one, in the Chinese system, and that is, that it does not enable China to resist more pugnacious nations. If the whole world were like China, the whole world could be happy; but so long as others are warlike and energetic, the Chinese, now that they are no longer isolated, will be compelled to copy our vices to some degree if they are to preserve their national independence. But let us not flatter ourselves that this imitation will be an improvement.—From *Sceptical Essays*, by permission of W. W. Norton & Company (New York).

After ten years we have reached a point where the cities lack bread, and we must realize that the difficulty is not the

result of accident or a poor crop.—
Michael Kalenin, member of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee.

NAPOLEON DESCRIBED ON HIS DEATHBED

by Marshal (Count) Bertrand

This historic document in the handwriting of the faithful Marshal Bertrand, who shared the St. Helena exile with Napoleon Bonaparte, recently came to light after having been missing for nearly a century. M. Ernest d'Hauterive, a distinguished man of letters, received it and other papers from Louis Napoleon in 1870, a few months before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, with a view to having them prepared for publication. The plan was interrupted by the war. M. d'Hauterive publishes the interesting document in the Revue des Deux Mondes.

Marshal Bertrand was the companion of Napoleon at Elba and St. Helena. He served with distinction from Austerlitz to Waterloo, and succeeded Duroc as grand marshal of the palace. His memoirs appeared in 1847.

"THE end is near, Bertrand," he said. "You know, I would like to be buried in France, on the shores of the Seine, amid that people that I have loved so much. I do not think that the Bourbons will have any objection to my being buried in France. It would be a magnanimous gesture on their part. If they consent, I want to be buried between Massena and Lefebvre. Perhaps somebody will erect a little column over my grave. I will be satisfied. But if the Bourbons object that I be buried in Paris, I will be content if my ashes repose at Lyons, or even on Corsica. I feel certain that my remains will not stay on St. Helena."

Exhaustion was overtaking the Emperor, and he was on the point of lying down, but he returned to the table. "I have forgotten something," he said and, fumbling in the pocket of his cloak, he drew out a silver snuff-box. "Take this box to the son of Michel Ney," he said. "Tell him that I thought of his father in this last hour." The Emperor took a penknife and carefully scratched a big capital "N" on the lid of the box. "Blood ran out of the corners of his mouth as he bent over the snuff-box," comments the Marshal.

"Bertrand," said Napoleon, suddenly looking up. "Do not permit them to bury me at Saint Denis amid the Bourbons. I want a place of my own, however humble. I think I am entitled to a place of my own." For a few moments the dying Emperor sat in deep reverie. He stared in front of him, sighing deeply from time to time. Suddenly he said: "Quel roman que ma vie!" (What a romance was my life!)

Then, bethinking himself of another matter, he spoke: "Grand Marshal," he began, "I desire you to go to my mother. You can tell her that I thought that it would be better if she would employ the rest of her fortune in giving

dowries to her grandchildren. She should try to marry the Princesses into distinguished old Roman families. I feel that we are done in so far as France is concerned. None of my relatives or descendants will ever be permitted to ascend the throne of France. But if the young Princesses should marry into the Colonna or Orsini families, all might be well yet.

"The Orsinis and Colonnas are the families out of which Popes are born. If we are related with those families there will some day be a Pope with the name of Bonaparte.

"That Bonaparte will in truth rule over the earth!

"Rome is the Eternal City," sighed the Emperor. Gradually his thoughts began to wander. "My nieces can go to Rome and wash the feet of the Pope, but they must never wash the feet of the Queen of Sweden or any other monarch.

"I have only one regret," he spoke up again, "and that is that my father was not present at my coronation in Notre Dame. Father would have been so proud. Once I said that I would play those Frenchmen a trick. I can say now that I have kept my promise."

The past rose before the dying Napoleon. The short sentences that he uttered showed that he was reviewing the famous battles.

"I should have employed more cavalry at Austerlitz. . . . Egypt interrupted me. . . . If they had given me time I would have thrown the Turkish Empire upside down. . . . I would have marched to India and finished with England once and for all. . . . Perhaps I would have returned by way of Austria. . . . At Vienna I would have swept away the Hapsburg scoundrels. . . . I might have done the world a big favor. . . . History will reproach me my divorce from Josephine. . . . It was necessary for my dynasty. . . . I could do no otherwise. It grieved me as much as it did her."

His breathing was becoming more difficult. Soon came the end.

As Napoleon leaned back in his chair, I wrapped his cloak around his feet.

"I am not afraid, Bertrand. History will judge me. The English dishonored themselves by placing me on this burning rock. I had deserved a more magnanimous treatment. History will also judge them."

Pain was returning and it was distorting the Emperor's face. He seized his stomach with his right hand and his head slowly slumped forward. Suddenly he freed his hand and flung it out with a last gesture. His head dropped back and his eyes stared fixedly ahead: "Tete d'Armee. . . . (Head of the Army) Josephine. . . . Father," he whispered, and was dead.—From the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (Paris).

Amiable Victim. *"It's perfectly all right, thank you. I'm not a bit hurt.*

Motorist. *I say, you're behaving jolly*

well about it. It's a real pleasure to knock down a thorough sportsman like you.—Punch.

Napoleon always realized to the full the political and educative value of propaganda by means of beautiful coins and medals drawn by the best artists and struck at the Imperial Mint with the utmost care. He himself would have all designs and proofs submitted for his supervision and approval. Thus we know that his effigies were exactly what he wanted them to be. . . .

On the other hand . . . we must infer from a careful survey that Napoleon was not too hard a master to please, that he was but little vain, and left a pretty free hand to the draughtsmen who had to fix his features on metal for posterity.

The Emperor used to give also precise instructions as to the number of medals to be struck on great occasions. For his coronation he ordered 87,450 medals (including 100 big size—about 1½-inch—and 12,900 small size in gold), at a cost of 203,363 francs; for his marriage with Marie-Louise, 85,000 medals (including 100 big size and 12,500 small size in gold), at a cost of 162,900 francs. Moreover, he always took good care that a sum of about 15,000 francs should be set down in the yearly estimates of the Imperial Household to provide with medals the Imperial cabinets both of himself and of his consort.—J. Coudurier de Chassigne, C.B.E., Member of the Société Française de Numismatique, in *The Illustrated London News*.

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Not a day has passed since Napoleon Bonaparte breathed his last without his name being pronounced, written, or printed somewhere in the world. He it was who modified not only the map of

Europe for a while, but also, and that for ever, the mentality of all nations. He taught the world the real meaning of that too-often misunderstood word—liberty: not the liberty of the revolution leading to anarchy, but that freedom which cannot exist without public order and authority.—J. Coudurier de Chassigne, C. B. E., in *The Illustrated London News*.

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When Napoleon left Paris suddenly after Waterloo he went to Malmaison. He was discovered with his feet on a window-sill, reading a book. That book, read while an Empire fell about his ears, was *The Essays of Michael, Lord of Montaigne*.—Alfred T. Sheppard, in *The Bookman* (London).

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### Forty-eight

*I have but gone the general way of men:  
Sunk but a fraction deeper in the mire;  
Risen, when at all, a doubtful hair's-  
breadth higher;  
Cropped with the herd, and known the  
common pen;  
Desired my kind as they desire, and then  
Cried out, no more than they, upon de-  
sire;  
Half-warmed my hands before a half-lit  
fire:  
I have but gone the general way of men.*

*How is it now in retrospect I see  
Things so far beyond the reach of me?  
Disaster in the game I never played;  
And Actium when the fated galleys flee;  
And Hamlet musing on our mystery;  
And Jesus in me, by myself betrayed.*

—T. Earle Welby, in the *London Saturday Review*.

# THE JOB OF LIVING WITH JOSEPH CONRAD

by His Wife

*Jessie George, of English parentage, and the great Anglo-Polish novelist, to whom she was "a wife, sometimes his friend, sometimes a mother, quite often a playmate . . . and very often indeed his business adviser, and for years his amanuensis," were married in 1896, the year after Almayer's Folly, his first book, was published. Thereafter came in succession from his pen An Outcast of the Islands, The Nigger of the Narcissus, Tales of Unrest, Lord Jim, Typhoon, The Mirror of the Sea and other memorable tales. He died August 3, 1924 at Bishopsbourne, Kent, England, and is buried at Canterbury.*

MY first impression of Joseph Conrad was that his was the strangest but most powerful personality with which I had ever come in contact. . . .

Long before there was any thought of marriage he would read to me his manuscripts. A Pole, occasionally he would use words that, though in a dictionary sense correct, were so far removed from the vernacular as to be difficult to understand. But should I query a word, he would snatch back the manuscript in a truly babelike gust of rage and berate me.

After we had known one another for about three years, and he was already the *raison d'être* for my existence, or so I felt, it occurred to him that we might marry. Of the proposal he made quite a ceremony. On the day that we became engaged he took me out to lunch and then to a picture gallery. And although we knew one another so well the emotion we both experienced was so great that each of us became ill, and we had to separate and go to our respective houses.

I realized on the eve of marriage that I could help him best by giving him complete freedom.

Thus when we were married Joseph Conrad had as much freedom as though he had remained a bachelor. I knew that the ordinary restrictions imposed by marriage would kill something that was precious in my husband, and I decided that to sacrifice my own convenience meant far less than sacrificing one whit of his personality, which was part of his genius.

Sometimes, therefore, I was his wife, sometimes his friend, sometimes a mother to him, quite often a playmate . . . and very often indeed his business adviser, and for years his amanuensis.

I enjoyed each rôle in turn. I loved the rich variety that was woven into the fabric of my relations with him. He never quite approved of me, although he was devoted to me. . . .

In view of the exceptional breadth of his vision and the depth of his understanding, some of the curious little things he did are the more laugh-

able by comparison. Every now and then my husband, who was the most generous of men, would have fits of anxiety and go almost into a panic at the sight of some tiny expenditure.

I remember while we were still on our honeymoon, and were in a little cottage in Brittany, I bought myself an oil lamp. While I was in the kitchen, Joseph, who was in one of his nervously economical moods, entered, and, noticing it, immediately lowered it. He left the kitchen and I raised the light. He entered again and lowered it.

This silent little battle went on for some time, until finally I took some sewing into the sitting-room and began to stitch. At last my husband said:

"Aren't we going to have any dinner tonight?" I replied placidly:

"Not until you leave me sufficient light by which to cook."

He never touched the lamp again. Another occasion I remember that always makes me laugh was the scene he made when he discovered that I had taken some dose from a shilling packet of some patent medicine that was his.

"It's mine," he stormed. "You had no right to take away from me anything that was mine. It was for me."

Years later the same spirit showed itself quaintly. I had bought and planted rose trees. One April morning he went out and looked at them, and then moaned:

"Why, oh why, did you make me spend three pounds on rose trees? I've looked at them, and there is not a rose on one of those d—— sticks!"

Work, to my husband, was never easy. It always meant pain. The birth of each new character was an anguish to him. For months on end his nerves would cry for a respite which his mind refused to grant.

Often he worked all night. I used to leave a tray outside his room, and if he whistled *Carmen*—the only air he knew—when he fetched it, I could tell that things were going well, but if he was silent I knew he was in trouble. I always listened for him to get the tray, whether it was at two or three or four in the morning.

He was a thoughtful man, earnest, melancholy, but every now and then a gleam of humor would break through the sadness that is inseparable from the artist. Thus when he saw our second son, aged about five minutes, and observed that he was a very dark baby, he tried to conceal the twinkle in his eyes, and gasped in accents of exaggerated horror:

"Good heavens, I'm a Pole and the child is Italian!"

My husband had little business sense. I could never succeed in making him understand, for example, that his manuscripts possessed an intrinsic value. He would throw them down here, there, anywhere. Regularly I would go on my knees and pick them all up, from the grate, from the wastepaper basket, from the floor—and what a floor! It was a perfect lace pattern of cigarette burns—and from under the desk and under the furniture.



Those manuscripts were intensely interesting, for my husband would sketch in the margin the characters he was creating. Some of these drawings were brilliant, convincing, not to be forgotten, but Joseph himself always thought he was a poor artist. Nevertheless, I think that the pictures made him feel more intimate with the characters he was creating. . . .

He died without any suffering, I hope and believe. He fell out of his chair, dead. . . . —From the *London Sunday Express*.

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### A Rare Burns Manuscript

*This letter, bearing no date or place, was written by Robert Burns to Alexander Cunningham and is believed to constitute the only existing manuscript in his handwriting of his famous song O My Love's Like the Red, Red Rose. It will be observed that, contrary to the usual spelling of Luv in the song, Burns spells it Love. The letter was sold at auction in London several years ago for about \$10,000—a record price for a Burns letter at that time. From the purchaser at that sale it has been obtained by Walter M. Hill, a rare-book dealer of Chicago, and is now in America.*

*The epistle deals with the business relationship of the Scotch bard with Pietro Urbani, an Italian musician. Urbani was a native of Milan and obtained there the degree of Doctor of Music. He migrated to London, and during the year 1780 made his way to Scotland, singing and teaching. He published six volumes of his arrangements of Scottish songs. His meeting with Burns took place in 1793.*

Urbani has told [a damned falsehood] — I made no engagements or connections with him whatever — after he & I had met at Ld. Selkirk's we lived together three or four days in this town, & had a great deal of converse about our scots songs. I translated a verse of an Italian song for him or rather made an

English verse to suit his rythm & added two verses which had been already published in Johnson's Museum. I likewise gave him a simple old Scots song which I had picket up in this country, which he promised to set in a suitable manner — I would not even have given him this, had there been any of Mr. Thomson's airs suitable to it unoccupied — I shall give you the song on the other page. Urbani requested me to lend him a hand now and then in his work . . . but that now untill Mr. T. . . . 's publication was finished I could not promise anything. . . He hinted . . . something about mentioning my name in an advertisement, which I expressly forbade. . . for his impudence shall never receive any assistance from me.

So much, my dear Cuningham, as you say, as to business; now for the song. . . It is the only species of song about which our ideas disagree — what appears to me the simple & the wild, to him [Johnson], & I suspect to you likewise, will be looked on as the ludicrous & the absurd.

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### A Red, Red Rose

*O my Love's like a red, red rose  
That's newly sprung in June:  
O my Love's like the melodie  
That's sweetly played in tune!*

*As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in love am I:  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry:*

*Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.*

*And fare thee weel, my only Love,  
And fare thee weel a while!  
And I will come again, my Love,  
Though it were ten thousand mile.  
Yours most sincerely, R. B.*

N. B.—As to retorting on the Signior  
I scorn it. Let him, his lies & his works  
[go to hell their] own way. R. B.

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## Sunset

*A beam of light was shaken out of the  
sky  
On to the brimming tide, and there it lay  
Palely tossing like a creature condemned  
to die  
Who has loved the bright day.*

*Ah, who are these that wing through the  
shadowy air?  
She cries, in agony. Are they coming for  
me?  
The big waves croon to her: Hush, now!  
There, now, there!  
There is nothing to see.*

*But her white arms lift to cover her shin-  
ing head,  
And she presses close to the waves to  
make herself small.  
On their listless knees the beam of light  
lies dead.  
And the birds of shadow fall.*

—Katherine Mansfield, in *The Book-  
man* (New York).

## At the Time of the Full Moon

*It is dark tonight in moon country  
On the far side of its girth,  
It is all dark in the valleys  
Where none seeth Earth.*

*The sun, with his day-long dawning,  
Tomorrow in that land  
Will rise with a golden anger  
On the old rocks and the sand.*

*But they never see Earth's splendor  
Lift like a silver hill,  
Monstrously over the seabeds  
That no waters fill,*

*Gleaming with eerie beauty,  
Continents bright, and the seas  
Lucid as palest sapphires  
Sold by the Cingalese.*

*With the long shadows lying  
Black, in a land alight  
With a more luminous wonder  
Than ever comes to our night.*

*They never see Earth float over,  
Whoever they be;  
And they know no hint of her purpose.  
Neither do we.*

—Lord Dunsany, in *The Saturday  
Evening Post* (Philadelphia).

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*We [poets] make out of the quarrel  
with others, rhetoric, but of the quarrel  
with ourselves, poetry. Unlike the rhet-  
oricians, who get a confident voice from  
remembering the crowd they have won  
or may win, we sing amid our uncer-  
tainty, and, smitten even in the presence  
of the most high beauty by the knowl-  
edge of our solitude, our rhythm shud-  
ders.—William Butler Yeats.*

# LETTERS TO TURGENEV

by Gustave Flaubert

*Here are passages from four recently published letters of special interest to lovers of literature. The first letter was written shortly after the great French and Russian novelists became friends, and shortly after Turgenev published *Smoke*, to which reference is made. The second letter certainly dates from 1872, Theophile Gautier having died in that year; the third is dated July 2, 1874, and the fourth was written in 1878, five years before the Russian master died at his Bougival villa, near Paris.*

MY dear Confrère,—You have written me a very amiable letter and you are too modest. For I have just read your last book. I found you in it, and more intense, more rare than ever.

What I admire above all in your talent is its distinction—a supreme quality. You find a way of being accurate without banality, of being sentimental without affection, of being comic without the least vulgarity. Eschewing theatrical tricks, you obtain tragic effects by composition alone. You have the air of being a good fellow and yet you are very strong. “The skin of the fox joined to that of the lion,” as Montaigne says.

That is a beautiful story about Elena. I like her and I like Choubine and all the others. As one reads, one keeps saying, “I have passed by there.” Furthermore, I do not believe that anyone will feel page fifty-one as I did. What psychology! But I should have to write many, many lines to express all I think.

As for your *First Love*, I understood it particularly well because it is the real story of one of my very intimate friends. All old romantics—and I am one, though I have slept with my head resting on a dagger—all old romantics ought to be grateful to you for that little story that has so much to say to them about their youth! What a real girl Zinochka is.

Knowing how to invent women is one of your outstanding qualities. They are both ideal and real. They attract one like a halo. But there are just two lines that dominate this whole story, this whole volume, even: “I cherished no evil sentiment against my father. On the contrary he had, as it were, grown before my eyes.” That seems to me to possess a terrifying depth. Will it be commented upon? I don’t know, but to me it was sublime.

Yes, my dear confrère, I hope that our relationship will not stay where it is and that our sympathy will become friendship.

A thousand handclasps.

\* \* \* \*

. . . Théo [Theophile Gautier] is dead, poisoned by modern vulgarity.



Exclusively artistic people like him have no place in a society dominated by the plebeian element. That is what I said yesterday in a letter to Mme. Sand, who is very good, but too good, too full of benedictions, too democratic and evangelical.

I am like you, though I have no more taste for life. Existence is beginning to make me furiously angry. Voltaire said that life was a cold pleasantry. I find it too cold and not pleasant enough and try to ease myself of it as much as I can. I read about nine or ten hours a day, but a little distraction from time to time would do me no harm. But what form of distraction am I to go in for?

Your visit, on which I am counting, ought to be an exquisite distraction, or better still, a kind of happiness and certainly the only happy event of my year. *Crac!* In bed you suffer like a damned soul.

You will see me in Paris at the beginning of December. Until then, tell me your news and if you feel like coming, come. You will always be welcome at the house of your G. Flaubert, who embraces you.

\* \* \* \*

*Kaltbad, Rigi, Switzerland.*

*July 2, 1874.*

I too am hot and I possess that superiority or inferiority to you which makes me get angry on a gigantic scale. I came here to perform an act of obeisance, because I was told that the pure mountain air would make me lose my redness and would calm my nerves. So be it. But up to now I only feel an immense boredom due to solitude and laziness, for, since I am not a man of Nature, her marvels bore me more than those of Art. She crushes me without furnishing me with any "great thought." I should like to say to her inwardly, "Nice of you, I'm sure! A little while ago I came out of you, in a few minutes I shall return, but meanwhile, let me alone, I want other distractions." The Alps, moreover, are out of all proportion to us as individuals. They are too big to be useful to us. . . .

You speak to me of *Saint Antoine* and say that the great public does not care for it. I knew that in advance, but I thought that the élite public understood me more widely than they do. If it hadn't been for Drummond and little Pelletan I should not have had one favorable criticism. I have nothing good from Germany, either. So much the worse! With the grace of God, what's done is done and from the moment I heard that you liked the book, I felt repaid. Big success has quit me since *Salammbô*, but what remains in my heart is the failure of *L'Éducation sentimentale*. I am astonished that people did not understand that book. . . .

Ah, my dear, good, old Turgenev, how I wish that it was autumn, so that I could be having you with me at Croisset for a good fortnight! You will bring your work, and I shall show you the first pages of *B. and P.*, [*Bouvard*

and *Pécuchet* (posthumously printed in 1881) which Flaubert curiously believed to be his masterpiece] which will, let us hope, be done, and then I shall listen to you. . . .

Write me often and at length. Your letters are like water in the desert to me. About the fifteenth of the month I plan to leave Switzerland and shall undoubtedly be spending a few days in Paris. Adieu, my dear great friend, I embrace you with all my strength.

\* \* \* \*

*Croisset.*

I was beginning to worry about you, my dear, good old friend. I was afraid that you were sick. My own affairs are jogging along. . . . My notes for *Hérodias* are written and I am working out my plan. I believe I have embarked on a little piece of work that is far from easy, because of the explanations which the French reader will need. To make it all clear and lively with so many complex elements presents gigantic difficulties, but if there were no difficulties, where would the amusement be?

Are you reading the good Zola's dramatic criticisms? I recommend what he wrote last Sunday as a curious piece. He seems to me to have narrow theories and they end by irritating me.

As far as his success is concerned, I believe that it is dwindling with *L'Assommoir*. The public that used to come to him will depart and never return. That is where the mania for taking sides and adopting systems leads one. It is all very well to make blackguards talk like blackguards, but why should the author borrow their language for himself? Yet he believes that it is strong stuff and does not perceive that this trick weakens the very effect he wishes to produce. . . .

The young Guy de Maupassant has published in the *République des Lettres* a study that makes me feel ashamed. It is a real fanatic's article, but there is a nice line about both of us at the end.

What else should I tell you? Nothing at all, unless it is that I love you, my dear great friend, but that you know already. G. FLAUBERT.—Translated from *L'Europe Nouvelle* (Paris) for *The Living Age* (New York).



### Shakespeare Read This Letter by Falstaff

Sir John Falstaff, as recorded by Shakespeare in King Henry IV, had been the boon companion of Prince Hal during the last years of Henry IV, but when the aged king died and the prince became Henry V he discarded his fat

and disreputable friend. Falstaff was disconsolate, and wrote this letter in 1414 when he was sixty-two years old—one year before his death. It reveals his state of mind in endeavoring to restore himself to royal grace.

The letter is addressed to Sir Edwin Poins, a friend of Falstaff's better days, who was in position to intercede with

*the king in his behalf, but who declined to do so. Although Falstaff writes facetiously, a note of pathos may be detected between the lines. This document, now contained in the Strongate collection, is believed to have been known to Shakespeare and to have guided him in shaping the character immortalized in the plays.*

"The Right (or Wrong) Worshipful Sir Edwin Poins, Knight of the Bath and Garter, Comptroller of the Staircases, Groom of the Laundry, dwelling at Windsor Castle.

"Ned, and be hanged in thine own garter or drowned in thine own bath, according as thou needest most trussing or washing.

"They told me in London thou hadst grown great at Windsor, and I hastened hither post to witness the marvel with mine own eyes—mistrusting other testimony. Lo, I am convinced! I saw thee this morning strutting on Wykeham's Tower—and noted that thou hadst become fat. At length, then, I may greet thee as an equal—the more, as it would seem I myself have so dwindled to thy former proportions that thou didst not know me; but when I sought to catch thine eye, twirledst thy chain and soughtest quarrel with a knave who was mis-carrying a hod of mortar. Since, then, thou art so puffed up and I so crushed and flattened—what should be the difference between us? If there be any, I pri'thee lessen it. If at length thou hast grown to outweigh me slice thyself down and throw me the parings. I but claim to compound a debt. I will cry quits for the wit I have lent thee if thou will give me the superabundance of dignity and favor which in truth thou seemest still somewhat too spindle-shanked of spirit to carry with grace. Nay, I will throw thee a good thing into the bargain.

Thou lackest humility—a commodity whereof more than I know what to do with hath been of late forced upon me. Thou shalt have it all.

"Indite me to dinner at the castle by 10 o'clock to-morrow. If thou failest—then I will make it known by the town-crier of Windsor what an ass thou really art and ever will be. 'Tis a secret worth hushing and known to none better than thine, forgivingly.—John Falstaff.

("In sober earnest, dear Ned, thou mayest serve me near him thou wottest of. I pri'thee forget not old friends and comrades. Thou couldst not know me this morning—for reasons I guess at. But see me and it shall bring thee to no harm.—J. F.). At the Garter Inn, Friday, 1414."—From *The Life of J. Falstaff* by Robert B. Brough, in *Public Opinion* (London).

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## The Happy Tree

*There was a bright and happy tree;  
The wind with music laced its boughs;  
Thither across the houseless sea  
Came singing birds to house.*

*Men grudged the tree its happy eves,  
Its happy dawns of eager sound;  
So all that crown and tower of leaves  
They leveled with the ground.*

*They made an upright of the stem,  
A cross-piece of a bough they made:  
No shadow of their deed on them  
The fallen branches laid.*

*But blithely, since the year was young,  
When they a fitting hill did find,  
There on the happy tree they hung  
The Saviour of mankind.*

—From the *Collected Poems of Gerald Gould* (Victor Gollancz).



# ENGLAND AND AMERICA INTER-DEPENDENT

by the Earl of Balfour

*John Bull, as represented by Lord Balfour in the following article, advances more than half way to meet Uncle Sam and come to a friendly mutual understanding. No living Briton enjoys greater respect in America than this distinguished statesman who headed the British Mission to America in 1917, and to the Washington Conference in 1921-22, who has served as First Lord of the Admiralty, as Secretary of Foreign Affairs and is now president of the British Academy.*

I HOLD that the world, as never before, is conscious, however intermittently, that it constitutes a unity, however loosely organized; that it has common interests which may require, however rarely, a certain measure of common action; that it should cultivate an international public opinion—dispassionate, impartial, and instructed—capable of working through any form of international machinery, temporary or permanent, now existing or hereafter to be created; and that the English-speaking peoples, if they work harmoniously together, are specially fitted by temperament and tradition to contribute to the realization of this great ideal.

It may be objected that, however excellent these reasons may be in themselves, the shadows of ancient conflicts, lying as they do across the formative years of American history, will always mar the full perfection of Anglo-American coöperation.

I do not desire to under-rate the difficulty. Among the ironies of history few are more tragic than that which, in the great drama of the American revolution, made England seem the enemy of freedom, France and Spain its defenders.

No doubt England brought this on herself, and what did happen could not but happen. Nevertheless there is a touch of melancholy humor in the spectacle of the thirteen colonies, in their dispute with the Mother Country concerning the proper interpretation of the principles of British liberty (a dispute in which they were fundamentally right), fighting side by side with the two Bourbon Governments to whom the principles of British liberty on any interpretation whatever, whether that of Grenville and North or of Burke and Chatham, were utterly and hopelessly repellent.

What are known as the French and Indian wars and the American Revolution determined that all organic connection between the United States and Europe should be forever ended.

Momentous decisions truly; decisions which have profoundly altered the history of the world. But one thing (in my opinion at least) they have not altered—they have not altered the fact that the English-speaking peoples, sep-

arated though they be by three thousand miles of ocean, and some unhappy memories, are capable when they like of a mutual comprehension which neither can attain to the same degree in their relations with other great nations of the European Continent.

This does not mean that the English-speaking peoples must necessarily be in friendly coöperation. I wish it did. Still less does it mean that they are heirs of some natural superiority which marks them off from the rest of mankind.

The peoples of the world are differently endowed, their contributions to the common stock of civilization are correspondingly different, and assuredly I am not qualified to weigh them in the balance.

My contention is simpler, and more honest. I hold that in addition to the direct and indirect effects of a common language, a common literature, common laws, and institutions springing from a common source, there are deep-lying identities of character which no political or military conflicts, nor any difference of external conditions, nor any admixture of alien blood, have been able to destroy. . . .

It is not, I think, merely "English-speaking patriotism" which makes me feel that in the formation of that "core" the English-speaking peoples should play a great part. They enjoy many advantages. Liberty among them is of older growth than elsewhere; its fruits are more obviously valuable. And they have, besides, an advantage due to historical and geographical conditions which no great, and few small, nations enjoy to an equal degree.

Territorially they want nothing. Internationally their main desire is peace and the assurance of peace. They have no traditions of departed greatness, or lost lands which through some change of fortune might conceivably be theirs once more; they have no "unredeemed" populations who turn to them for help.

All that is most ideal in their public morals, all that is most utilitarian in their economic life, work together to further their dislike of war. Their combined influence must make for international stability. Would it not be both a folly and a crime to do, or say, or think, anything which would imperil the possibility of a coöperative effort based on complete mutual understanding which might, were the occasion favorable, do so much for a stricken world?—From the *London Graphic*.

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## Speaking of American Culture

There are more Italians in New York than there are in Rome. There are nearly as many Irish-born men and women in the United States as there are in the whole of Northern Ireland. There are more

Norwegians, born in Norway, in America, than there are in Oslo and Bergen together, and nearly as many Swedes, born in Sweden, as there are in Stockholm and Goteborg together. New York is the largest Jewish city in the world, and there are nearly as many Russian-

born Russians in America as there are in Leningrad.

Yet none of these great groups of people has produced in literature or drama work equal to that of D'Annunzio, Pirandello, Yeats, Synge, Shaw, George Moore, Ibsen, Björnson, Strindberg, Heine, Tolstoy, Dostoyefsky, Turgenev, or Tchekov. It would not be possible to produce a list of twenty American authors, flourishing in the past seventy years, who are in the same class with twenty English authors, flourishing in the same period, namely, Swinburne, Tennyson, John Stuart Mill, Browning, Carlyle, George Eliot, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, Trollope, Meredith, Hardy, Kipling, Yeats, Shaw, Wilde, Wells, George Moore, Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy and John Masefield.

Whitman may, in time, seem to be the Chaucer, and Eugene O'Neill to be the Marlowe, of America; but thus far it is significant, surely, that no American has ever received or, so far as can be discovered, been proposed for the Nobel Prize for Literature. The fact need not greatly perturb Americans, who may feel that the prize which was denied to Thomas Hardy is not, perhaps, to be coveted. In any event, Mark Twain and Henry James had claims to it as substantial, surely, as those of Mrs. S. Undset and Mr. Wladislau Reymont, neither of whom is world-renowned. But although no American has ever been awarded the prize for Literature, three Americans have received the Nobel Prize for Physics, one American has received it for Chemistry, another for Medicine, and no fewer than four have received it for their efforts to promote peace.—St. John Ervine, famous British playwright and critic, in the *New York World*.

## Australia Looks to America

Eight out of ten Australians have never seen Britain, and of those who have a vast number saw it in the later years of the War, when they saw it to very little advantage. They have come back with ideas of the incompetency of British leadership and the inefficiency of British methods, which do not tend to strengthen the tie. Our commercial bonds with Great Britain, too, are still far greater than those with any other nation. But we know far more about America. San Francisco is very much nearer to us than any British port. An Australian taking a holiday can, with an effort, get a week or two on the Pacific slope. He cannot, until the time comes for his retirement, visit Great Britain.

The picture shows of Australia are nearly all American. The language of Australia is rapidly becoming Americanized, and our newspapers talk shamelessly about "graft" when they mean corruption. Thanks, too, to the real ineptitude of British commercial efforts, the car market of Australia is occupied by American makes, and every time he wants a spare part the Australian finds demonstrated to him the excellence of American organization and the superiority of her business methods. America, moreover, is a country like our own, newly settled and rapidly developing.

The Australian finds in the Western American town just the kind of town that he is accustomed to—with no history, with no past, but with an incalculable future. On the other hand, there is among genuine Australians no inferiority complex about America such as seems to pervade Ireland and England (I here distinguish Scotland).—Hon. W. A. Holman, former Premier of New South Wales, Australia, in the *London National Review*.



# SCIENCE PROBES TO THE MYSTERY OF LIFE

by Professor F. G. Donnan

*This announcement, made before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, by the Professor of Physical Chemistry at University College, London, recently startled the scientific world. Particular significance lies in the reference to the "impending discovery" of the eminent English physiologist, A. V. Hill, of a way to create life artificially. In a subsequent statement, Professor Donnan declared: "The day is nearer when the physiologist will be able to create life, and there is no reason why life on a physio-chemical plane should not be constructed by the creation of living cells."*

THE living cell contains a system known as protoplasm, though as yet no one can define what protoplasm is. One of the fundamental components of this system is the class of chemical substance known as protein, and each type of cell in each species of organism contains one or more proteins which are peculiar to it.

There is something extraordinarily significant in the condition of the protoplasm system. There must exist some very curious inner structure where the protein molecules are marshalled and arrayed as long mobile chains or columns.

The molecular army within the cell is ready for quick and organized action, and is in a state, during life, of constant activity. Oxidation, assimilation and the rejection of waste products are always going on. The living cell is constantly exchanging energy and materials with its environment. The apparently stationary equilibrium is in reality a kinetic or dynamic equilibrium.

But there is a great mystery here. Deprive your motor-car of petrol or of oxygen and the engine stops. Yes, but it doesn't die; it does not begin at once to go to pieces. Deprive the living cell of oxygen or food and it dies and begins at once to go to pieces. The autolytic enzymes begin to hydrolyze and break up the dead protoplasm.

Why is this? What is cellular death? The atoms and the molecules and ions are still there. Meyerhof has shown that the energy content of living protein is no greater than that of dead protein. Has some ghostly entelechy or vital impulse escaped unobserved?

It is just here, at the very gate between life and death, that the English physiologist, A. V. Hill, is on the eve of a discovery of astounding importance, if indeed he has not already made it. It appears from his work on non-medullated nerve cells and on muscle that the organized structure of these cells is a chemo-dynamic structure which requires oxygen, and therefore oxidation, to preserve it.

The organization, the molecular structure, is always tending to run down, to approach biochemical chaos and disorganization. It requires constant oxidation to preserve the peculiar organization or organized molecular structure of life of a living cell.

The life machine is therefore totally unlike our ordinary mechanical machines. Its structure and organization are not static. They are in reality dynamic equilibria, which depend on oxidation for their very existence. The living cell is like a battery which is constantly running down, and which requires constant oxidation to keep it charged.

It is perhaps a little premature at the present moment to say how far these results will prove to be general. Personally I believe that they are of enormous importance and generality, and that for the first time in the history of science we begin, perhaps as yet a little dimly, to understand the difference between life and death, and therefore the very meaning of life itself.

Life is a dynamic molecular organization kept going and preserved by oxygen and oxidation. Death is the natural irreversible breakdown of this structure, always present and only warded off by the structure-preserving action of oxidation.

The last great problem which I shall venture to consider in this brief sketch concerns the origin of life. There appear to be two schools of thought in the speculation of this character. The late Professor Arrhenius supported the theory or doctrine of panspermia, according to which life is as old and as fundamental as inanimate matter. Its germs or spores are supposed on this view to be scattered through the universe, and to have reached our planet quite accidentally.

Arrhenius brought forward the very ingenious idea that the motion in and distribution through space of these germs or spores were caused by the pressure of light, which in the case of very minute bodies can overcome the attraction of gravitation, as is often seen in the tails of comets.

If the living has arisen on this planet from what we regard as the non-living, then various extremely interesting points arise. It is already pretty certain that it originated in the primeval ocean since the inorganic salts present in the circulating fluids of animals correspond in nature and relative

*All I have been doing is trying to find out how the organization of the molecules in the living cells work. There is not the slightest mystery about this, and I certainly do not think that anything I have done means that we shall shortly be able to plumb the secret of life. . . .*

*Life itself, the fundamental thing, will, I think, always remain a secret; you cannot explain a fundamental thing at all.*—Professor A. V. Hill, F. R. S., recipient of the Nobel prize for medicine, in the *London Daily Mail*.

amounts to what we have good reason to believe was the composition of the ocean some hundred million years ago. The image of Aphrodite rising from the sea is, therefore, not without scientific justification. . . .

D'Herelle has recently discovered the occurrence in certain bacterial cultures of what he calls the "bacteriophage." These seem to be excessively minute organisms which can hydrolyze the ordinary bacteria. . . .

This result gives rise to strange hopes. If we can find a complete continuity of dimensions between the living and the non-living, is there really any point where we can say that here is life and there is no life? That would be a daring and, perhaps, a dangerous theme to dwell on at the present time. But where there is hope there is a possibility of research. And who will set a limit to the discoveries that are possible to science in the future?

A hundred or a thousand years from now mathematics may have developed far beyond the extremest point of our present-day concepts. The technique of experimental science at that future date may be something undreamed of at the present time.

But the advance will be continuous, conformal and homologous with the thought and reasoning of today. The mystery of life will still remain. The facts and theories of science are more mysterious at the present time than they were in the days of Aristotle. Science, truly understood, is not the death, but the birth, of mystery, awe and reverence.—From an address delivered before the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

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## Our Extraordinary Moon

The sun is an ordinary star, and the earth is an ordinary planet, but the moon is not an ordinary satellite. No other known satellite is anything like so large in proportion to the planet which it attends. The moon contains about  $1/80$  part of the mass of the earth—which seems a small ratio; but it is abnormally great compared with other satellites. The next highest ratio is found in the system of Saturn whose largest satellite, Titan, has  $1/4000$  of the planet's mass. Very special circumstances must have occurred in the history of the earth to have led to the breaking away of so unusual a fraction of the mass.

The explanation proposed by Sir George Darwin—which is still regarded as most probable—is that a resonance in period occurred between the solar tides and the natural free period of vibration of the globe of the earth. The tidal deformation of the earth thus grew to large amplitude, ending in a cataclysm which separated the great lump of material that formed the moon. Other planets escaped this dangerous coincidence of period, and their satellites separated by more normal development.—Arthur S. Eddington, F.R.S., Professor of Astronomy, University of Cambridge, in *Harper's Magazine*.



# WHAT MAN'S NEW 200-INCH EYE WILL SEE

by Sir James H. Jeans

*With the new 200-inch telescope under construction for the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena, California—twice the size of the largest existing telescope—man will be enabled to see double the distance hitherto possible. In aperture this represents as great an advance over the 100-inch telescope of 1920 as the latter did over Herschel's telescope of 130 years earlier. Just as Herschel wondered what new discoveries a doubling of his aperture might produce, so we may wonder what will result from the doubling of the aperture which actually is taking place. Sir James Jeans, a medalist of the Royal Astronomical Society and who for four years occupied the chair of Applied Mathematics at Princeton University, thus outlines the subject.*

THE 100-inch telescope installed at Mount Wilson Observatory, California, in 1920 shows hardly any type of object that Sir William Herschel had not seen through his 4-foot telescope, 1789. The universe appears to be uniform, and the traveler in far-off regions does not encounter new species of objects, but merely further examples of the species which abound nearer home. For example, the 100-inch telescope shows about 2,000,000 nebulae, so that the new 200-inch telescope ought to show about 16,000,000, but the new 14,000,000 will in all probability prove very similar to the old 2,000,000. Yet this mere multiplication of specimens is not altogether valueless. If for no other reason, the new museum of nebulae is likely to contain eight times as many freaks and oddities as the old, and a few of these are often of more service than innumerable examples of normal formations.

To mention one instance, the solar system is now thought to have come into being as the result of a very unusual occurrence. In their blind motion through space two stars, so it is supposed, chanced to pass so close to one another that gigantic tides were raised, tides so high that the crests of the tidal waves broke off like drops of spray and subsequently condensed into planets. We may never hope to see such an event in progress; it is far too rare and in any case the stars appear far too small for us to be able to study it in detail even if it occurred. But the giant nebulae ought at times to exhibit the same phenomenon on a far grander scale. Indeed, the 100-inch telescope discloses five or six objects which may be examples of this process. The new telescope ought to show about fifty such, and with fifty specimens we may begin a systematic study, and hope really to learn something. Thus, although it is beyond all bounds of probability that we shall ever witness the birth of planets similar to our earth, a study of nebulae in the new telescope may disclose the general mechanism of its occurrence. . . .

*For the first 99.9 per cent. of his life on earth man was without telescopes, and paid the price by falling into the crude error of imagining himself the central fact, as well as the central point, of the universe. Only in the last 300 years of his long life of 300,000 years, has he begun to open his eyes to the wide world around him; here, he now realizes, is material which must throw light on his beginnings, meaning and destiny. He has learned to mistrust such explanations as originate in his own inner consciousness or are created by his own desires.—Sir James H. Jeans.*

But the main problem of present-day astronomy is not so much to discover new species of objects as to understand existing species; interpretation has become more important than discovery. It is reasonably certain that the known types form an evolutionary sequence; stars and other objects differ primarily because they are at different stages of their long journey from birth to death. And one great problem before astronomy is to trace out this journey—to string the beads in their right order, so to speak.

Man is no longer content to stare through a telescope as at a raree-show; the dumb attitude of astonished wonder has passed and he is beginning to ask insistently what it all means. What is the unifying concept behind it all, and what, in particular, is the relation of our puny planet and our ephemeral existence to the terrifying grandeur of the universe outside? The mathematicians have given the best answers they can, but the telescopic power so far available has been inadequate either to confirm or to disprove their answers. Even a little increase of power would be of great value; that to be embodied in the new instrument will be valuable beyond words.

In its main lines the answer to the problem is already beginning to emerge; it is, in brief, that the universe as a whole is transforming its substance into radiation. Matter, which appears to be indestructible on earth, is not so in the stars; there it is “burning up” so completely that neither ashes nor smoke are left—only radiation. Where two tons of matter existed in the past, only one remains today; the other ton has been annihilated, or rather is transformed into radiation which is destined to wander round and round space to the end of time.—From an article by the eminent British astrophysicist and Secretary of the Royal Society, in the *New York Times*.

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*I didn't like the cinema—until the talkies came.—Georges Clemenceau.*

*A good appearance is good business.—Prince of Wales.*

# STUMBLING-BLOCKS TO CIVILIZATION

by A. V. Hill, F. R. S.

I WOULD not make Progress into a false god. Most reasonable people, however, neither believing in magic on the one hand, nor in the inevitability of progress on the other, see in the achievements of mankind, won by patient toil and eager searching, by failure as well as success, by disaster as well as triumph, in sorrow as well as in joy, by courage as well as skill, something to be treated with respect and reverence, something sacred, as we have come to regard human life itself to be. The advance of knowledge is a real and living thing, something worth working for, worth fighting for.

It is true that we are all very stupid and unseeing still—some of us perhaps more stupid than others. We are very far yet from any Utopia, moral, mental, or material; but that the general progress of knowledge has improved man's lot and character and outlook in the last half million years, and that it can continue to improve them in the fifty million that lie before him, is a general proposition that not many will dare to deny.

After all, it is knowledge which makes civilization, *knowledge tempered by reasonable sentiment, controlled by decent emotion*. It is knowledge which makes the difference between man and animal: my spaniel Ben is a tangle of emotions, sentimental beyond belief, credulous to the last degree, ready to chase any imaginary cat or squirrel, believing in spooks and probably in "ectoplasm," a very pleasant and interesting companion, but utterly incapable of reaching any great height by his own unaided effort.

The capacity for knowledge, for understanding himself and his environment, is man's essential characteristic and his alone: and to deny him the exercise of this fundamental gift would be an unpardonable, an almost unthinkable offence. There is indeed no danger, today, of anyone attempting to do so: all governments pay at least lip-service to education and research.

*To be protested and fought against with all our strength are calumnies and persecutions, and attempts at legal interference with our liberties, wantonly intended to hinder the advance of knowledge; or national and political hatreds which prevent coöperation in the greatest of human quests; or theories, however well grounded, which their owners cannot conceive as being otherwise than true. In such matters, after all, modesty, friendliness, humanity, judgment, balanced by a reasonable sense of humor are, as in other things, the basis of human welfare.*—Professor A. V. Hill, Sc.D., F. R. S.



The danger arises in the special applications, not in the general proposition—namely, when any specific individual piece of knowledge comes in conflict with vested interests, or tribal prejudices, or inherent conservatism, or even natural stupidity. It is against such prejudices that the fight has continually to be waged.

Very often, upon admitted facts, a theory is based which represents not the whole truth but only one aspect of the truth. Because a process follows the laws of conduction of heat it does not follow that it is conduction of heat—other processes follow the same laws. Many theories which will explain a limited number of facts may prove right when the number of facts is increased. Let us admit that evolution is a fact: it is inconceivable otherwise in face of the evidence. The theory of natural selection was put forward to explain the admitted facts of evolution.

To some that theory has become a dogma just as hard and unbending as those of religious orthodoxy. Science too is apt to have its Thirty-nine Articles. Such an attitude of dogmatism is dangerous. To suppose that theories are facts, to be intolerant of those who do not believe one's theories while admitting one's facts, is to hinder progress from within just as effectively as others can hinder it from without. The attitude of the dictator had better be altogether avoided. Continual skepticism, both of other people's theories, but more particularly of one's own, is needed if we are, however slowly, to progress. Such scepticism may make us unpleasant people to live with, but it ensures that whatever little progress we may achieve is upwards and not down.

It is possible to hold strong opinions and still to be tolerant. We must have theories, and we may believe them very implicitly, if we are to progress. A sheer accumulation of facts will gradually overwhelm the human brain, if no means of ordering them be available. We must, however, continually reflect upon the possibility that after all we may be wrong. So long as we do nothing unfair to other people and *their* theories, so long as we do not interfere with *their* liberties in the pursuit of their lawful business, our own strong beliefs, our own stupidity and ignorance, may be forgiven.—From a lecture by the winner of the Nobel prize for medicine, featured in the London *Lancet*.

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## The Skeleton of Erasmus Unearthed

Desiderius Erasmus was born at Rotterdam in 1467, the illegitimate son of a physician's daughter, by Gerard of Tergon, who later became a monk, and the last fifteen years of his life were spent at

Basle, where he died in 1536. Last June [1928] his tomb in the cathedral was opened owing to the construction of a new system of central heating, and on Oct. 19th the bones were restored to their original place. In the interval they were subjected to a close study of Dr. A. Werthemann, of the Pathological Insti-

tute of Basle University, and the results were laid before the Basle Society of Natural Sciences at its meeting on Dec. 5th. The circumference of the skull measured 50.5 cm., its capacity 1255 c.cm., corresponding to a brain weight of 1200 g. This weight is small considering that the average weight in Caucasians and Chinese is something over 1300 g. That the man who stands for all time as the supreme type of cultivated common sense applied to human affairs should have had a brain smaller than the average demonstrates once again that quantity of brain substance has not the importance generally attributed to it.

From the measurements of the long bones the height of Erasmus during life was calculated at 173 cm., say 5 ft. 8 in. On the left ulnar bone and on the left tibiæ a thickening was found, parts of which were examined microscopically, and diagnosed as of unquestionably syphilitic origin. The syphilitic disease of Erasmus is of the acquired type; no sign of hereditary syphilis was found. The fact of syphilization is not in itself very astonishing. Whether or not the disease was introduced into Europe only after the discovery of America—i.e., several years after his birth—there is little doubt that in the lifetime of Erasmus syphilis had the character of a pandemic disease which was carried in many other ways than by clandestine sexual intercourse. Erasmus is credited with a constant fear of infectious diseases, and in his writings he advocated prohibition of marriage for diseased persons. It seems that he recognized the nature of his own condition, for in a letter to his friend Beatus Rhenanus, dated 1518, he described symptoms which can be interpreted as those of syphilis.

Dr. Werthemann has no doubt of the identity of the bones after a careful com-

parison of the skull with the portraits of Erasmus by Holbein.—From *The Lancet* (London).

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## Abandoned Battlefields

. . . Wherever woman bosses the show, it is because man doesn't want to. It is not rapacity and pushing on the woman's part. It is indifference on the man's. Men don't really care. Whenever they *do* care, there is no question of the intrusion of women.

Men really care still about engineering and mechanical pursuits, so there is very little intrusion of women there. But men are sadly indifferent to clerking pursuits, and journalistic pursuits, and even to parliamentary pursuits. So women flood in to fill the vacuums. If we get a House of Commons or a Congress filled with women members, it will be purely and simply for the reason that men, energetic men, are indifferent; they don't care any more about being Congressmen or Members of Parliament and making laws.

Indifference is a strange thing. It lies there under all the mass thinking and the mass activity, like a gap in the foundations. We still make a great fuss about government—and, underneath, most men are indifferent to it. . . .

Men leave the field to women, when men become inwardly indifferent to the field. What the women take over is really an abandoned battle. . . .—D. H. Lawrence, in *Vanity Fair* (New York).

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*History is filled with characters who essayed to play a part for which their temperaments unfitted them.*—Georges Clémenceau.

# THE GREAT POWERS IN A.D. 2000

by William Ralph Inge

*The "Gloomy Dean" of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, thus foresees the trend of events and what the world will be like seventy years hence. For Europe in general and Great Britain in particular the outlook is not rosy, for "there is no probability of there being a United States of Europe," and "it is inevitable that Great Britain shall cease to be one of the Great Powers of the world." On the other hand, "The United States of America will probably have a population of two hundred and fifty millions, and will be practically unassailable." Typical of his observations is, "What we know of the past is not worth knowing. Deity cannot alter the past, but the historian can and does."*

TO attempt to draw a map of the world with its political boundaries three-quarters of a century hence would be a rash and even foolish proceeding. No one can foresee what coalitions and alliances may be made, or what annexations and redistributions of territory may result from the next world-war, if that immeasurable calamity should occur. But certain general principles of political prediction may be laid down, and their main consequences indicated. . . .

Countries which from their size and geographical position are relatively invulnerable will have a great advantage over those which live in constant danger of attack by powerful neighbors. They will profit by having (so to speak) to pay much less in insurance against burglary.

Countries which are peopled by mutually antagonistic races, like the Austrian Empire before the war, are at a disadvantage compared with very homogeneous countries like France, or with countries where nationalities are fused, like the United States. . . .

The United States will probably have a population of two hundred and fifty millions, and will be practically unassailable. The only question is whether the Americans will rule over the whole of the New World. I am inclined to think that Canada will remain politically independent of the United States, though in social life it will, I am afraid, be thoroughly Americanized. I do not think that Latin America will be absorbed. The former Spanish and Portuguese colonies are increasingly conscious of their race, and they will grow in population and wealth even more rapidly than the United States.

In 2000 A.D. South America will be almost as much Italian as Spanish, for the swarming Italian population, excluded from North America, must find homes south of the Rio Grande. The Latin Republics will probably form an alliance or loose confederation to protect each other against aggression from the North. There are several other South American countries besides



Argentina which are intended by Nature to be the homes of great and wealthy nations. We may, therefore, name the United States and the South American group as two of the mightiest Powers of the world three generations hence.

The other great nation whose future can hardly be in doubt is Russia. The Slavs, as Bismarck truly said, multiply like rabbits, while the Germanic races only multiply like hares. The normal growth of a Slav population is nearly twenty per thousand per annum. Russia is not very likely to split up, or to remain split up, because there are no natural frontiers across its great plains. European Russia, with scientific agriculture and manufactures, could support nearly double its present population, and Siberia is potentially richer than Canada. . . .

There is no reason why the British Commonwealth of nations should not hold together as an alliance of several virtually independent peoples. But an alliance is not so strong as a single government; and if we look at the British Isles apart from the Dominions beyond the seas, I do not think that we shall be still a Power of the first class in the year 2000. The decline may be only relative, not absolute; but our pride is likely to suffer some mortifications. The same applies to France. . . . Germany and Austria will probably unite, and will keep the border against Russia. . . .

If it were possible to form a United States of Europe, this group would be irresistible. Ethnologically, there is no reason against it. All the European nations are composed of the three great racial types—Nordic, Alpine and Mediterranean, differently mixed. The Alpine type (hound-headed) is very weak in Britain, and Scandinavia may be almost purely Nordic; but there is no nation without racial admixture. We are all mongrels. In America the emigrants from all European countries live together amicably; why, it is asked, should not Europeans consult their own manifest interests and do the same? It is an ideal worth working for; but I fear that national prejudices and well-justified suspicions may prove too strong, unless, indeed, Europe is driven to combine for mutual protection. At present the only rivals to nationalism are the Black and Red Internationals—Ultramontane Catholicism and Communism. Heaven forbid that old-fashioned patriotism should be destroyed by either of these!—From *Labels and Libels*, by permission of Harper & Brothers, through the author.

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## The Importance of Temperature To Life

Each race of animals, including man, has its preferential temperature, and though the white bear and the seal like to live amid the ice-floes, most living

beings would quickly perish under these circumstances.

The most favorable temperatures for wild life would appear to lie between about 40 degrees and 100 degrees F. It is very probable that, freed from the strug-

gle against cold that not only took up his time but also employed a great part of his energy, both physical and moral, ancient man (I do not say prehistoric) developed, especially in the warm and temperate regions. The Egyptian, Greek and Roman civilizations prospered largely by reason of the mildness of the Mediterranean climate.

Light and heat have been the generators not only of physical strength, but of the sciences, the arts, poetry, eloquence, and literature.

In an arctic, or merely a cold, climate, these civilizations would never have been born; man would have had but one impulse—to migrate in savage hordes to more temperate regions, where sun and water make it possible to live in comfort, refining the muscles and the mind.

. . .

If our earth were captured by some huge extinct star, and forced to circle about it instead of about our sun, the temperature would fall in a few days by over a hundred degrees. This would mean swift death despite boilers and radiators. . . . It would be necessary to descend far into the earth, where we should meet the powerful heat from the incandescent matter at its core.

And if by chance there should be a return of the conditions of temperature and pressure favorable to the appearance of life on the earth, there would be new organisms, a new evolution of existing races, a few of which might survive in primitive form, arrested by pressure and cold. These would then develop into new forms like the tadpole when he changes into a frog, or the worm when he becomes a butterfly.—Dr. Paul Fumouze, French scientist, quoted in *La Victoire* (Paris).

## Fame and Failure

Today fame is a cheap thing, because anyone who is base enough to make his work pander to the lower side of "human nature," anyone who is foolish enough to agree with the half-wit, can become, for a time at least, "famous." In these days those famous men who are also *great* men—great scientists or great artists—are in very poor company.

Is it a compliment to be labeled "famous" in company with those "brilliant" young playwrights and novelists who deal (incompetently and with an unctuous vulgarity) with those subjects which might really be left to Deuteronomy? This modern brilliance (or brilliantine, as some witty writer called it) is a nasty, sticky, messy affair, and the owners of it smear it over everything which is clean.

The famous man who has deserved his fame prefers to look away from the menagerie of the new "celebrated" to those quiet and toiling creatures who are making beauty, humbly and quietly, in a million homes; who are performing the miracle of preserving love, and placing it so high that poverty cannot make it threadbare; who are performing the miracle of looking poverty and disaster in the face, and finding in it their own integrity; who are performing the lesser miracles of the common household tasks—making the fire glow, making the flowers grow. And the famous man thinks, with pride: *This* is success.

And then his eyes fall on the miserable gutter and those unhappy creatures that have been crushed into it. And he thinks: This is *my* failure. Not theirs, but mine. Christ, is this *all* that I have done?—Edith Sitwell, poet and essayist, in the London *Daily Mail*.

# IN DEFENSE OF DICTATORSHIPS

by General Primo de Rivera

FEW people will deny that from the material point of view the dictatorships of Europe have proved generally beneficial. The reason therefor, is easy to understand. In the first place the Ministers are relieved of the obligation of almost daily attendance at parliamentary sessions (very often lasting for many hours) and have accordingly gained much time to dedicate to the useful study of the problems entrusted to them.

I am not an enemy of assemblies; indeed, I have myself instituted the National Assembly in Spain which performs very useful work, and whose level is certainly above that of the Parliaments of the old régime. I repeat, I am not an enemy of assemblies, provided they work seriously and conscientiously for the national good. What I condemn from the point of view of a nation's real interests are the noisy, sterile assemblies, the parliaments which, to use the picturesque expression coined by Marshal Pilsudski, are like "locomotives dragging a needle," and which believe that their principal duty is to overthrow the Government in power.

Who will ever be able to calculate the evil caused to the world by these assemblies? Who can estimate the innumerable hours wasted by very efficient ministers in listening to discussions of merely personal or local interest? What progress the world could have made without malevolent opposition—engendered by political bias and feelings of personal rivalry—to really useful and reasonable schemes!

Mussolini has said that parliamentary democracy is the luxury of rich countries and the product of quiet times. He is quite right. In the rich and highly cultured countries, where the people's representatives understand their duty and know that it does not consist in making much ado about nothing but in helping the Government, independently of political bias, in its constructive labor, Parliament has its utility.

While a parliamentary régime is convenient for rich and cultured nations, the régime which I call "paternal dictatorship" is preferable for those which are developing their riches, which have defective civil educational systems, or which are faced with social, moral or economic crises.

Whatever may be the balance of opinion concerning the political aspects of the dictatorship in Spain, nobody can deny—the facts would contradict it—that in the last five years the country has made very considerable material progress which is manifesting itself in all branches of economic life. As for Italy, everybody knows how the chronic strikes were ended, how the lira was stabilized, how the south is progressing, how the formerly unhealthy regions of Sardinia and of the colonies are being exploited. The Portuguese dictatorship, too, is helping public expenses and without having recourse to an exter-





**"IL DUCE"—BENITO MUSSOLINI**

From the Sculpture by Giuseppe Graziosi

*This is the head, pronounced to be an excellent likeness, of a bronze equestrian statue which will stand on the Littoriale at Bologna, Italy, whose mayor headed the committee which commissioned the work. The Italian Premier is represented by the sculptor in the uniform of the Fascist militia.*



nal loan. Concerning Poland I do not know if the present régime willingly admits the adjective "dictatorial"; at any rate, I believe that, thanks to it, Poland has made great progress since May, 1926.

When we examine the history of more primitive peoples, or that of the recently born countries, we see that democratic régimes produced great evils and that they owe their material progress almost without exception to their paternal dictators. For example, in spite of all the faults they possessed, Rosas and Dr. Francia were the creators of Argentina and Paraguayan nationalism.

In fact, it would be difficult to deny the beneficial result of most of the dictatorships from a material point of view. After all, that is the most important aspect; politics per se are daily losing their interest, except for a few impenitent and amateurish exponents of sterile parliamentary eloquence.—From an article by the Premier of Spain, in the *New York Times*.

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## America or the United States?

With regard to the national designation of the United States of America, there are other United States, as, for example, Brazil and Colombia, but there is only one America, which is the name applied by the best writers and speakers for a century and a half to the great English-speaking republic on the North American Continent. . . . "United States" is, in general, a Federal designation, for domestic use, similar to "United Kingdom" in Great Britain.

The circular instruction about the use of the title, issued from Washington under date of August 3, 1904, directed that thereafter in correspondence and in printing official stationery and cutting new seals the adjective used shall be "American" instead of "United States." It may be added that the word "American" has become "the fixed and approved practice of the Department of State in its correspondence." Nearly twenty years ago the American Ambassador in London, the late Whitelaw Reid, was moved to write: "Why anyone of any nationality should wish to dispute our title to 'America,' when each coun-

try of the Western Hemisphere has a title of its own, passes my comprehension." He was so anxious to remove all possible misconception that he even reprinted and distributed the address he delivered on the subject, which was cordially approved by his diplomatic colleagues, the Brazilian, Argentinian, and Chilean Ministers of that day.

It is a great pity that the leading geographical societies of the world do not get together and, if a separate designation for one-half the planet be really necessary, rename one of the continents Columbia and the other Isabella. As an American poet and scholar, the late George Cram Cook, once wrote: "We misnamed the land. If our half-sphere of this star-speck, the earth, were to be named for any one of the microscopic specks that crawl upon it, it should have been for that brave, believing gentleman, Columbus, whose name is the name of a dove." But America, as the name of the nation, is surely now too universally acknowledged ever to be displaced.—Beckles Willson, of the Canadian Legation in Paris, in a letter to the *London Times*.



# WOMEN AND OUR CHANGING MORALS

by Lord Birkenhead

ONE of the most commonly quoted classical tags reminds us that times change, and we change in them. In other words, morals are constantly liable to change, for what seems right to one generation may be accepted with doubt by the next, and perhaps rejected altogether by the third. To suggest, therefore, that our morals today may have changed from those of a generation or even a dozen years ago, is merely to suggest the obvious, and it would be no sign of decay or weakness in our own time if in several fundamental respects our views were to become "looser," or rather, more tolerant. . . .

That the war seemed very definitely to affect the moral outlook of the Western world cannot be disputed. Some have said that the effect of the war was to give men and women a much lessened respect for human life. There was undoubtedly a wave of violence in every belligerent country during the period immediately following the armistice. But I believe that this was due less to the war itself than to the general disintegration of affairs caused by that catastrophe. Already, a decade from the end of the war, the old idea of the sacredness of human life has reasserted itself. Murders in England are little, if at all, more common today than they were before the war; the same, I imagine, is true of minor crimes of violence. In this very important respect our old morality seems to be reasserting itself.

Western civilization is based principally upon the family. It is natural, therefore, to expect that any fundamental change in our morals will first be evident in the domestic sphere. And there it is, in my view, that the most positive change has occurred since the war, and is still in progress.

The new status of women is the key to our changed, or rather changing, morals—so far as any change has taken place. . . .

It is arguable that in one way or another the social code, or rather the sexual code, is altering. We may perhaps still be too close to the change, too unconscious of it or too mistaken in our view of it to realize its exact nature. Yet human nature alters little. The proportion of frail to virtuous women is probably constant throughout the ages in any civilization.

It is true that at certain periods the opportunities for illicit amours are greater, the risk of detection less, the fear of social ostracism smaller. This is perhaps the key to the position of today. We have not yet fully settled down from the war. Family life has not yet wholly reasserted its dominance over individual caprice. Until it does, we must be prepared to face an apparent laxity of sexual morals.

Pessimists point to the divorce courts as evidence of an increasing laxity. Here they tread dubious ground. All familiar with the history of the divorce laws of England know that, unsatisfactory as they still are in many ways to-

day, they have in late years been somewhat adjusted to the demands of enlightened society.

I should be much alarmed if such unhealthy manifestations as the so-called "trial marriages," which recently have been entered into in a few notorious cases in America, were prevalent in this country. "Safety first" is a very good motto in a crowded street, but a bad one on the path of life. . . .

The element of risk is inseparable from marriage, just as it is inseparable from everything else in life which is worth undertaking. Any young couple who, for fear lest their marriage may turn out a failure, do not marry, are certainly destined never to be happily married.

It is essentially the fact that each party in marriage has knowingly entrusted his or her individual happiness to the other which, I am convinced, forms the true psychological bond of matrimony. The trial marriage is a disgusting perversion of human emotions, suitable only for a monkey-house supervised by professional eugenisists. . . .

Men are men; women are women; and except after a historic fashion, the two will never mix.

Morality is still based in our Western civilization on family life; and in a family, which is a social unit, the scope for change is inconceivably small. . . .

Therefore, since I am convinced that the family as we know it will survive as the social unit, I argue that, in the main, our morals have not changed, are not changing, and will not change.—From an article by the late Secretary of State for India, in *Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan Magazine*. Copyright International Magazine Company, Inc.

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## Soviet Sex Equality

A woman in Russia today has not much chance to remain just a woman. This was, to me, the most interesting and startling phase of Russian social reconstruction, when I traveled last month [August, 1929] six thousand miles across this unwieldy conglomerate of republics. A Russian woman must become an active and positive participant in politics and society. She is coaxed, coerced, dragged, educated and almost forced to display capabilities which Soviet rulers, inspired by Lenin, believe are no more innate in one sex than in the other. For

Lenin left a legacy to the women of Russia. He laid down the principle that "Every cook ought to be able to rule the State."

This message may be an Utopian ideal. It may be a statement of hope. But there is no pronouncement, from the mouth of any Communist leader in Russia, which is being taken more seriously today. Already women compose approximately one-quarter of the membership of factory committees; one-sixth of the membership of Arbitration Commissions; and at least ten per cent. of the membership of the Central Committees of the Soviet Union.

Deliberately, the Stalin government is elevating women to responsible executive positions even though ghastly failures are candidly anticipated. But the Russian rulers realize that advanced political and industrial executive experience can be acquired only in the process of the work itself. . . .

Russian girls are in training for all the positions for which their brother may train. Stroll along the thoroughfares, and women will be found acting as carpenters, plasterers and bricklayers. In the factories they work not only at the routine jobs, but they are also employed in metal-working, acetylene-welding, and controlling huge electrically-driven cranes. . . .

New York and London, Paris and Berlin have their policewomen. Moscow also has its squads of policewomen, but not the hatchet-faced viragos so often seen in some other capitals. The Muscovites are sturdy but comely. It would be almost a pleasure to be "run in" by some of the most attractive.

There are several qualified women pilots in the Russian air force, and charming, competent damsels they are, too. In fact the equality of rights even extends, since August, to the Army. The demand of Slav feminists for equal rights in military service was then partially granted, and may later be extended.

The chief difference at present is that military training for women is not compulsory. Early in August it was announced that women would be admitted to technical military schools. It was specified that such women would be subject to exactly the same military discipline as men. It is construed to imply that women soldiers will not receive any time off for child-birth, or be granted any other special sex privileges.

In all other branches of activity Rus-

sian women are, by law, granted a long, free period, with pay, before and after child-birth. Russian maternity protection laws in industry are more extensive and more generous than those of any other country.

It is proving difficult to educate many millions of the older generation of peasant women to their new and perhaps only lukewarmly welcomed freedom. They would be lost without the chafing of their yoke. But a new generation is growing up, girls just getting to voting age, to whom this present Russia is the only Russia. If they remember the war and the Revolution at all, it is only as a vague dream. They are taught as tots, these girls today, to have a pride in the equality of sex. Brothers are neither inferior nor superior beings.—Vernon Mackenzie, in the *London Graphic*.



## The Blest

*The Vision came, all grey and cold,  
And cast his shadow on my bed—  
But I could live a thousand years,  
And never wish that I were dead.  
"You do not know," said Death, to me,  
"How many men have called me  
'Blest';  
The millions that have squeezed my  
hand  
In gratitude for peace and rest;  
When they are old, and no one wants  
them,  
They lie their heads upon my breast."  
And he looked so gentle and kind,  
And his voice came so soft to my ear,  
That I gave him a cherry to eat,  
And the dew on its skin was a tear.*

—W. H. Davies, in the *London Spectator*.



# THE PLIGHT OF WOMAN IN EUROPE

by C. G. Jung

*Coming from the distinguished author of the Psychology of Dementia Præcox, the Psychology of the Unconscious and other notable works, this study of European womanhood has attracted international attention, especially among scientists and students of psychology. It should be of equal interest to the lay reader in America as well as Europe.*

A DISCUSSION about the European women of today is an enterprise scarcely to be undertaken without a pressing summons. . . . What makes the treatment of the problem so unusually difficult is the fact that one must necessarily write about a minority only. In this sense there is no "European woman" properly speaking. Or, perchance, is the peasant's wife of today different from her forbears of a hundred years ago? There is, in fact, a quite substantial body of the population that only to a very limited extent lives in the present and participates in the present-day problems. This is true of the overwhelming majority. We speak of the "battle of the mind," but how many are really occupied with it? And how many understanding, sympathetic lookers-on does it enroll? Or the "woman's problem"—how many women have problems? In proportion to the sum-total of European women, it is a dwindling minority of women who really live in the Europe of today; and these, moreover, are city dwellers and belong—I say it purposely—to complicated humanity. This must always be so, since it is only the few who express with any distinctness the spirit of a time. . . .

All the problems of the present form a knot; so that it is scarcely permissible to detach a single problem by itself, and treat it independently of the rest. There is, for instance, no problem of the "woman in Europe" which omits man and his world. Unless there is a voluntary sacrifice of her whole erotic life, she must again stand in an essential relation to man. . . . The war has affected woman just as deeply as it has man, and she has to adapt to its consequences as he must. What the upheavals of the last twenty or thirty years mean for the world of men is displayed roundly on the surface; it is reported every day in the journals. But what it means for woman is not at first visible. For woman as woman is neither politically, nor economically, nor spiritually a visible factor of any importance. If she were she would stand more plainly in man's field of vision, and then would be taken into account as a competitor. Sometimes she does do this; but in doing so she becomes visible only as a man who, so to speak, is accidentally a woman. . . . It fits in with her nature to remain in the background as an independently willing and responsible ego, in order not to hinder the man, but rather to

invite him to make real his aims with respect to herself. This is a sexual pattern, but it has far-reaching ramifications in the feminine mind. By maintaining a passive attitude with an invisible purpose in the background, she aids a man towards his realization, and in that way holds him. At the same time she weaves a web of fate for herself, because whoever digs a pit for others falls himself therein. . . .

When we observe the way in which women, since the second half of the nineteenth century, have begun to learn masculine callings, to become active in politics, to found and lead societies, etc., we can see that woman is in the process of breaking with the purely feminine sexual schema in which apparent unconsciousness and passivity play a leading rôle. . . .

It can happen, and does almost regularly, that the mind of a woman who follows a masculine calling is influenced by her unconscious masculinity in a way not noticeable to herself, but quite obvious to her environment. From this there comes a certain rigid intellectuality concerning so-called principles, and a whole host of argumentative biases which always go a little beside the point in the most irritating way, and which, furthermore, always inject a little something into the problem that is not really there. Unconscious assumptions or opinions are the worst enemy of woman; they can even grow into a downright demonic passion that irritates and disgusts men, and that does the woman herself the greatest injury by gradually smothering the charm and meaning of femininity, and driving it into the background. Such a development naturally ends in a deep, psychological division, in short, a neurosis.

Traditionally, man is regarded as the disturber of marital peace. This legend comes from times long past, when men still had time to pursue all manner of pastimes. But today life makes such demands on man, that the noble hidalgo, Don Juan, is to be seen nowhere save in the theater. More than

*Is it not an ancient truth, that woman loves the weaknesses of the strong man more than his strength, and the stupidity of the clever more than his cleverness? The love of woman claims the whole man, not mere masculinity as such, but also just that in him which implies the negation of it. The love of woman is not sentiment—that is only man's way—but a life-will that at times is terrifyingly unsentimental, and can even force her to self-sacrifice. . . .*

*In our strength we are independent and isolated, there we can forge our own fates; but in our weakness we are dependent and therefore bound, and here we become, albeit unwillingly, instruments of fate. For here it is not the individual will that commands, but the will of the race.—Dr. C. G. Jung.*

ever man loves his comfort; for ours in an age of neurasthenia, impotence and easy chairs. There is no longer a surplus of energy for window climbing and duellos. If anything is to happen in the way of adultery it must not be too serious. In no respect must it cost too much, hence the adventure can be only of a transitory kind. The man of today is entirely averse to jeopardizing marriage as an institution. In this relation he commonly believes in "*quieta non movere*," and, therefore, maintains prostitution. I would willingly wager that in the Middle Ages with its famous bath resorts, and its almost unrestricted prostitution, adultery was relatively commoner than it is today. In this respect marriage should be safer now than ever. But in reality it is beginning to be discussed. It is a bad sign when physicians begin to write books of advice as to how to achieve a "complete marriage." Healthy people need no doctors. But marriage today has actually become rather unstable. (In America one-fourth of the marriages end in divorce!) And what is noticeable in that connection is that the scapegoat is not the man this time, but the woman. She is the one who doubts and is uncertain. That this is the case is not surprising; since in post-war Europe there is such a notable excess of women, that it would be inconceivable if there were no reaction from that side. Such a piling up of misery has inescapable results. It is no longer a question of a dozen or so of voluntary or involuntary old maids here and there; it is a matter of millions. Our legal code and our social morality offer no answer to this question. Or can the church give a satisfactory answer? Should we build gigantic nunneries in order to provide suitable accommodation for these women? Or should police-controlled prostitution be increased? Obviously this is impossible, since we are dealing neither with saints nor with prostitutes, but with normal women who cannot register their spiritual claims with the police. They are decent women who want to marry, and if this is not possible, well—the next best thing. When it comes to the question of love, ideas, institutions, and laws mean far less to woman than ever before. If things cannot take a straight path, it will have to be a crooked one. . . .

Secretaries, stenographers, modistes—all are agents of this process, and by millions of subterranean channels they create the influence that is undermining marriage. For the desire of all these women is not concerned with sexual adventures—only stupidity could believe that—but with the state of marriage. The *beatæ possidentes*, the married women must be driven out; not as a rule by open and forcible means, but by that quiet and obstinate wish, that works as we all know magically, like the fixed eye of the snake. This has always been the way of woman. . . .

To modern woman—let men take note of this—the medieval marriage is no longer an ideal. She keeps this doubt and her resistance secret, it is true; one woman because she is married and, therefore, finds it highly inconvenient if the door of the safe be not hermetically closed; another because she is unmarried, and too virtuous to make herself quite plainly conscious of her



tendencies. But the newly-won masculinity both have achieved makes it impossible for these women to believe in marriage in its traditional form: "He shall be thy master." Masculinity means, to know one's goal, and to do what is necessary to achieve it. When once this has been learned it is so obvious that it is never again forgotten without a tremendous psychic loss. . . .

The soul of Europe is torn by the hellish barbarism of the war. While all men's hands are full in repairing the outer damage, the woman begins—unconsciously as ever—to heal the inner wounds, and to do this she needs, as her most important instrument, the psychic or human relationship. But nothing hinders this more than the exclusiveness of the medieval marriage, because it makes relationship superfluous. Relationship is only possible where there is a certain psychic distance, just as morality must always presuppose freedom. For this reason the unconscious tendency of woman is towards a weakening of marriage, but not towards the destruction of the marriage and family ideal. That would be not only immoral, but a thoroughly pathological outgrowth.

In what way this goal is to be achieved in the individual case, would take volumes of case-material to describe. It is the way of woman, as of nature, to make use of indirect ways without naming a goal. But the goal is inherent in her reactions. Often she acts in a purposeful way to invisible dissatisfactions, with moods, affects, opinions, and acts, whose apparent senselessness, poisonousness, morbidity, or cold-blooded ruthlessness, is infinitely uncomfortable to the erotically blind man.

The indirect method of the woman is dangerous; it can hopelessly compromise her aim. Therefore the modern woman longs for greater consciousness, for meaning, and the power of naming her goal in order to escape from the blind dynamism of nature. She seeks it in theosophy and in every other possible unreality. In any other age it would have been the prevailing religion that would have shown her her ultimate goal; but today religious teaching leads back to the Middle Ages, back to that unrelatedness which resists culture, and out of which came all the fearful barbarities of the war. This religious teaching reserves the soul too exclusively for God; man receives too little. But God himself cannot thrive in a humanity that is psychically undernourished. The soul of the woman reacts to this hunger; for it is the function of eros to join, whereas logos cuts and clarifies. The modern woman stands before a great cultural task which means, perhaps, the beginning of a new era.—From *Contributions to Analytical Psychology*, translated by H. G. and C. F. Baynes from the *Europäische Revue* (Messrs. Kegan Paul: London).

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*Freedom won through bloodshed or fraud is no freedom.*—Mahatma K. Gandhi.

*America is a circus for grown-up children.*—Eilert Pastor, of Berlin, in *Tägliche Rundschau*.

# AMERICAN—EUROPEAN SEX RELATIONS

by Dr. Edward Sapir

EUROPE may laugh and shrug its shoulders but America can be shockingly stubborn on what she feels to be the fundamentals of life. It would be nothing short of a cultural disaster if America as a whole surrendered to continental European feeling and practice. With religion in none too healthy a state and with the æsthetic life rudimentary and imitative, America needs an irrational faith in the value of love and of fidelity in love as perhaps no other part of the occidental world needs it today.

The moral atmosphere in America is only superficially similar to that of continental Europe. One of the surest signs of the essential difference in outlook is the rapidly increasing divorce rate. Bewailed by domestic moralists and deplored by our European visitors, the ease of obtaining divorce in America is actually an indication of our restless psychological health. Were the institution of marriage and the family actually divorced in sentiment from the sphere of sex indulgence, there would be no reason why a tolerance of marital infidelity should not come to be accepted in America as it has long been in France. But any one who imagines that America can with a clear conscience settle down to the reasonable and gracious distribution of individual pleasures and familial ceremonies that seems to suit the French genius knows very little about the American temper.

The very youthful intellectuals who are clamorous in their determination to "go the limit" are unable in practice to "play the game," for they cannot learn the rules. Do what one will, sex relations in America have a way of calling up romantic images and implications of fidelity that make this country seem a mysterious, an incredible, realm to the emancipated foreigner. Incompatibility of husband and wife of necessity leads more speedily to divorce than in sophisticated Europe. . . .

Closely connected with this stubborn unwillingness of the typical American to save marriage and the integrity of the family at the cost of erotic honesty is his peculiar unwillingness or inability to make a fine art of sex indulgence. The "kick" of sex freedom in America lies precisely in its being "sin," not an honest way of life. Americans make poor Don Juans. Nor does the graceful and accomplished *hetaira* of French life seem to flourish on our stubborn soil. Many young women have tried the part but even the most successful of our amateurs in the erotic arts seem compelled by the very nature of the culture in which they have been reared to pay a heavy price. Our intellectual mistresses of sin play a sadly pedantic part, their ardors are in the head rather than in the heart zone.

To put it bluntly, the "free" woman of sophisticated America, whether

poetess or saleslady, has a hard job escaping from the uncomfortable feeling that she is really a safe, and therefore a dishonest, prostitute. The charge seems unreasonable to the mind, but the spirit cannot wholly throw off the imputation. The battle shows in the hard, slightly unfocused, glitter of the eye and in the hollow laugh. And one can watch the gradual deterioration of personality that seems to set in in many of our young women with the premature adoption of the new sophisticated sex standards.

Psychiatrists have often burned their fingers in this matter and perhaps there is nothing they need to keep more steadily in mind than that in proffering advice in matters of sex they are addressing themselves not merely to intelligence and to desire but to certain obscure and unacknowledged values that cannot be flouted with impunity. If they are of foreign birth and culture, it would be well for them to take a little more seriously some of the "resistances" they encounter and to ponder, on occasion, the possibility that in exploding a personal "complex" they may incidentally be shattering an "ideal." That American men and women coarsen on a fare that seems to agree with the sophisticates of the Old World is both a warning and a reason for optimism. It points the way to a reaction of feeling that Europe will not understand.

It is difficult to say just what is likely to emerge from the present period of unrest and experimentation, but one thing seems certain. America will not be a docile pupil of Europe, and the sophisticates of this country who are taken in by the apparently easy solutions of their European brethren, whom they so vainly admire, are likely to find themselves in a strangely unsympathetic clime. That new institutions of an erotic and marital nature are slowly maturing is obvious. It is my belief that it is no less obvious that these institutions, whatever their forms may be, will not mean a surrender to license but will have for their object, however obscurely and indirectly, the saving of love and the perpetuation of romantic intimacy and of the ideal of fidelity by those who are capable of this intimacy. And it is more likely than not that the average American, for a long time to come, will have the delusion, if it is nothing else, that he is capable of just this experience.—From an article by the professor of anthropology at the University of Chicago, a native of Lauenburg, Pomerania, in *The American Mercury* (New York).

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### Why the Prince of Wales Is Unmarried at 35

In these days when all young men and young women are allowed the utmost freedom in their friendships with the other sex, without every gossiping

scandalmonger expecting the banns to be announced next Sunday, the Prince of Wales alone is kept in the most Victorian strictness in the matter of his female acquaintances.

It is the hardest position in the world for one so susceptible to feminine charm



as he is, but it is a position that has succeeded in keeping him from falling in love, and thus involving himself, if not in a morganatic marriage, at least in some open scandal.

There are few enough women who are eligible to occupy the throne of England, and on the whole their charm is not abounding. But if the Prince of Wales had been brought up as any other undemocratic prince might be brought up, only meeting the eligibles, he might have fallen in love with one of them before now. It is just because, being "our democratic Prince," he has been allowed to see and, for a brief time, to meet the most charming and beautiful but ineligible women in the world that he finds the eligible ones so wearisome, while the ineligible ones are spirited away from him before he has time to give them a second glance.—Richard Dent, former member of the Press Department at Buckingham Palace, in *Collier's Weekly* (New York).

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## How Germany Looks On America and England

Far above his regard for any European nation, the German has a profound respect for the United States. Its size, its immense wealth, the business capacity of its citizens, impress the German with the deepest admiration, and he is, moreover, not blind to the possibility of financial assistance which Germany may in future derive from the United States, nor is he unmindful of the assistance already given. The United States have lent Germany not less than \$1,000,000,000 during the last few years.

In all the more important developments in Germany during the post-war years, American influence has been decisive. Eliminate action taken on Ameri-

can advice, or in assumed agreement with American opinion, or in anticipation of American approval, and the whole course of policy would be altered.

The English he (the German) considers politically wise and incomprehensibly lucky—far wiser, indeed, than we probably are, and far luckier than he thinks we deserve to be. Our success he attributes, in the main, to a political instinct which enables the British Government, without either logical argument or scientific analysis, to adopt instinctively the most worldly-wise course in any conceivable emergency.

It would be super-human not to feel some envy at the possession by a rival nation of such a useful endowment, obtained, as it seems to them, without painful effort. But there is little or no hostility to England of a pronounced character.—Viscount D'Abernon, first British Ambassador to Germany after the Great War, in his book of reminiscences *An Ambassador of Peace* (Hodder & Stoughton: London).

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## New York

*With these heaven-assailing spires  
All that was in clay or stone  
Fabled of rich Babylon  
By these children is out-done.*

*Earth has spilt her fire in these  
To make them of her mightier kind;  
Has she that precious fire to give,  
The starry-pointing Magian mind,*

*That soared from the Chaldean plains  
Through zones of mystic air, and found  
The Master of the Zodiac,  
The Will that makes the Wheel go round!*

—(George W. Russell) "A. E.," in  
*The Irish Statesman.*

# THE WEDDING BELL IN REBELLION

by Bertrand Russell

WHEN we look round the world at the present day and ask ourselves what conditions seem on the whole to make for happiness in marriage and what for unhappiness, we are driven to a somewhat curious conclusion, that the more civilized people become the less capable they seem of lifelong happiness with one partner. . . . In general, marriage is easiest where people are least differentiated. When a man differs little from other men, and a woman differs little from other women, there is no particular reason to regret not having married some one else. But people with multifarious tastes and pursuits and interests will tend to desire congeniality in their partners, and to feel dissatisfied when they find that they have secured less of it than they might have obtained.

\* \* \* \*

Among civilized people in the modern world none of these conditions for what is called happiness exist, and accordingly one finds that very few marriages after the first few years are happy. Some of the causes of unhappiness are bound up with civilization, but others would disappear if men and women were yet more civilized than they are.

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To be happy in marriage, a number of conditions must be fulfilled. There must be a feeling of complete equality on both sides; there must be no interference with mutual freedom; there must be the most complete physical and mental intimacy; and there must be a certain similarity in regard to standards of values. (It is fatal, for example, if one values only money while the other values only good work.) Given all these conditions, I believe marriage to be the best and most important relation that can exist between two human beings.

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I do not think anybody can deny that there is enormously more drunkenness among young men, and still more among young women, in well-to-do

*The new freedom between young people is, to my mind, wholly a matter of rejoicing, and is producing a generation of men without brutality and women without finicky fastidiousness. Those who oppose the new freedom should face frankly the fact that they are in effect advocating the continuance of prostitution as the sole safety valve against the pressure of an impossibly rigid code.—Bertrand Russell.*

America, than there was before the introduction of Prohibition. In circumventing the law there is, of course, a certain spice and a certain pride of cleverness, and while the law about drink is being circumvented it is natural to circumvent the conventions about sex. Here, also, the sense of daring acts as an aphrodisiac. The consequence is that sex relations between young people tend to take the silliest possible form, being entered into not from affection but from bravado, and at times of intoxication. Sex, like liquor, usually has to be taken in forms which are concentrated and rather unpalatable, since these forms alone can escape the vigilance of the authorities. Sex relations as a dignified, rational, wholehearted activity in which the complete personality coöperates, do not often, I think, occur in America outside marriage.

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Companionate marriage is an attempt to introduce some stability into the sexual relations of the young, in place of the present promiscuity. Judge Ben B. Lindsay, the chief American exponent of companionate marriage, points out the obvious fact that what prevents the young from marrying is lack of money, and that money is required in marriage partly on account of children, but partly also because it is not the thing for the wife to earn her own living. His view is that young people should be able to enter upon a new kind of marriage, distinguished from ordinary marriage by three characteristics.

First, that there should be for the time being no intention of having children, and that accordingly the best available birth control information should be given to the young couple. Second, that so long as there are no children and the wife is not pregnant, divorce should be possible by mutual consent. And third, that in the event of divorce, the wife should not be entitled to alimony. He holds, and I think rightly, that if such an institution were established by law, a very great many young people, for example, students at universities, would enter upon comparatively permanent partnerships, involving a common life, and free from the Dionysiac characteristics of their present sex relations.

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Adultery in itself should not, to my mind, be a ground of divorce. Unless people are restrained by inhibitions or strong moral scruples, it is very unlikely that they will go through life without occasionally having strong impulses to adultery. But such impulses do not by any means necessarily imply that the marriage no longer serves its purpose. There may still be ardent affection between husband and wife, and every desire that the marriage should continue. Suppose, for example, that a man has to be away from home on business for a number of months on end. If he is physically vigorous, he will find it difficult to remain continent throughout this time, however fond he may be of his wife. The same will apply to his wife, if she is not entirely convinced of the correctness of conventional morality. Infidelity in such circumstances



ought to form no barrier whatever to subsequent happiness, and in fact it does not, where the husband and wife do not consider it necessary to indulge in melodramatic orgies of jealousy.

We may go further, and say that each party should be able to put up with such temporary fancies as are always liable to occur, provided the underlying affection remains intact. The psychology of adultery has been falsified by conventional morals, which assume, in monogamous countries, that attraction to one person cannot coexist with a serious affection for another. Everybody knows that this is untrue, yet everybody is liable, under the influence of jealousy, to fall back upon this untrue theory, and make mountains out of molehills. . . . In saying this I am, of course, assuming that the adulterous intercourse will not be such as to lead to children.

\* \* \* \*

Sex is a natural need, like food and drink. We blame the gormandizer and the dipsomaniac because in the case of each an interest which has a certain legitimate place in life has usurped too large a share of his thoughts and emotions. But we do not blame a man for a normal and healthy enjoyment of a reasonable quantity of food. Ascetics, it is true, have done so, and have considered that a man should cut down his nutriment to the lowest point compatible with survival, but this view is not now common, and may be ignored.

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The essence of a good marriage is respect for each other's personality combined with that deep intimacy, physical, mental and spiritual, which makes a serious love between man and woman the most fructifying of all human experiences. Such love, like everything that is great and precious, demands its own morality, and frequently entails a sacrifice of the less to the greater; but such sacrifice must be voluntary, for, where it is not, it will destroy the very basis of the love for the sake of which it is made.—From *Marriage and Morals*, by permission of Horace Liveright (New York).



*I heard soft, magic, joyful music. I saw showers of flower petals, and I turned to a man in European clothes beside me. "Your weddings are very lovely," I said.*

*He looked at me in astonishment. "Weddings?" he replied. "This is a funeral."*

*"Who is the little lady in white smiling so happily?" I asked.*

*"She is the widow," he answered.*

*I have no doubt there are, and have been, women whose soul has rejoiced to attend the funeral of the man whose name they bore, but this woman looked like a young bride.*

*"You see, she loved him so," he explained.*

*The charm of a love that takes its grief with a smile and not a tear.—April Day, in *Cameos From My Life* (Green Label Publication: London).*

# A SPANISH ANALYSIS OF LOVE

by Salvador de Madariaga

LOVE has its roots in sex, but its foliage and flowers are in the pure light of spirit. It is truly human in its complex impurity. It refuses to be dragged to earth by the cynic, or subtilized into the thin air of platonic heights by the idealist. Considered thus as an absolute, all-round, all-absorbing passion, it will be found to fit in with the most typical features of Spanish psychology.

And, in actual fact, love is in Spain the vigorous human passion which we expect it to be. It is absolute, complete, exacting, and exhausting. It demands the complete surrender of the lover and possession without reservation. But to say that it demands is to misinterpret it, for it obtains without asking. Love is in Spain as spontaneous, as uncalculating, as volcanic as Spanish nature would lead us to expect. . . .

This all-round character of Spanish love explains why it is at the same time deeply carnal yet strangely chaste. The mutual gift of the body is but the natural manifestation in the realm of matter of the more intimate relation established by the blending of the individual "passions," the two individual life-streams turned by love into one. No intellectual or ethical elements come to disturb the free flow of a passion which feels itself in so direct a contact with life's own sources. No social elements come to complicate or alter its primitive laws. The two sexes keep to their original and natural rôles: the assertive and possessive man, the self-denying and self-giving woman. However willful, capable, and energetic,—and Spanish women often are all three,—women accept as a matter of course, nay, as a matter of nature, the supremacy of the male. There is in all this nothing but instinctive fidelity to natural laws. Thus love, in Spain, is often found to act with that implacable strength which made of it an awe-inspiring myth in antiquity.

We know that envy is the specific Spanish vice. In the realm of love, envy becomes jealousy. Love is jealous in Spain. Not merely because it fears to lose the beloved, but still more, perhaps, because it cannot bear the idea that any portion of her beauty should be diverted from its own true owner. . . . It is a striking fact, often observed in Spain, that even irregular *liaisons*, born under a purely erotic impulse, gradually become homes peopled with children, as if they had begun with a priest's benediction at the parish church.

Love in France is, like everything else, dispassionate. Hence, it loses the primitive warmth which alone can weld together the heterogeneous elements with which nature composes it. The clear rationalistic bent of the French mind tends also to deprive it of much of its spiritual glow. Thus it is that French love may not unfairly be understood as a series of variations on the theme of pleasure.

French love is reasonable, and does not lose its head. An association of

two persons for the purpose of amorous pleasure, not a furnace in which two beings melt into one. The two persons remain sufficiently themselves to enjoy their relationship.

In such an attitude there is, of course, that mastery over the passions which is to be expected in the intellectualist character. But the cool calm of the Frenchman in love comes also from his freedom from ethical fetters. The passions, we know, are for him perfectly legitimate manifestations of human life. So are the pleasures of the body. The all-embracing, or rather the all-comprehending, intellect admits as legitimate all actions, all ways, but those which run counter to the predominant French requirement—truth. Truth, that urge for truth which is the mainspring in the French soul, strengthens this frank and open attitude in matters of sex. In French psychology, no “lid,” no censor, no repression. Everything is aboveboard and matter-of-course. Hence no sentimentalism. An intimacy which, in other types of humanity, would imply a permanent connection may mean in France no more than a passing nod. . . .

So far as it is a passion, love, individual love, is bound to be considered by the man of action as something of a nuisance. And in fact the community, being possessed of this opinion, protects its young men against the nuisance by turning their vitality toward sports. Race, climate and the athletic education of the English youth retard in them by many years the manifestations of sexual emotion which appear so early in most Continental countries. When they appear, the community frowns at them unmistakably, and even calls them names—such as “calf love.”

Thus from its very inception love lives in England under the close supervision of the community. Repression follows; the world of emotions rooted in sex becomes an underworld. It has a respectable manifestation—sentimentalism; and an escape—all that vast area of vaguely defined lands, with an unhealthily damp and warm climate, which goes by the name of “romance.”

Pretense and unreality hover about English love from its early days, while self-discipline exerts itself as an important force on the side of reality. This mixture of real and unreal elements is perhaps the atmosphere necessary for the growth of some of the peculiarly English love flora; for instance, the frequent friendships between men and women—from the truly genuine, in which the sexual element is really absent, to the extreme cases in which the friendship in question is but the sublimation of a sexual attraction which dares not come out into the open.

England is thus the ideal field for the psychoanalyst. Through social pressure the passions lose caste. Driven under, lacking air, they develop more strongly if more morbidly. As an alternative, the passions lose vitality altogether and lead to types in which sex plays an unimportant rôle, or even no rôle at all. England is undoubtedly the country which can show the great-



est number of unsexed men and woman. In most of these cases, the central activity of life has been absorbed by some public interest. The wider group, the nation, has again proved victorious over the smaller ones, the family and the individual. . . . —Salvador de Madariaga, Spanish diplomat and man of letters, in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

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## The Essence of Great Art

It is seldom that a great artist has anything new to say about life. The things that touch or amuse him are usually those by which the greatest number of ordinary people were touched and amused before him. The minds of Vergil and Sophocles, Shakespeare and Dante and Goethe seem in the main to have brooded over just those staple themes which elicit less memorable expressions of melancholy from Smith, Brown and Jones—lost youth and severed friends and disappointed love and the consignment of beauty to dust and the frustration of hopes that once seemed too powerful ever to fail.

If a great tragic writer were to arise in England today, it is likely that his musings on the perishable splendor of man's fate and the irreparableness of action would take the form most widely prevalent among the more sensitive portion of his countrymen—perhaps an afternoon sense of sad sunshine and overblown flowers, the outlived expectations of a melting empire on an earth that is rubbing its own features down and that moves always more and more slowly round a sun that is losing its heat. The theme would be commonplace. But when the great tragic writer had brooded upon it, then it would have gained the charm of a new and extraordinary intensity.—C. E. Montague, in *The Saturday Review of Literature* (New York).

## Cocksure Women and Hensure Men

If women today are cocksure, men are hensure. Men are timid, tremulous, rather soft and submissive, easy in their very henlike tremulousness. They only want to be spoken to gently. So the women step forth with a good loud *cock-a-doodle-do!*

The tragedy about cocksure women is that they are more cocky, in their assurance, than the cock himself. They never realize that when the cock gives his loud crow in the morning, he listens acutely afterward, to hear if some other wretch of a cock dares crow defiance, challenge. To the cock, there is always defiance, challenge, danger, and death on the clear air—or the possibility thereof. But alas, when the hen crows, she listens for no defiance or challenge. . . .

And it is this that makes the cocksureness of women so dangerous, so devastating. It is really out of scheme, it is not in relation to the rest of things. So we have the tragedy of cocksure women. They find, so often, that instead of having laid an egg, they have laid a vote, or an empty ink bottle, or some other absolutely unhatchable object which means nothing to them.—D. H. Lawrence, in *The Forum*.

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*The foundation of all good manners is to think more of others than of yourself.*  
—Vicar of Wrexham.

# A TURKISH MARRIAGE

by Halidé Edib

*This account of domestic life in Turkey (the village named Kalaba being near Angora, in Anatolia) is by the most distinguished living Turkish woman. Equipped with an American education, Halidé Edib has been a successful novelist, journalist, university professor in Constantinople, politician, social worker and soldier. She and her husband, Dr. Adnan, having become hostile to some of the dictatorial policies of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, are at this writing exiles in London.*

THEY (the natives) were very excited just then about the approaching wedding of a young widow of Kalaba. She was marrying a youth from Erzerum who was one of the farm-hands and a skilful builder, and who had become quite a personality in no time in spite of the fact that he was a stranger in the place. I had noticed him already, partly because I knew that he was from East Anatolia, which was my grandfather's country, and partly because he was very comely to look at. Besides, he had excellent manners and he was always at ease when he let one pass or answered a question. But although he seemed so very quiet and peaceful, he had quite a lurid reputation.

The widow was a still more remarkable person, according to the peasants. She was an unscrupulous heart-breaker and a cause of numberless quarrels and even of bloodshed among the youths of the village. "Last year a shepherd was stabbed because of her," one woman told me. "And the laborer Hassan nearly went to prison for her," added another. This, in fact, was quite true. Two men, rejected suitors of hers, had suspected Hassan of having designs on her, and had accordingly lain in wait for him and attacked him in the dark. But though he had been carrying no arms, he had not only defended himself to good effect, but had administered such severe chastisement that one of his assailants had died. Hassan had been arrested and kept in custody for some time, but as he had been defending himself and the death could not be legally proved to be due to the subsequent thrashing, he had been released. In consequence, he had become a hero in the village and, for the time being at least, had won the heart and now the hand of the dangerous widow.

She must indeed be very beautiful, I thought: for I had already seen several peasant girls than whose figures and coloring I could imagine nothing more perfect. But one evening as I was walking with a young girl from the farm she suddenly became very excited at the approach of two women with scythes on their shoulders, evidently returning from some distant fields.

"It is she. It is she," she said. And the famous widow it was. She stopped and spoke to us quite pleasantly and very naturally for a few minutes before

resuming her way. In dark check trousers and a tight bodice, her body looked rather badly formed: the shoulders too high and the hips too large. The face was dark, and two scowling eyebrows, thick and very black, met over her eyes in a vicious line. The nose was decidedly ugly: flat at the top and broad at the nostrils. At first one wondered where her power could be: but when she spoke there was no longer any doubt.

Her voice was soft and gentle, but it came through a slight hoarseness as though she spoke through a veil, to a man giving her every utterance a curious sex appeal. But perhaps her reputation was due even more to a queer undefinable quality most nakedly expressed by her eyes. I have seen others with such eyes: Tallulah Bankhead for one. They were green—as green as spring leaves: and they were shaded with long black lashes. She never looked straight—always a furtive oblique glance. No cow's eyes, these, nor the cunning eyes of a designing woman, but the unconscious power, the mesmeric glitter of some crouching animal of the woods. Look into her face and she would at once look down at her feet with polite mock-humility; but catch her looking at you unawares, and she would be probing you without a thought of you, with a half-frightened, half-malignant curiosity. I began to divine her danger. . . .

Two weeks after the marriage of Hassan I discovered Emine, the village broadcaster, furtively searching the stables, looking behind each heap of hay.

"Do you want some one?" I asked.

She winked, beaming with excitement.

"I want Hassan. I have a message for him from his wife."

She was just aching to be asked more about it, and when I expressed no curiosity she offered the information gratis.

"They are on very bad terms," she whispered. "Hassan has slept at the farm for two nights."

"But weren't they married only two weeks ago?"

"Yes, but they've had an awful quarrel. He has beaten her very badly. He was jealous of a cousin of hers who was in the house, so till the crow of the cock in the morning he thrashed her: he really might have killed her. And now he has left the house, and she is in bed and has sent me to find him. 'He is my man,' she says; 'and roses will grow on the places where he has struck me, so he may hit me as much as he likes. But he must come back, he must come back, or I will die with longing!'"

"What color are the places where he has hit her?"

"Black," she said.

This was the first love-drama of this sort I had come across among the villagers. Two weeks later another beating—and Hassan stayed away four days. This time his parents-in-law had to come and beg him to return for the sake of their badly beaten daughter, who was still in bed and who waxed and



waned like a love-sick moon. He had found her in the stables flirting with a very attractive-looking sergeant from headquarters.

"And it was very difficult to persuade him to return," the broadcaster told me in a serious tone; "he says she will make a murderer of him before he is twenty-five. It's strange, but he doesn't even think her handsome: he told me that he wished she would put something over her nose so that it couldn't be seen." But all the women in the village took her part: they knew that in spite of her nose all men were but wax in her hands.

"Ayesha, the blue-eyed and the fair," sing the villagers: the men to the beat of their drums, the women to the rhythmic swing of their bodies as they wash their clothes in the river. And I have wondered whether it is about Hassan's wife they are singing, for there is a stable in their song, and she always talked with her lovers at stable-doors.—From *The Turkish Ordeal*, by permission of the Century Company.

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*Horried by the revelation that only one new book has been published in Turkey in the past twelve months, the Angora Linguistic Commission is conscripting literary men to build up a new literature. As a first measure they are being commissioned to translate leading foreign works. The first of these to be published is Ludwig's Napoleon, which a leading deputy is doing, Vergil's Æneid and Homer's Odyssey are also on hand.*

*Meanwhile the Ministry of Instruction has just forbidden Turkish and Oriental works prior to 1908 to be taught to students. Modern nationalistic works are alone to be studied. There will also be instituted classes in style; this is regarded as of primary importance, so that the new generation may talk and write succinctly and directly and not Orientally. —Constantinople correspondent in the Manchester Guardian.*

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*Science has a mysterious hatred of beauty, because it doesn't fit in the cause-and-effect chain. And society has a mysterious hatred of sex, because it per-*

*petually interferes with the nice money-making schemes of social man. So the two hatreds made a combine, and sex and beauty are mere propagation-appetite.*

*Now sex and beauty are one thing, like flame and fire. If you hate sex you hate beauty. If you love living beauty, you have a reverence for sex. Of course you can love old dead beauty and hate sex. But to love living beauty you must have a reverence for sex.*

*Sex and beauty are inseparable, like life and consciousness. And the intelligence which goes with sex and beauty, and arises out of sex and beauty, is intuition. The great disaster of our civilization is the morbid hatred of sex.—D. H. Lawrence, distinguished English novelist, poet and essayist.*

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*To keep women out of politics, it would have been necessary first to keep them out of the factory, the workshop and the office.—Victor Barbeau, French publicist and political scientist.*

# AN ARCTIC AIR TRAGEDY

by Einar Lundborg

*After weeks of silence and uncertainty, culminating in universal anxiety, the world learned by radio, June 7, 1928, that the dirigible Italia, commanded by General Umberto Nobile, had been wrecked on the ice north of Spitzbergen, Norway, after flying over the North Pole. One of the crew was killed, and sixteen survivors were lost in a world of ice. Twelve days later an intrepid Italian airman, Major Madalena, succeeded in flying from King's Bay, the airship's base, and located some of the survivors, including Nobile, but was unable to land. On June 23, Lieutenant Einar Lundborg, a Swedish airman, conveyed Nobile safely to King's Bay in "one of the most daring feats in the annals of aviation." Later, on his second trip, Lundborg's plane capsized, and he himself became imprisoned in the ice. He was rescued thirteen days afterward. Here is his account of the dramatic rescue he performed. It is followed by the first interview obtained with General Nobile aboard the Italian naval vessel Citta di Milano, in Virgo Bay, Spitzbergen, by a Swedish journalist. Subsequently, an Italian board of inquiry appointed by Premier Mussolini censured Nobile as being chiefly responsible for the disaster "through faulty maneuver."*

ON making a landing near the camp of General Nobile and his companions, I recognized him from photographs, despite the long beard and mustaches he had grown and the strange apparel he wore.

Nobile wore no hat. The upper part of his body was clothed in a gray knitted jacket. His legs were incased in light gray sports trousers. On one foot he wore a light summer shoe, on the other a stocking and reindeer sock. Around his broken leg was wound a gray puttee.

I hurried up to him. He offered me both hands and drew me down to him in a strong embrace. I told him who I was and that I had come to take them all away from their involuntary stay in the ice.

I asked General Nobile to be the first.

I told him I couldn't take more than one this time, because my mechanic was with me. I assured General Nobile that I would return soon, alone, and then would be able to take two at a time.

General Nobile pointed to Ceccioni, a fine, big powerful fellow of typical Italian appearance. He sat immediately next to the General, making a stretcher from bits of the crushed gondola of the *Italia*. By means of this he was to be helped along, as both his legs were broken.

"I have decided on another procedure," said General Nobile. "First Ceccioni, then Behounek, Trojani, Viglieri, Biagi, and, finally, myself."

I asked the General to alter this order so he could go with me immediately.

I considered his presence on land extremely desirable for the management of relief work, particularly in case I couldn't carry all to safety that night.

After a short discussion with the others, General Nobile accepted my proposal and asked me to wait until he had time to get ready.

Nobile's dog, Titina, which since my arrival in camp had successfully attempted to make friends with me, didn't appear to question whether it was to go along or not. It was first to be taken up into the machine.

The leave which General Nobile now took of his comrades was more than pathetic. He embraced and kissed each one, and appeared to give encouraging words to them all.

In a flow of tears he was helped on his way by Viglieri and Biagi.—  
From a copyrighted report to the North American Newspaper Alliance.

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## NOBILE DESCRIBES THE CATASTROPHE

Interviewed by Knut Stubbendorff

AN oval face, that of a dreamer, with traces of melancholia about his eyes and mouth, with a touch of bitter ignominy for having been brought back to life from horrors, with something like the incapacity of one dazed with sleep to find his proper place among those with absolutely clear brains and strong wills—men who saw their honor grow in size as his became less: such was Umberto Nobile's appearance the first time I saw him.

His face was in shadow, but his big, dark, ringed eyes were shining. Suffering was hardly anything to him any longer: he had become resigned. But now and again fragments of those memories arose within him—the details of this unfortunate fiasco, a thousandfold more dreadful because he was responsible for the death of human beings! . . .

Umberto Nobile raised himself from the sofa after Captain Sora had muttered some words which introduced me to him. He stood upright with difficulty, crouching and supporting himself on the back of the sofa. He was dressed in a gray sporting suit, one foot bandaged, his hair, gray and thin on the crown of his head, carefully brushed. He looked toward me and made a gesture of amiability, good breeding, and warmth.

"A Swede I can deny nothing! You may question me about anything you like." There lay more than politeness in this greeting.

I had not come officially, because official permits from the commander of the vessel were not given. I had come, thanks to Sora, as a kind of liberator for Nobile.



"Be good enough to tell me about the catastrophe," I said.

He buried his face in his hands for a moment; then raised his head and replied, as from far away:

"It was a terrible incident. I cannot give any details. Everything disappeared in frightfulness."

"But the balloon group," I continued. "You first stated that they might still be alive. Then you made known to the world that they had perished a few minutes later as the result of a terrific explosion. Where is the connection between those contradictory statements?"

"I have never made more than one," he replied. "*I do not know what has happened to the unfortunate people who went away with the balloon when it broke away from the gondola and sailed away in the storm, made lighter, as it was, without its burden. I saw nothing.*"

"But the statements that have been issued and have been put in your mouth?"

He looked at me, and in the melancholy lines about his mouth I discovered the first trace of irony over his own fate—to be a prisoner on the vessel which was at one time intended to follow his proud voyaging merely as a modest satellite.

"All that I know," he then said, "is that some of my men have seen the balloon disappear in the distance while we lay on the ice stupefied by the terribleness of the catastrophe. Some of them have told me that they discovered smoke in the direction in which it sailed away through the air. But nobody has said anything to me of an explosion, or that anybody has seen flames, as if the balloon had caught fire."

"It was in full daylight?"

"It was in full daylight, but stormy and misty."

My interview with General Nobile was not the kind that gives sensational news, sensational facts. The subject was virtually finished. What little might be called facts had been diluted into verbose telegrams which had been sent all round the world—from Italy via the *Citta di Milano*.

My interview was a confrontation so that I might personally study this unhappy, world-renowned man, the unsuccessful apostle of new Italy. I asked him:

"Why did you send out the Swede [of the *Italia* crew] Finn Malmgren?"

"It was the only solution of the problem of getting into touch with the outer world," he replied. "Everything else that is being said is not true. Biagi had set up our wireless mast from pieces of aluminum tubes from the smashed gondola, and we had tried to repair a wireless transmitter that had fallen on the ice when the catastrophe took place.

"We signaled for four days without getting any answer from land. We did not know how long the ice would bear us with relative security. Ceccioni was hurt. I was hurt. Malmgren was hurt. We could not march toward land."

"But Malmgren could!"

"He suggested it himself. It was our only chance of getting into touch with land and getting assistance. He took Zappi and Mariano with him. They were sent out as a patrol. Malmgren was an admirable man!"

"He is dead now."

"I am full of admiration over his heroism," said Nobile, "over his brilliant desire to sacrifice himself, over his nobleness. He has done what Captain Oates did in Scott's South Pole expedition. For Mariano and Zappi it was a question of getting there. One of them must get there. Malmgren gave both of his companions orders to go ahead. And they did so."

The General looked at me with eyes that unveiled all the uncertainty he felt and had felt in the terrible situation when all responsibility had been laid upon him. He had not been the man to bear it, and he admitted this by a look. He admitted by a look that it was unworthy of a leader to send out a badly injured man on the ice, where, as the men of the Sora party told us, *it may take thirty-one hours to cover six kilometers under the greatest hardships.*

"And you believe that the balloon group is alive?" I asked.

"I hope so," the general replied.

He hoped so. He knew nothing definite. He couldn't know anything definite; he could only hope! . . .

Nobile himself thinks gas escaping from the balloon caused it to fall to the ground. He says that everything was done to raise the airship on its dangerous approach toward the rough surface of the sea ice. I know, as told to my friend Captain Lundborg by Viglieri, an officer on the *Italia*, that nobody on board had the slightest idea of any impending danger until just before the catastrophe. They did not realize that the *Italia* was falling.

The *Italia* went out from King's Bay with a badly repaired tear in her balloon: a couple of days' journey away toward the Pole, or across the Pole, a return journey in storm and fog, and sudden cold which froze the moisture of the air into ice on the balloon cover while the propellers were dashing pieces of ice in a steady bombardment against the balloon.

This apparently damaged the balloon again, and it fell to the ground, owing to the double effect of escaping gas and downward currents of air.

And some minutes prior to the collision which killed the man in the hindmost gondola, Pomella, Captain Mariano had said:

"Everything is going all right, we have nothing to fear."

Then suddenly the first bang, and next those on board saw jagged contours of the ice round about them rising up out of the fog.

Imagine the panic that arose among the crew as the *Italia* fell. And before they could realize what was happening they felt the scraping knock along the bottom of the gondola that tore up its timber, broke away the swaying balloon, threw the men all over each other across the ice, and scattered instru-

ments, provisions, pieces of the wreck, and everything else all over the place for a distance of half a kilometer. . . .

I got out my camera and begged to be allowed to photograph the General. He looked at me in terror. No, it wouldn't do; I certainly must not photograph him.

But after a moment's consideration . . . he said quietly:

"You will understand that here on board I have no authority to decide anything. Commandant Romagna—it is he who is in command. You see, the *Citta di Milano* is a warship, and photographs may not be taken on board."

I had got my camera ready. The General, who sat on my left on the sofa, with his injured foot bandaged and stretched out on the floor, gave in eventually. He put some questions to his nephew, and the latter seemed to calm him and then went out. Was it a question of watching so that the dreaded commander on board should not step in?

I helped in raising the General, an orderly came in with a couple of crutches, and we supported him on his arduous wandering out to the foredeck. I took two pictures of him in a secluded corner, said good-bye to him, and departed from my most memorable interview.—From *Liberty* (New York).

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## The Value of Radium

The total amount of the radium element ever extracted may not exceed twenty ounces, at a present money value of £6,000,000 [\$30,000,000], and could (though should not) be carried in the coat pocket. If as seems probable radium is to become one of the essential commodities of medicine, a difficulty to be faced is the fact that the cost of its production is quite unknown, for so far it has only been produced as a by-product by commercial companies engaged in some other form of mining.

Until 1923 the carnotite deposits of Colorado were the chief source of supply, but the production there almost ceased after the discovery and exploitation of uranium ore found in the copper mines of Haut Katanga in the Belgian Congo. Since then the annual output of thirty to forty grams of radium element

has been derived almost entirely from this source. . . .

It may be wondered why such importance should be attached to the emanation from radium element when the most scrupulous care is taken to screen off its peculiar rays which consist of atomic particles or electrons, leaving only the gamma radiation which so closely resembles well-screened hard X-rays, that little if any difference has been detected between the action of the one and the other.

Why pay millions for extracting a few grams of radium from tons of foreign ore when their effect can be closely simulated by electric means when the high-tension apparatus has been brought to the necessary pitch of perfection? The reply is a simple one. The shorter the wave the greater the penetrating power.

The gamma rays from radium have



about a quarter the wave-length of the hardest rays yet produced, and the apparatus designed to produce these is not only very costly but undergoes rapid deterioration in use. To bring this artificial radiation up to the potency of the gamma radiation from radium would require apparatus which, if it were not beyond the wit of the electro-technician to make, would in the course of a few years cost at least as much in upkeep and replacement as the corresponding amount of radium element.

For, incredible as it may appear to anyone except the hardened physicist, radium element can be employed for years without sensible loss. In twenty years the deterioration is only 0.7 per cent.; radium is, in fact, an engine running continuously without working costs.—From the London *Lancet*.



## Why Geniuses Are Scarce

Industry, imagination, judgment, training—these qualities are, in a certain degree, contradictory among themselves. The toiler, bound to his task like an ox to a cart, often forgets to pause and meditate; his intellectual activity slows down. The dreamer, the inventor lets himself be guided by his fancies and often lacks common sense. Finally, the abuse of book learning and memory tends to paralyze all the intellectual faculties.

It is extremely difficult to produce a perfect balancing of these diverse faculties. This fact alone is sufficient to explain the infrequency of great men and, *a fortiori*, of men of genius. It is useless to suppose, as many do, that men of genius owe their accomplishments solely to exceptional natural endowments which

raise them above the common level. They have qualities which taken singly are not extraordinary, but it is the occurrence of all these qualities in a single mind that is rare.

Suppose one man in ten has a love of industry; one in ten a certain intellectual activity; one in ten common sense; one in ten has been well taught. The probability that these four qualities will be found in one individual will be one in ten thousand. This is not many. The production of a great man requires the union of these same qualities, but each in full bloom. If each quality, developed to this high degree, occurs in one man in a hundred, the probability of their being thus present in a single individual is one in a hundred million. Consequently, we can explain why men of genius are so rare, without seeking the reason in the realms of wonder.—Professor Henry M. Le Chatelier, of the faculty of science, University of Paris.



*It is a regrettable fact that engineers have very rarely been called upon to design machinery of any kind from the standpoint of noise; and doubtless future generations will look upon these times as being barbaric—an age of folly vulgarized by an absence of quietude and repose, and notorious for uncontrolled devastating din that tortured the thinkers, deprived countless invalids and workers of recuperative sleep, impoverished owners of traffic route properties, increased the overhead costs in modern business, and shortened the lives of countless sufferers.*—Professor Henry J. Spooner, of the London Polytechnic School of Engineering, in the *Nineteenth Century*.



### REPUTED TO BE THE FINEST ART-WORK OF PRIMITIVE MAN

From a Photograph by Herbert Lang, of the Transvaal Museum, Pretoria

*An engraving of a white rhinoceros made 25,000 to 30,000 years ago upon basaltic rock, in the south-western Transvaal. In the same locality three other petroglyphs—a black rhinoceros and two eland—were found. Their antiquity is vouched for by the heavy patinage, or "desert-varnish." This particular stone is greenish blue wherever freshly chipped. The reddish-brown oxidation is only reached after many thousand years of exposure.*





# TIPS ON THE NEXT WAR

by Sir Frederick Maurice

*During the greater part of the World War the author of this article was Director of Military Operations for the British General Staff, and is especially qualified to prescribe an antidote for some of the nonsense written about "the next war." In warfare of the future, he states, mobilization of industry will be as imperative as mobilization of soldiers, and the business of the statesman will become of supreme and increasing importance.*

THE cautious observer who tries to deduce guidance for the future from the experience of the past will do well, when war is his theme of study, to find out what the experts of the past were saying and thinking about war before it came. If he does so he will discover that, within the period in which science has seriously applied itself to the perfection of means of destruction, those experts who have been rash enough to utter prophecies have with very rare exceptions been proved wrong. . . .

How wrong were the prophets of 1914! With the single known exception of Lord Kitchener, they proclaimed in Great Britain, in France and in Germany that a great European war must of necessity be short. Our socialists are wont to denounce the Great War as the outcome of the machinations of the international financiers, as a capitalist intrigue. In point of fact, if there was one body of men who more than another was reduced to panic, it was the financiers. They could not conceive that society could exist for any length of time without the elaborate and complex machinery which they had created. It was beyond their powers of imagination to conceive of a great modern state deliberately destroying its economic and financial systems and building up another. Therefore with one voice they proclaimed that the Great War would be short. The soldiers followed their lead, and declared that while the financiers, who surely knew best, were certain that the resources of no state were equal to a prolonged struggle between nations in arms, they for their part were equally certain that human endurance could not long stand the strain of subjection to modern means of destruction. One side or the other would collapse before long. . . .

From the signing of the Treaty of Frankfort, which ended the Franco-German war of 1870-71, the probability of the eventual renewal of the struggle had been in the minds of European soldiers. In the two countries chiefly concerned the professional soldiers thought of little else, their whole lives were devoted to the study of the probable nature of the prospective war and the best methods of conducting it. Elaborate and costly systems of espionage were built up in order to obtain information. Germany in particular was credited with knowing everything of military importance which took place

in the countries of possible enemies. France, whose very existence was at stake, was believed to be well-informed as to the military preparations of her chief enemy. Then not long before the outbreak of war came the development of the aeroplane; while rudimentary compared with its present powers, it appeared to be at least sufficiently effective to ensure timely knowledge of the movements of large bodies of troops. It seemed in the summer of 1914 to be altogether incredible that whole armies would be maneuvered in secret.

Yet what happened in August, 1914? The French plan of campaign, the famous Plan 17, had been gradually and slowly evolved by the best available military brains of France. It was based upon information painfully collected during a long term of years. The probability of invasion of Belgium by Germany had for years been a military commonplace. Despite all this, when the invasion actually took place and the two armies were locked in conflict, the French calculations were suddenly discovered to be erroneous. The whole basis of their plan of campaign was defective because they had grossly underestimated the strength of the forces which Germany could put into the field. The French plan was based on information to the effect that the main German attack would be made from the direction of Metz, and that the Germans had not sufficient troops to extend their front to the west of the Meuse. The error was not discovered until more than 400,000 Germans had crossed the Meuse and the capital of Belgium had been occupied. The first news that Germans were marching through western Belgium was indeed received with complacency at French Headquarters, because it was calculated that if the Germans had extended their left so far they must have weakened their center, which

*We admit freely and willingly the parity between the United States forces and our own. This is an admission which we have never made to any other nation and which we should have made to no other nation. . . .*

*That is the real problem about which so much has been said and which, just because of our sensitiveness to anything which even for a moment divides us from our friends across the seas, has grown out of all proportion in public controversy, until there is a certain danger lest by talking about it so much we shall really create a difficulty which does not exist, and magnify out of all proportion whatever difficulties do exist.*

*The problem is to find some conclusion whereby we can measure naval strength so that the parity which both nations desire may be reached at a level which will not increase the armaments of the world, but bring a reduction.*—Sir Austen Chamberlain, speaking as British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

would be broken by the French attack. Not until August 23, ten days after the whole of the German armies in the west, some 1,500,000 strong, had been drawn up on the frontier, was it discovered that the Germans were powerful enough both to repulse the French attacks upon their left and center and to overlap and envelope the Allied left in great strength. Then the elaborately prepared French plan of campaign came tumbling down like a house of cards.

Even more surprising in view of the military omniscience with which the Germans were credited, was their complete ignorance of the movements of the British Army. The British Army was very small in comparison with the conscript hosts of the Continent, and German soldiers were not disposed to rate its military qualifications highly. It therefore is perhaps not astonishing that the German General Staff informed the German Navy that it attached no particular importance to attempts to interfere with the passage of British troops across the Channel. German Headquarters, in fact, regarded the landing of British troops in Belgium as a positive advantage and hoped to take them and the Belgian Army in their stride towards France. Of that state of mind there is definite evidence, but I may mention incidentally that there is no foundation in fact for the story that the Kaiser described the British Army as "contemptible" and instructed his generals to devote all their energies to its destruction. This is one of those war fictions which has become so firmly established, in England at least, that its demise cannot be foreseen.

If the Germans in August, 1914, had no fears of the effect upon their plans of British military intervention on the side of France, every one with knowledge of the thoroughness and care with which their military preparations were made anticipated that they would have had more than an inkling of the form that intervention would take and would have arranged to get early information of the British landing. Now the advanced parties of the British Expeditionary Force landed at Havre on August 9, 1914. By August 17 the whole had disembarked. From August 14 onward they began to move forward by rail to their place of concentration behind the French fortress of Maubeuge, and 100,000 combatant troops were there assembled by August 20. For six days hundreds of trains had been conveying them across the north of France. On August 21 the British Army began to march forward to Mons, which it reached the next afternoon. Yet on August 20 German General Headquarters telegraphed to von Kluck, who was then about to occupy Brussels: "Disembarkation of the English at Boulogne and their employment from the direction of Lille must be reckoned with. The opinion here however is that large disembarkations have not yet taken place." So on August 23 von Kluck advanced on Mons in ignorance that he had in front of him the whole British Expeditionary Force.

These things being so, one cannot but be mildly surprised at the courage and confidence of those who write of the nature of the next war. Surely if experience is any guide the one thing that is reasonably certain is that if another



great struggle between great powers takes place it will produce as many surprises as did the last.

Yet we are not without some guidance as to the general nature of the developments which we may expect. There have been in the past many wars which were longer than the Great War. There have been none in which the opposing armies were permanently in contact, in which men were being killed and wounded every day. There have been none in which the numbers engaged have been so huge. These, rather than shells of great size, thrown great distances, poison gas, tanks and aircraft, were the outstanding characteristics of the Great War. In that war, as in former wars, battles were incidents in campaigns, though they were of far longer duration. The feature that was without precedent was that from the first day to the last the guns never ceased firing. This was the consequence of the establishment of a continuous barrier of trenches, which limited maneuver and kept the opposing armies permanently in contact. . . .

In all wars before the Great War disease had proved to be at least as great a cause of loss as the enemy's bullets and shells, in most of them a greater one. Large bodies of men could not be kept together for any length of time without suffering from some form of epidemic disease. In the South African War, Great Britain lost far more men from enteric fever than she did from the bullets of the Boers. But while scientists of one kind were giving their minds to the solution of the problems of transportation, those of another kind were solving the problem of sanitation, with the result that in the Great War armies of unprecedented size were kept healthy, though the men in the ranks were living under conditions such as human beings had never before been called upon to endure for a like period. Disease instead of being a major became altogether a minor cause of loss, at least in that part of the Great War which was fought in Europe. Thus the last limitation upon the numbers of men who could be maintained in the field disappeared. It was no longer necessary to calculate how many men could be fed and kept healthy at any given time and place; the question became how many men capable of bearing arms were available. . . .

It is the usual experience that after any important war public opinion should be impressed by the effect of such new weapons as have been used, and that speculation should be rife as to what new terrors those weapons may have in store for us. This has been more than ever the case in the years that have followed the Great War, for the average man and woman has become acutely conscious of the fact that aircraft promise to extend almost indefinitely the danger zone in war. A far more general interest is therefore now taken in speculation as to the nature of future war, and there is also a far more general and sincere desire to do everything that is possible to avoid war. But as I have pointed out, attempts to forecast the nature and effect of weapons to be used in future wars have been very rarely successful. In these

days the life of any particular weapon is comparatively short. The limits of the application of science to the means of destruction has not yet been reached. For every existing weapon some antidote is usually found sooner or later, and the discovery of the antidote tends in time to the discovery of some fresh weapon to which the antidote is not an effective reply. For these reasons I do not attach more than a secondary importance to speculations as to the effect of tanks, poison gas, aeroplanes, or other instruments of war which first made their appearance in the years 1914-1918. It is of greater importance to consider what developments are in progress in the lives of peoples which are likely to effect the nature of war.

Now the outstanding feature of our age is that every day all of us are coming to rely more and more upon machinery. Our industries and indeed our personal comfort are more and more dependent upon the factory and less and less upon the output of human labor unaided by the machine. In the military world a like process is at work. It has for a long time been applied to navies, and the modern battleship is now a mass of intricate machinery enclosed in steel cases. As a result of the experiences of the Great War armies are following the example of fleets. In that war the supply of munitions, and therefore the importance of the manufacture and the supply of material convertible into munitions, attained an importance beyond comparison greater than in any former wars. Plans for battle were dependent to a predominant degree upon the number of guns and shells available. This was of course largely due to the fact that the existence of the trench barrier allowed ample time for preparation. But one result of the experience gained is that military thought everywhere has been impressed by the fact that the unprotected rifleman, however numerous he may be, cannot produce a volume of fire at all comparable with that produced by the right type of military machine. Armies therefore are going through a process of mechanization; and whether the particular weapons with which they are now armed survive the test of war or not, it seems certain that changes will take the form of reliance upon other and better machines rather than upon the development of man power. Man power will be wanted elsewhere as well as at the front.

Napoleon gave as his receipt for victory the big battalions; the receipt for future victories is the big factories. If machines of the right kind and in the necessary numbers are to be produced quickly, and if those machines are to be provided with the immense volume of missiles which they are capable of discharging, then enormous demands will be made upon manufacture, demands even greater than those made in the Great War, when the countries of the chief belligerents became arsenals. It follows, then, that in any future war those countries which have a highly developed industrial system and control over the raw materials convertible into military machines and munitions will be at a great advantage; and further, that of those countries the one

which has given at least as much thought to the mobilization of its industries as it has to the mobilization of its armies will be at the greatest advantage.

Organization for war now means not only the organization of armies and navies, but the organization of the whole of the resources of the state. When war comes, the correct allocation of those resources is a matter of supreme importance. The proper direction of industry will be as vital as good generalship; the correct distribution of man power between the demands of armies and navies and the demands of industry will call for the nicest consideration. The Great War showed us over and over again how supremely difficult it was for the statesman to guide wisely, without ill-considered interference in the technical spheres of the soldier and sailor. So long as the possibility of war remains, statesmen must learn that their part in its conduct will in future be even more difficult and of far greater importance than it has been in the past.—From *Foreign Affairs: An American Quarterly Review* (New York).

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## The Pact to Outlaw War

Amid the prayers and thanksgivings of the Christian Churches, which we would re-echo here, the world passed another milestone on the road of civilization when the Pacte Générale de Renonciation à la Guerre (to give it its diplomatic title) was signed on behalf of fifteen of its leading nations, and the way was opened to others to follow. The world was weary enough, sick unto death, in November, 1918. Hopes then sprang up freely, wildly perhaps, and naturally enough the pendulum swung too far, and for ten years there has been scarcely a moment when some pessimist has not been able to say that all hopes were illusions. . . .

There were moments when we thought that the greatest disappointment of the early years after the Peace lay in the absence of the United States from the League. Today we are inclined to rejoice at that absence. Let no American misunderstand us or think that his country would not be welcomed today within the League. But it seems as though

events had been so guided that Peace is even better served. The United States would obviously have brought a vast accession of strength to the League which would have leaped forward more quickly, if less steadily. But for Europe there might have been some difficulties which were avoided, for the influence of the United States must have been very great, yet her inexperience of conditions here must have been great too. To President Wilson's idealism we owe the eternal debt of gratitude for the League. To his ignorance of European conditions we owed many of the troubles and mistakes of the Peace Conference. Lately the very complaints of our "reservations" about the Pact showed how necessary were those explanations of conditions here. But these are small matters compared with this:—if the United States had joined the League we should not have had this Pact, whereas now Peace will have a double support: the basis on which it rests is broader, and from that base arise two parallel supports, the League and the Pact. . . .

The world believes that it is making



trial of a better system than the old one. The Pact is to help the world to give to new methods a fairer trial by strengthening the good will and confidence wherein lies the hope of the human race.—London *Spectator*, Editorial.

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## The Jubilee of “Jingo”

The passing of 1928 serves to recall the fact that 1878 saw the birth of an English word which has obtained almost European currency. Fifty years ago the Russo-Turkish War was in progress. To be strictly accurate, it ended in March, 1878, with the collapse of the Turkish resistance and the treaty of San Stefano, the harsh terms of which were modified in July at the Berlin congress. . . .

During the struggle our armed intervention was several times imminent, and music-hall audiences were stirred to wild enthusiasm by a Tyrtaean ode written by W. H. Hunt, and sung by “The Great Macdermott.” My recollection of the words does not exactly agree with the Oxford Dictionary version, but I imagine that the text has never been critically edited. At any rate, the chorus, which certainly went with a swing, was sung by musically minded errand boys as follows:

We don’t want to fight, but, by Jingo, if  
we do,  
We’ve got the men, we’ve got the ships,  
we’ve got the money, too.  
We’ve beat the Bear before, and, while  
we’re Britons too,  
The Russians shan’t have Constantinople.

In the *Daily News* of March 11, 1878, William Minto, one of the great leader-writers of the day, used the music-hall “Jingo” in reference to the ultra-vocal

type of patriot. Two days later, in the same daily, appeared a letter from the famous agitator, George Jacob Holyoake. The actual handwriting appears to have been that of Mr. Horatio Bottomley. “I am, if you like, a Jingo, a word which, by the way, I was the first person ever to write—at the dictation of my late uncle, George Jacob Holyoake” (*John Bull*, Nov. 10, 1917). The letter alluded contemptuously to the “Jingoes, the new tribe of music-hall patriots who sing the Jingo song.”—Ernest Weekley, in *T. P.’s Weekly*.

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## Should War Trophies Be Scrapped?

The other day a local council decided that a gun displayed in a public place as a trophy of the Great War should be broken up and flung on the scrap heap. The Mayor of Southwark is raising the same question on a larger scale.

He intends to consult the Metropolitan Mayors’ Association and find out whether they share his opinion that it is useless to continue the exhibition in public buildings and parks of guns and other munitions captured from the Germans. His view is that it would be much better to sell them, if possible, or else to scrap them. He finds a widespread dislike of these grim exhibits, not only among people who hate war, but among ex-service men who object to being reminded of what they went through.

He thinks it is bad for the younger generation who have no personal knowledge of war to get used to these trophies of victory, and that their retention is unworthy of the Locarno Treaty, the Kellogg Pact, and the general movement towards peace.—The Manchester *Guardian*.

# DISPELLING SOME WAR ILLUSIONS

by William Ralph Inge

CIVILIZED nations do not regard war as a sport. Nor is it true that wars are made by the manufacturers of armaments, or by groups of financiers. The influence of such trades and groups is not great; and "big business" has far more to lose than to gain by a general conflagration.

The notion that wars are made only by kings and emperors, and that to make the world safe for democracy is to make it safe for peace, is utterly untrue, and extremely dangerous. The old proverb, *Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi*, requires to be amended in the light of recent events. It should run, *Delirant Achivi, plectuntur reges*. Nations go mad, and make scapegoats of their rulers. My study of modern history convinces me that in bellicosity and injustice to weaker nations there is not a pin to choose between monarchs and republics.

There is, unfortunately, rather more justification for the charge that some wars have been wars of exploitation—economic wars. These are always attacks by some great Power on barbarous or ill-armed nations. This is precisely the kind of war which the League of Nations ought to be able to prevent. As for wars between great nations on the same level of civilization, like the Great War of 1914, we may surely say without fear of contradiction that no one who has anything to lose is ever likely to vote for such a war again. Frankly, I regard this as the trump card in the hand of the friends of peace. It gives the opponents of war a most potent argument which they have never been able to use with such convincing force before.

As for those persons—and I fear they are numerous—who wish to abolish international rivalries only in order to clear the way for a ruthless and probably sanguinary civil war of classes in the bosom of every nation, the friends of peace may pray to be delivered from such allies. In that direction lies a deadly menace to the whole movement.

Let me try to suggest to you what are the real causes which place serious obstacles to the triumph of the cause which we all have at heart.

The first of these is the form which the spirit of patriotism has taken in modern times. . . . The love of country has burnt with a peculiarly intense flame in the time in which we live. Ever since the French Revolution and Napoleon kindled into a fierce flame the national consciousness patriotism has been by far the strongest of the generous emotions which make the European man ready to sacrifice his property and his life, without counting the cost. To the patriot in an exalted mood the questions at issue between his own country and its enemies seem to be simply questions of right against wrong.

We know, alas, how, when the sword has once been drawn, every Government tries to stimulate these prejudices by unscrupulous propaganda, and

how, when terms of peace are to be discussed, hatred and indignation, thus artificially exaggerated, stifle the desire to show justice and generosity to a beaten foe, which enlightened self-interest no less than chivalry and Christian charity should encourage. In this way a passionate wish for a war of revenge is generated in the minds of the losers, and each war sows the seeds of another.

But this sentiment of patriotism is far too noble a thing to be condemned outright. It needs only to be directed into right channels, to be purified from its base, vulgar and archaic perversions. The question is not whether we ought to love our country, but what kind of success and glory and happiness we should desire for it. Instead of the childish wish to paint the map of the world red, or whatever our national color may be, our pride should be to make it honored, respected, and even beloved by other nations.

Romantic patriotism, which is only the distortion of a noble sentiment, is one of the causes of modern war. But the main cause is simply fear—fear of sudden and unprovoked attack. And here again, we must beware of passing thoughtless censure. The plain truth is that the fear is justified. I need not point out to you how fear drove all the chief belligerents in the Great War to take up arms. In our own case the one convincing and unanswerable argument was that of the Prime Minister: "If we remain neutral we shall be left without a friend in the world, the predestined victims of the next coalition."

Can the League of Nations remove the well-grounded fear of the nations that they may be attacked and destroyed without provocation? Hitherto, unwarlike nations have found no mercy. We need only think of the treatment of China all through the nineteenth century. Or must we go on as we have done hitherto, each nation naturally desiring to be secure, and realizing that it cannot be secure unless it is stronger than any probable assailant?

This is surely the crux of the whole problem. Can the League offer the nations security, not against nations which are willing to keep the covenant, but against any nation which may choose to break it?

Let us concentrate on this point—that the removal of fear—of quite reasonable fear—is the riddle of the Sphinx. If the League can solve it, it will have succeeded in its work; if not, it will have failed.—From an official League of Nations sermon preached by the famous London prelate, dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, in the Geneva (Switzerland) Cathedral.

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*The world is desperately in need of leadership at the present time, and in my humble judgment, we can't afford to wait very long for a general increase in intelligence without risking some very unpleasant consequences. . . . But we*

*cannot get great leadership if we don't want it. Leaders are produced by the spirit of their age, and our age is mostly interested in having a good time at all costs, and avoiding thought as much as possible.—Sir Philip Gibbs.*



## EMIL LUDWIG REPORTS ON AMERICA

"AND now that you are back with us in Germany, how did you like the Yankees? Make it snappy, in two words."

"I need only one word; tremendously." . . .

"I'm falling out of my chair! You brought up as a German humanist and scholar of German music? You like the most unmusical of all lands?"

"If I go from the beasts of prey to the bird cages in a zoo, I cannot expect rending teeth in the swallows, nor yet sweet song from the lions."

"But are we Europeans beasts of prey?"

"I wish we had bigger and better teeth, and the Americans more song." . . .

"And what is the best thing you found in this ideal land; what do you think most worthy of imitation?"

"We cannot imitate what is best. Just as America cannot load the culture of a thousand years on ships and bring it to their shores, just as it can not establish a monopoly of the wisdom and thought which Europeans have created, neither can we produce the best things of America. Our marble and our libraries, music and pictures, systems of philosophy and wisdom, all these they can import, but no technique can imitate the elusive mellowness which underlies European culture and makes it priceless.

"In the same way we can transport American business methods to Europe, but they remain foreign; no technique can imitate the youth which flashes from machinery and shimmers in the lighted windows of twenty-storied buildings, and are in their own way priceless too. No one has the virtues of age and of youth at the same time. . . .

"He who has just come back from the United States is on the defensive, for all at home are full of prejudice. No wonder, for the creditor is seldom popular, and as far as the War is concerned, it seems to me that opinion in the ex-Allied countries is more anti-American than in her former enemy who owes her no debts. I can see only the spectacle of Europe constantly ingratiating herself in the favor of her daughter.—From an interview with himself in the Berlin *Weltbühne*.

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*Two Irishmen went to bed in the same room on a Sunday night in New York.*

*The light from the street lamp shone through their window and prevented them going to sleep. At length, in despair, they procured a pot of black paint and painted the window panes.*

*When they woke they dressed and*

*went off to work. As soon as they arrived the boss greeted them with "You're fired."*

*"Fired for being fifteen minutes late," they exclaimed in amazement.*

*"Fifteen minutes be blowed," said the boss, "where were you on Monday and Tuesday?"—The Bystander (London).*

# HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

by Dr. Delisle Burns

*The Stevenson Lecturer in Citizenship at the University of Glasgow, Scotland, here takes Britain to task for "failing to study intelligently and understand American culture in process of development, as well as the American individuality." His observations are a rejoinder to a remarkable discussion, in Time and Tide (London), of British views on America as not only "rich and powerful, but blatant, vulgar, superficial and insufferably conceited. . . . If we go on hating America as we do today, we shall come to the point where in a sudden moment of inflamed passion we shall want to show her—and especially to show ourselves—that she, by virtue of her power and money, does not possess over us the power which we fear that she does."*

WE must take positive action to increase our knowledge of what the people of the United States are like and what they are doing and saying. We send over there some university professor to teach—and probably also to learn; but the people of the United States invite us to teach! Why should we not invite their teachers?

. . . There are some in America who are not only masters of their subjects and in touch with contemporary life, but are also active influences in the formation of public policy. Let them come and interpret for us not only the Big Navy group but also that mysterious force of women's opinion which seems to have affected the United States Senate.

And short of visiting lecturers, we could arrange for statements to be published from authoritative men in the States giving us fully and plainly their case against our official view in regard to maritime law. In industrial matters there is much in America which may be of interest to us here; and, of course, some Glasgow firms have already sent out men to the States to learn about new methods.

Even if some of the "tall talk" about American efficiency is misleading, there may be some new ideas to be derived from their experience. I can imagine also some useful discussion about the rivalry of their imports with ours in Asiatic countries. China is settling down and the field for imports is being explored. Official Washington policy in the East may need explanation in order that we shall not find British policy gradually drifting into opposition to it there. Again, educationally, in the widest sense of that word, we should understand America, as the recent Report on the Libraries of the United States, made to the Manchester City Council, has shown. . . .

I am certain that we should derive great advantages from a closer contact with the best minds of America. The policy thus adopted would be a pre-

ventive of warlike threats in case certain rivalries become more acute. But there are positive reasons, too, in favor of such plan.

Great Britain and the United States have a common constitutional and democratic tradition. These two nations, though divided in habits and outlooks, do have a definite desire for peace in the world. But coöperation between Governments in the organization of peace will be successful only if there is a greater understanding of the one nation by the other than exists at present.

School histories in America used to make Great Britain the villain of the piece; and probably the anti-British feeling in China was due partly to the effect of these school histories upon the minds of Chinese students in America, who saw Great Britain chiefly as the enemy of American liberties in the days of George Washington. The better historians in the United States are now striving to correct the false impression left on the minds of the young by a fantastic melodrama of the American revolution.

But over here, too, we are not blameless. Our schools and universities do not give sufficient attention to the growth of American civilization. And besides—it is a controverted point. . . . We misrepresent America, as America used to misrepresent us. And if we learn more we shall, I believe, find positive policies upon which the two nations can agree for the promotion of peace in the whole world.—From an article by the distinguished British educator and author of *The Morality of Nations*, in the *Glasgow Herald*.

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### The English Imprint on America

Too many of us are accustomed to think of America as a place of mushroom growths. There are American families which have flourished in one place for many generations. Far out in Long Island Sound, half-way between Long Island and Connecticut, Gardiner's Island lies in a luminous grey mist. Charles the Second granted it to a knight called Gardiner, whose descendants own it to-day, and keep it in a wildness that is like the wildness of Skye, although speculators from Manhattan have many times tempted them to sell it. The Gardiners, I am told, remained neutral during the Revolution, and their island for a time was an independent State, owing

allegiance neither to George nor to Washington.

An American, of purely English origin, from the Southern States, who has that irritation against England which is possessed only by people of purely English origin, told me that in twenty-five years' time there would not be any trace of English influence in the United States. America, he said, now looks to herself, and not to foreigners. That is natural enough, but I thought he was expressing what he desired rather than what was to be; and a Belfast woman, married to a distinguished New York neurologist, also born in Belfast, told me that she disagreed with him. She thought that the settlement of the Irish question, the steady payment of the Debt, and the fortitude and resolution with which Eng-



land had set herself to recover from the ravages of the war had made an enormous impression in America, and that the English influence, more than any other outside influence, was likely to increase rather than to decline.

Whether that be so or not, the mark made on this land by men of our blood cannot be obliterated. It is here forever. I motored to New York recently from the Long Island village of Easthampton, settled by emigrants from Maidstone in Kent, and drove through woodlands full of autumn colors that I cannot hope to describe. The sumach, in the fall, becomes a burning bush: its leaves suddenly burst into red flames; and the scrub-oak, which we, I think, call the scarlet-oak, catches some of the sumach's fire and lights up its lovely leaves. My eyes were filled with deep red and light red and golden orange, and far, faint yellow and luminous green and dusky grey as I drove through the woodlands of Long Island on that intoxicating morning when the air was braced and enlivened by the Atlantic. As we approached New York and passed through a suburb, whose name I sought to find, I saw it painted on an official building. Kew Gardens was the name of that suburb of New York, and, for a moment, I imagined that I was at home.—St. John Ervine, writing from New York, in the *London Observer*.

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### From a Letter to Rudyard Kipling

You have by now enjoyed a longer spell of fame than any other living writer of English with the possible exception of Sir James Barrie; and Sir James, though he was born five years before you, did not become famous at an earlier date. No English writer since Dickens

has been so famous in his early twenties as you, or has preserved his fame so successfully through a long career. You were only twenty-one when you published *Plain Tales from the Hills*, and by the time you were twenty-five you had set all the world talking with *Soldiers Three*, *Wee Willie Winkie*, *Life's Handicap*, and other volumes that we still read admiringly today. Your achievement at the age of thirty, when you had written *Barrack-room Ballads*, *Many Inventions*, and the two *Jungle Books*, was so remarkable that, if you had died at that age, you had already done enough to secure almost as high a position in English literature as you hold today. . . .

It was as a realist—a servant of the God of Things as They Are—that you first conquered the world, and I fancy it is due to your attempt to be a realist that a vein of boastful cleverness often appears in the obtrusive details of your writing to the irritation of many of your readers. The same conscious cleverness is noticeable in the way in which you seem constantly to appear on the stage along with your characters, manipulating them and showing them off, and to be unable to leave them alone to talk and behave naturally and at ease. That is, perhaps, why your characters, even when they are most life-like, still have something of the marionette in them.

Your immortality is reasonably certain, however, even if you cease to be regarded as a painter of Things as They Are. You will survive in prose, it seems to me, chiefly as a great writer of picturesque romance. You have in your most inspired moments seen life as a rogues' comedy. Your soldiers three are rogues; your schoolboys in *Stalky & Co.* are rogues—good rogues, rogues as it were on the side of the angels, but, none the less, frequent breakers of the law.

No other writer of our time has written so passionately in praise of law and order as you have, and no other writer has written so appreciatively of lawless men and boys. You combine in some curious way the ideals of a policeman and an anarchist. You loathe the rebel who really threatens the foundations of society, but, if you are sure that the rebel will hasten to the support of authority at a crisis, you take him to your bosom. All the lawbreakers whom we get to like in your stories are men and boys whom officers and headmasters can ultimately trust. . . .

Whatever you have written you have written with the whole intensity of your nature, whether in the bitter mood of the political partisan, in laughter, or in tears for the troubles of mortal men.

There is a certain rasping contemptuousness in your nature that prevents you from touching the deepest sympathies of ordinary human beings in much of your work. Only here and there in your pages do we find that consolation of pity that seems to me to make Tchekhov the greatest of short-story writers. But, at least, you have looked on the world with wonder and awe, and have invented tales about it with the ingenuity of a conjurer and the energy of an artist. You have left none of your talents to waste in idleness, but have used each of them to the utmost with the religious sense of responsibility that you have so often expressed in your verse. This essentially emotional and religious attitude to life, and to your art, I fancy, gives even your picaresque stories a quality that will keep them alive when most of the famous fiction of our time has perished.—Robert Lynd, English author, editor and critic, in *John O'London's Weekly*.

## England and the Sea

Nerve is the cutting edge of the imagination and it happens to be a quality which, taking one century with another, our country has not altogether lacked. Whether we developed it because we were forced to use the seas in order to live, or whether we had it from the first and took to the seas on our way does not matter. Nowhere has it proved itself more splendidly than in the merchant service. Here you have, in daily use, imagination that foresees without being overwhelmed by any risk the ocean may deliver. We have always accepted these risks as a part of our existence.

It was the sea that from our beginnings directed our imaginings. It was the sea that waited on us, the world over, until our imaginings became realities, until our mud creeks at home grew to be world commanding ports and our most remote landing places the thresholds of nations. It is the sea that has given us a cutting edge to our imagination, nerve that meets all manner of trouble with inherited conviction that nothing really matters so long as one keeps one's nerve, and in that certainty overcomes every handicap without too much clamor.—Rudyard Kipling, addressing the Liverpool Shipbrokers Benevolent Society.



*It is the Americans more than ourselves who are making English the universal language. It will be English, I regret to say, with an American accent, but that cannot be helped. A century hence the world will have a universal language, and it will be English.*—A. G. Gardiner, editor and publicist, in the *London Star*.

# THE SCIENTIFIC POINT OF VIEW

by J. B. S. Haldane

SCIENCE affects the average man and woman in two ways already. He or she benefits by its applications, riding in a motor-car instead of a horse buggy, being treated for diseases by a doctor or a surgeon rather than a priest or a witch, and being killed with an automatic pistol or a shell in place of a dagger or a battle ax. It also affects his or her opinions. Almost everyone believes that the earth is round and the heavens nearly empty, instead of solid. And we are beginning to believe in our animal ancestry and the possibility of vast improvements in human nature by biological methods.

But science can do something far bigger for the human mind than the substitution of one set of beliefs for another, or the inculcation of skepticism regarding accepted opinions. It can gradually spread among humanity as a whole the point of view that prevails among research workers, and has enabled a few thousand men and a few dozen women to create the science on which modern civilization rests. For if we are to control our own and one another's actions as we are learning to control nature, the scientific point of view must come out of the laboratory and be applied to the events of daily life. It is foolish to think that the outlook which has already revolutionized industry, agriculture, war and medicine, will prove useless when applied to the family, the nation, or the human race.

Unfortunately, the growing realization of this fact is opening the door to innumerable false prophets who are advertising their own pet theories in sociology as scientific. Science is continually telling us through their mouths that we are doomed unless we give up smoking, adopt—or abolish—birth control, etc. Now it is not my object to support any scientific theory, but merely the scientific standpoint.

*The pre-Christian attitude towards disease was that it was a punishment from some deity for a sin either of the sick person, his family, or the whole community. Jesus did not take this view. When asked concerning a man born blind: "Who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?" He replied, "Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him." This is not so unlike the attitude of the scientist who regards a case of disease as a manifestation of a natural law, which can only be cured or prevented when research has revealed the working of the law in question.—J. B. S. Haldane.*



What are the characteristics of that standpoint? In the first place, it attempts to be truthful and, therefore, impartial. . . .

In so far as it places all phenomena on the same emotional level, the scientific point of view may be called the God's-eye view. But it differs profoundly from that which religions have attributed to the Almighty in being ethically neutral. Science cannot determine what is right and wrong, and should not try to. It can work out the consequences of various actions, but it cannot pass judgment on them. The bacteriologist can merely point out that pollution of the public water supply is likely to cause as many deaths as letting off a bomb in the public street. But he is no better equipped than anyone else in possession of the knowledge he has gained, for determining whether these two acts are equally wrong. The enemies of science alternately abuse its exponents for being deaf to moral considerations and for interfering in ethical problems which do not concern them. Both of these criticisms cannot be right. . . .

St. Paul thought that the world was largely ruled by demons. We know better today, and we demand the general adoption of the scientific point of view because in its absence human effort is so largely devoted to conflicts with fellow-men, in which one, if not both, of the disputants must inevitably suffer. It is only in times of disaster that the average man devotes a moment's thought to his real enemies, "the rulers of the darkness of the world" from bacteria to tornadoes. Until humanity adopts the scientific point of view those enemies will not be conquered.—From the fiftieth anniversary number of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

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## Too Many Things in the World

There are too many things in the world.

We are surrounded by instruments, articles, objects, apparatus and machines. There is a plague of levers in the land. Turn on a switch in an English home, and anything may happen—a kettle may boil, a light may shine, a voice may talk about beetles, a dinner-lift may come up through the floor. The population is fairly stationary, the birth-rate is decreasing, the number of things grows greater every year. And the old things do not die—at any rate, not enough of them have died. . . .

Supposing that a man has already in his house a telephone, a gramophone, a dictaphone, a megaphone and a wireless set with two earphones, will he be expected to buy during the course of the next six months a visophone, a movie-phone and a microphone as well? Is his house to bulge with phones? And must he have an aeroplane and a hydroplane as well as a motor-car? . . .

Who uses all these things? Where did I leave my pipe? There are seven hundred-and-forty different kinds of fountain-pen on the market at the moment, and three on my desk as I take up my knife to sharpen my quill.

I never meet a scientist without his tell-

ing me of some new thing which has just been discovered to enable people to do a thing they never thought of doing before; but science never discovers any way of preventing people from using the old things which they have had all along. . . .

A new dog is invented almost every year, but nearly all the old breeds survive. There must, I suppose, be a place where the old motor-cars, superseded by six-cylinders and straight eights, go at last, like the elephants, to die. But nobody has discovered where that place is. In America the bones of Fords lie bleaching along the prairies; but even then, what happens to the scrap-iron? . . .

The result of our complicated civilization is that every man grows every day more ignorant, because the number of things is becoming so vastly greater than the number of men to understand them. The times in fact are getting far, far ahead of the people who live in them. Scarcely anybody you meet on the Underground can tell you what an aeroplane is, and there is almost the same uncertainty about an omostat. . . . The air is a-quiver with electric vibrations which nobody bothers to pick up. . . . The nervophone is that new instrument which reproduces the mental soliloquies of a man who is talking to somebody about something else.

Obviously there should be a Government department to censor the creation of new things, or else a Government department to destroy what is old. . . .

And on top of this we excavate Ur of the Chaldees, dig up the furniture of TUTANKH-AMEN, and collect little vases that the Etruscans lost long ago.

There are too many things in the world.—“Evoo,” in *Punch*.

## Perils of Progress

Can we control the course of civilization? There is something of the terrible inevitability of a conflagration in the way it spreads forward. . . . Clearly we are being carried along a road which is beset with perils—the perils of overindulgence. There is a danger that feelings, emotions and passions may lay siege to conscience and undermine our powers of will. It is when we realize that our progress ministers to the lower rather than to the higher side of our nature that a feeling of uneasiness arises as to the future. We are making toward the reign of sentiment rather than of reason.

Danger lies in the present rather than in the future. The stream of traffic which sweeps through the multitudinous highways of the brain certainly strengthens some of its faculties and weakens others. There is no evidence which compels us to believe that the brains of children are influenced by the experiences to which the brains of their parents have been subjected.

Civilization cannot directly alter the human brain, but it may indirectly. If those who have the best faculties for the enjoyment of life become the parents of the largest families, then civilization may in time alter human nature. My belief is that the danger is to ourselves, not to our far-distant progeny.

If my diagnosis is correct, what is the remedy I would propose? Some of my best friends prescribe religion; far be it from me to deny the efficacy of such means. My own prescription is work—work if we are fortunate enough to have it and twice blessed if we can enjoy it. Work is the salt which gives life its savor. When I regard the future I am buoyed up by the knowledge that work is a necessary condition of human life;

no invention or discovery can deprive the head and hands of man from their birthright of toil. Fortunately, too, work whets the appetite of enjoyment. Work is a necessity; pleasure is, and should be, its reward.—Sir Arthur Keith, former President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in the *New York Times Magazine*.

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## Bertrand Russell Answers Up

*Here are ten questions recently sent by The Little Review (London) to fifty celebrated men and women, together with one of the most interesting set of replies made by the distinguished author of An Outline of Philosophy, Sceptical Essays, On Education and The A B C of Relativity.*

### The Ten Questions

1. What should you most like to do, to know, to be? (In case you are not satisfied.)

2. Why wouldn't you change places with any other human being?

3. What do you look forward to?

4. What do you fear most from the future?

5. What has been the happiest moment of your life? The unhappiest? (if you care to tell.)

6. What do you consider your weakest characteristics? Your strongest? What do you really like most about yourself? Dislike most?

7. What things do you really like? Dislike? (Nature, people, ideas, objects, etc. Answer in a phrase or a page, as you will.)

8. What is your attitude toward art to-day?

9. What is your world view? (Are you a reasonable being in a reasonable scheme?)

10. Why do you go on living?

### The Ten Answers

1. I should like to do physics, to know physics, to be a physicist.

2. There are about a dozen human beings with whom I would gladly change places; first among them I should put Einstein.

3. I look forward to watching the development of my children.

4. I fear most from the future that I shall become the sort of person whom people will find tiresome to be with.

5. The unhappiest moment of my life was birth; the happiest will probably be death.

6. My weakest characteristic is respect for big-wigs; my strongest an impersonal intellect. I like most about myself the fact that many people like me. I dislike most the fact that I hate myself.

7. I like the sea, logic, theology, heraldry. The first two because they are inhuman, the last two because they are ridiculous. I dislike fools, tyrants, and women who speak of children as "little darlings."

8. I have no view about art to-day.

9. My world view is that I am a moderately reasonable being in a totally unreasonable scheme.

10. I go on living because I enjoy life.

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*All animals instinctively recognize their kind. They also recognize what is not their kind, and this recognition may be accompanied by a feeling of intense antipathy. I regard race feeling as part of the evolutionary machinery which safeguards parity of race. Human prejudices have usually a biological significance.—Sir Arthur Keith, eminent British anthropologist.*



# MY DISCOVERY OF TELEVISION

by John Baird

MY first researches in television were done over an artificial flower shop in Hastings [England]. With a thrill, at last I saw from one side of the room to the other. But, alas! I had no money, and sold my apparatus. Ultimately Television, Limited, started me. After this, with hard, patient work, I made some progress. At last the great day arrived.

It was the first Friday in November, 1925. I put the head of a dummy, really a ventriloquist's doll I named "Bill," against the screen, and saw the image of half the head, including the mouth and the lips.

Then there came the gradation of light and shade, with a clear outline of the hair. On this occasion, on starting the apparatus, instead of the usual white outline there appeared on the screen a true image, with detail and half-tones. The first image thus seen by true television was the face of the doll I had used in my test. Television was achieved at last!

*I shall never forget that afternoon.* I called for Edward Taynton, the office boy, and asked him to take his place before the screen. But I saw no image. I thought that after all I had failed. Until I discovered that the boy was nervous and would not enter the focus of light. I encouraged him with a gift. Thus he became immortalized as the first person to be televised. Eureka! I had succeeded, leaving, I hope, poverty and starvation behind.

A clear vision of a human figure had been seen. The boy was in one room and I was in another. . . .

Television is seeing by electricity, either with or without wires. Just as the telephone is an electric "ear," so the "televisor" is an electric "eye." . . .

Television is different from photo-telegraphy. Perhaps the most simple difference is to state that the former is *living* and the latter *still*. Speed is the essential thing.

As is well known, the eye can only receive so many impressions in a certain time. Fortunately this limitation of sight serves television. The practical problem in television was how to transmit nearly 100,000 signals per second, to break up each living image into many thousands of fragments, and

*I often lie awake in the stillness of the night and think of this wonderful world. I ponder over, say, the structure of the human body, and think of the perfect adaptation of part to part. And as I so meditate I seem to hear a voice above all restless questioning: "Be still, and know that I am God."—John Baird.*

convey these "pieces" to the receiver and reassemble them on the receiving screen in the fraction of a second.

It is necessary to make a complete transversal of the screen in about one-tenth of a second, so that the images are seen instantaneously owing to the "time lag" of the eye.

Incidentally, in the course of my experiments it was expedient to construct a cell made from the visual pupil of a *human eye*. Naturally, it was somewhat difficult to obtain, until a surgeon, keenly interested in science, provided me with a fresh human optic. This cell, when first constructed, gave a quite appreciable reaction to light. . . .

Another amazing fact has been proved, and that is that faces have sound. It is possible to recognize outstanding objects by sound. For example, a hand held in front of the transmitter gives a rattling sound, while a face gives a softer note. Each face has its own note, and each movement causes it to change. Thus you can hear a man nodding his head or opening his mouth.

With practice it is possible to recognize the difference between two people sitting alternately before the transmitter. Thus what actually goes through the ether is simply sound. If the object being televised is white in color, its note is loud and clear; if red or brown, far less distinct; and if black, it is scarcely audible.—From an interview with the discoverer by the Rev. R. Ernest Little, in the *Methodist Times*.

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### Verses Gray Omitted From His Immortal Elegy

I am obliged to a woman reader who writes from Manchester:—

"Stoneleigh, Crumpsall Lane,  
Manchester,  
Sept. 19th, 1928.

"Dear Sir,—

"I have been much interested in the discussion on Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. I have in my possession an early edition of Gray's Poems—one printed in 1801—in the preface (or 'Advertisement' as it is there named) of which one reads: 'We have carefully preserved every poem or fragment published by Mr. Gray's executor; several of which have been unaccountably omitted in a late edition. The public may therefore look upon this as the only com-

plete collection of Mr. Gray's poems that has appeared since the one edited by Mr. Mason.' . . . In this edition the discussed line reads 'They kept the *noiseless* tenour of their way.' The verse beginning 'There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,' is given in the margin with a note to the effect that Mr. Gray originally inserted this stanza immediately before the Epitaph, but afterwards omitted it because he thought it too long a parenthesis in this place. The four following stanzas are also given as occurring in Mr. Gray's first MS. of the poem:—

' . . . kindled at the muse's flame.

The thoughtless world to majesty may  
bow,

Exalt the brave, and idolize success;  
But more to innocence their safety owe,

Than pow'r or genius e'er conspired  
to bless.

And thou, who mindful of th'unhonour'd  
dead,

Dost in these notes their artless tale  
relate,

By night and lonely contemplation led  
To wander in the gloomy walks of  
fate:

Hark! how the sacred calm, that breathes  
around,

Bids ev'ry fierce tumultuous passion  
cease

In still small accents whispering from  
the ground,

A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

No more with reason and thyself at  
strife,

Give anxious cares and endless wishes  
room;

But through the cool sequester'd vale of  
life,

Pursue the silent tenour of thy doom.'

Here, continues the note, the poem  
was intended to conclude. Mr. Mason,  
we are told, considered the third of these  
rejected stanzas equal to any in the  
whole Elegy.

Doubtless you are familiar with these  
verses; still, it may be interesting to  
some of your readers to compare them  
with other editions.

It will be observed that the second and  
fourth of these stanzas, rewritten, ap-  
pear in the Elegy as it is now printed.  
The third is worthy of the entire poem,  
and so are these two other rejected stan-  
zas, not quoted by my correspondent:—

"Him have we seen the greenwood side  
along,

While o'er the heath we hied, our  
labour done,

Oft as the woodlark piped her farewell  
song,

With wistful eyes pursue the setting  
sun.

There scattered oft, the earliest of the  
year,

By hands unseen are show'rs of vio-  
lets found;

The redbreast loves to build and warble  
there,

And little footsteps lightly print the  
ground."

—Jackdaw, in *John O'London's Week-  
ly*.

~~~~~  
*Art is always the result of a con-
straint. To believe that the freer it is the
higher it soars, is like believing that the
kite is held down by its string. Kant's
pigeon, which thought that it would fly
better if the air did not impede the move-
ment of its wings, failed to recognize
that in order to fly it needed the resist-
ance of the air for its wings. Similarly,
if art is to rise, it must have some re-
sistance against which to brace itself.
. . . Art aspires to liberty only in pe-
riods of illness; it would like to exist
without stress. . . .*

*The great artist is the one who exalts
his impediments, to whom obstacles
serve as incentives. It is even said that
Michael Angelo was led by a deficiency
of the marble to invent the cramped pos-
ture of Moses. Owing to the limit in the
number of voices that could be man-
aged on the stage at one time, Aeschylus
was constrained to invent the silence of
Prometheus while being bound on the
Caucasus. Greece banished the man who
added a string to the lyre. Art is born
of constraint, lives on conflict, and dies
of liberty.—André Gide, French littera-
teur, in *Vanity Fair* (New York).*

LETTING LIGHT INTO CHINA

by Dr. Y. C. James Yen

Here is an address, "such as is seldom heard in a lifetime," that was delivered by a distinguished Chinese scholar and educator, and graduate of Yale University, in Boston, Mass. It is reprinted in London Public Opinion as being an impressive utterance "not only on account of its eloquence, but for its simple recital of facts that throw a searchlight on the soul of China as it is today."

I HAVE often been asked why it is that so many Chinese cannot read or write, when China gave printing and paper-making to the world. We have two languages in China, the classical and the spoken, or Pai-Hua. In China, Japan and Korea the same characters are used.

There is as much difference between the classical and spoken languages as there would be between Latin and modern English. For centuries the classical has held sway. To learn it means a lifetime of study, and most of the people have not the time, for they must earn their living. This is why we have a great country where many people do not read.

Fortunately for China, four-fifths of the country can use the spoken language. Also, there is a small class of literature in this language, and this is what we want to teach to the two hundred millions. But even in this spoken or Pai-Hua language we have 40,000 characters. And so unless we could modernize this, the task is hopeless.

We collected 200 kinds of Pai-Hua publications, and counted how many times a given character was used. After this kind of study we reduced the characters from 40,000 to 1,300. Based on these, we prepared four readers. There are twenty-four lessons: one hour a day to learn a lesson, and one month to complete a reader. In ninety-six hours the average person can grasp all the fundamental characters of this Pai-Hua language.

In addition to these four readers, we issued another, called *People's Pocket Dictionary*, containing 2,000 additional characters. When a man has completed the learning of the 1,300 characters from these readers, he is able to read anything in the Pai-Hua language. The cost of the course was twelve cents.

Our next problem was to bring these lessons into the hands of the people. And so the Mass Education Movement was started in Central China. The classical scholars objected, saying that the farmers and artisans should not be given an education, and we had to tell them that every Chinese must know at least one language. They agreed to this, but said they ought to be taught the Pai-Hua language. We told them that if we could not get the people educated, China would always be a sleeping nation. So the organization was formed to carry on our work.

Our slogan was "Recruit 1,000 students to study 1,000 characters." We were told we could not get 100 students. So we employed methods to get community interest. We used a poster showing in the corner "The sick man of the Far East—China," then a picture of a young man, a volunteer teacher; on the extreme right, the picture of a doctor with a big bottle of medicine, and the label on the bottle was "People's 1,000-Character Readers."

We wanted the well-to-do to contribute to the campaign. And to arouse the illiterate, we used a parade with brass bands. The marchers would ask on either side of the street: "Can you read Chinese? If you can't, come to school." In a short time 1,450 students enrolled, 50 buildings were put at our disposal, and 80 teachers volunteered to serve without pay. After four months of study a final examination was held.

The old governor had been very skeptical, but said that he would not oppose the movement. Twelve hundred and twenty-five stuck to the last, and 967 passed their examinations, which the governor supervised. He also made the Commencement address and presented the diplomas. They were much more picturesque than the sheepskin I received from Yale.

We then went to East China and South China. All this made a wide stir, and it was thought that we must organize nation-wide. And so in the fall of 1923 a national council met in Peking, and 600 representatives formed the Chinese National Association of the Mass Education Movement. Branches sprang up everywhere. Five millions are now studying among the laboring class, in the rural sections, and even in the army.

I have been asked why in all these recent revolutions the Mass Education Movement has been able to carry on. There are at least two reasons: (1) The common people are eager to get an education, and (2) there has been a nation-wide awakening to the need of educating all the people of China.

China now realizes that she must train her common people if she is to take her place in the sisterhood of nations. Now we have 120,000 volunteer teachers serving without pay. This seems to be far more significant for the ancient nation and the young republic than what we sometimes read in the newspapers.

We realize that to make the people literate is just the first step. There

China says that six to twelve years is the school age, and some day the Government will be able to take care of all between these ages. But what about the two hundred million beyond the age of twelve? The Mass Education Movement is making a drive for this group. If we could give these young men an opportunity for a language education and citizenship education, you would see a different country altogether.—Dr. Y. C. James Yen.

remains the task of teaching citizenship. We must stress qualitative as against quantitative, and depth as against breadth. And so we are faced with the question as to the content of this great movement. We have the problem of training, supervision, and the matter of literature. Yet nothing can stop the movement. But what are the millions going to read? In the Pai-Hua language there is very little literature available, and we must provide a literature. It must be a kind that will influence the people to great thinking and fine living.

What is the relation of this Mass Education Movement to the rest of the world? I think this world is shrinking. Space doesn't count as it once did. The people of the world are thrown together more and more. I think what one-fourth of the human race is going to do in the next few years is a matter of concern to China and the rest of the world.—From a public address reported in the *Boston Evening Transcript*.

A Chinese Fantasy

The author of this whimsical discourse on the importance of inscriptions is a popular contemporary humorist in China. His writing is distinguished for its overtones, its double-meanings—as when he observes in the following essay: “The best way to preserve one’s poems is to inscribe them either too high or so low as to be out of reach.”

A blank wall of rock disfigures any hillside, but at once becomes attractive to a literate eye if some one inscribes a few lines of poetry upon it. Indeed, the writing of inscriptions on blank spaces is incumbent upon every educated visitor of picturesque scenery. It is, however, only in China, where cultivated people are far commoner than elsewhere, that this duty is properly discharged.

If you doubt my word, make a tour of all the picture spots on the globe, and then return to the Middle Kingdom. You will soon see which country it is that can boast the greatest number of inscriptions on its rocks. The existence of poems inscribed in this way argues a high state of civilization. To write verses

one must be a poet, which at once gives a great advantage to China, where every Mr. Chang and Mr. Li can write a poem while you wait; and it even sometimes happens, if he is not too much hurried, that the *p'ing*-tones and *ts'e*-tones will actually come in the right places. As far then as China is concerned there is certainly no need to fear that the supply of poets will run short.

But there is another point. Once a poet has inscribed his verses in a suitable place he is naturally anxious that they should remain there as long as possible. Merely as a craftsman he is bound to consider this question, particularly if he is Chinese; calligraphy being another art in which we are unexcelled. Even supposing that there exist Europeans who can manage whatever corresponds to our *p'ing*-tones and *ts'e*-tones, how can poetical inscriptions be written with an automatic pen? Europeans, when suddenly inspired with a poem, are reduced merely to growling it under their breath; so that there can be no question of their competing with us in this important branch of culture.

But to return to my point: the best way to preserve one's poems is to in-

scribe them either too high or so low as to be out of reach. For example, on some board up among the rafters of a temple. If you can manage to get there and scribble a four-line stop-short there is some chance that no one will bother to climb up after you and rub it out. There are also some excellent places high up on steep walls of rock. A poem once lodged in such a place is seldom tampered with. . . .

But there are unfortunately many people whose natural disposition is such that they can never master the art of writing poetry, while there are, on the other hand, vast numbers of blank spaces that are a constant reproach to the upholders of Chinese civilization. This has been observed by many people who, though able to read and write, are deficient in poetic powers. Such persons, instead of writing poems, write their names and surnames, with the year, month and day of their visit. This greatly enhances our pleasure if we chance subsequently to visit the place; for it enables us to know which of our betters have been there before us. And it may even be said that the practice adds not inconsiderably to the historic value of the sights themselves, and protects them by supplying an additional reason for their preservation.—By Ch'iu-lang. Translated from the Chinese by Arthur Waley, in *The New Statesman* (London).



Why the Japs Are Not Taller

The shortness of the Japanese, which physical culture experts have been using their best endeavors to overcome, is not in the body but the legs. The lack of leg exercise and the custom of squatting on mats, instead of sitting on chairs, is believed to have caused it.

The average Japanese boy of twelve is two-fifths of an inch taller than the twelve-year-old of 1907; the boy of fifteen is slightly more than half an inch taller; the boy of sixteen is nine-tenths of an inch taller; the youth of eighteen slightly over an inch.

The girls, to whom strenuous games and athletic sports have been even more of a novelty, have developed a stature that ranges between four-fifths of an inch and one inch more than that of girls in their teens twenty years ago.

Due credit for this improvement in physique should be given also to the Government Institute of Nutrition. The Japanese are one of the few races who feel that educative functions resembling those of our own New Health Society should be financed by the State.

An interesting feature of Japanese athletics is the frequency with which new national records are made, a sign of the steady physical progress being made. Even so recently as at the end of the World War girls hardly ever participated in running or jumping contests; today active sports are a commonplace, and a sixteen-year-old Japanese girl, Miss Fumiko Teraro, is claimed to be the fastest woman track-runner in the world for 50 and 100 meters. Miss Kinue Hitomi is said to be one of the best women broad jumpers to be found in any country.

Although football has spread so widely of recent years, to Mesopotamia, Central Africa, the Malay Archipelago and other remote regions, it is hardly ever seen in Japan. Baseball, introduced by the numerous American missionaries and young men who have attended universities in the United States, is the national game.—Japanese Government report, in the London *Daily News and Westminster Gazette*.

J. M. BARRIE MEETS MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS!

A few days before he received the freedom of Jedburgh, Scotland, the famous Scotch novelist and playwright opened a bazaar in the burgh in aid of a fund to acquire for the community the house occupied by Mary Queen of Scots in 1566. Sir James made it the occasion to deliver one of his characteristically imaginative whimsical speeches.

A SCOT, wherever he may be, has always at least one moment of the day when he leans against the nearest object and thinks about Mary Queen of Scots. That is our romantic secret, at last divulged. In England they had a contemporary Queen, a far greater than Mary, though I am not going to advertise her here by mentioning her name. But do they think of her every day?

You Scotsmen present are leaning and thinking of Mary now; I can even tell you what you are thinking of her; you are wondering whether if you had lived in her day—whether she would have liked you.

Of course I would not have dared to speak in Jedburgh unless I could answer that question. It seems only fair to tell you how I found the answer. By the way, I hope I didn't wake up any of you last night? I mean by the galloping of my horse . . . into Jedburgh. A call irresistible was drawing me to Queen Mary's house. I stood beneath the glamorous pile and not one of its many windows showed a gleam. . . .

I dared to flash my lantern, and almost immediately a lamp shone for a moment in a turret window. Without a sound the celebrated key turned in the lock, the door opened softly, and I found myself in the presence of Mary of Scots. She was but a moving part of the night; but a mother will forget her child and rivers flow uphill before a Scotsman is unable to recognize that face and form. Inside I went on one knee to her and she extended her pretty hand, I called her "My Liege."

It may mean caves for me, but it was worth it. I said there was one question I craved to ask of her: Were the Casket Letters genuine? You will be glad to know that the answer was in the negative. So after the lapse of centuries our greatest Scottish case is closed. There was much else I wanted to learn about the past, but strangely enough she was more interested in the present.

She made many inquiries about Jedburgh itself. . . . She had been puzzling why there was of late so much stir around this hall, and when I hazarded the guess that it was probably preparation for the bazaar, I was touched to find that she did not know what bazaars were.

But when I explained, and told her the object of this one, she wept tears of joy because her Jedburgh still remembered her kindly. She said she must see the bazaar—you know how—how hasty she was—and putting her hands

in mine in that confiding way which is either the best or the worst thing in woman—she was dressed in black velvet with a white ruff about her neck and a white veil flying—and so we came here—by the longest route.

When she saw the lovely stalls she fingered the display, calling them by old lavender names, and some of them she tried on, and she clapped her hands, and exclaimed, "Whoever buys at my bazaar, I will always have a leaning to him." "Him," she said, though I had told her that most of the work was done by ladies. I told her there would be Southerners here today, and asked her whether she would be vexed if they were purchasers, and she said "No," that she wanted them to have the same rights as the others, for old wounds were healed, and she touched her neck and smiled.

Then I did a foolish thing. I asked her whether she would like to buy some little article herself, and at that she began to fade away—a sure proof that she was no French-woman, but Scotch to the core. Before she was quite obliterated—when there was no more of her than the veil—she placed in my hand a sprig of white heather. (Here the speaker drew attention to white heather in his button-hole.) Seeing is believing!

I have an uneasy feeling that this was not meant for me, but for a better man whom she had been mistaking me for all the time. . . . And now, ladies and gentlemen, if you want her to have a leaning to you, fall to. Her bazaar is open.—Reported in *Public Opinion* (London).

James M. Barrie Recalls Thomas Hardy

Suggesting that he would "be famous in the hereafter as the last male president of the Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers," the beloved Scottish author of The Little Minister, Sentimental Tommy, What Every Woman Knows and other novels and plays, recently regaled the Society with reminiscences of his early struggles in London. "When I came to London," he said, "I bought a silk hat to impress editors, and with the remainder of the sovereign I bought a ticket to Box Hill, where George Meredith lived. I sat on the grass mound opposite his cottage and by and by I saw a face at a window, the finest face I have ever seen on a man. I was to become well acquainted

with both him and Thomas Hardy, and I don't know which was the greater; but the most satisfactory thing in my little literary history is that the two whom as writers I have most admired became the two whom as men I have most loved."

Thomas Hardy I met first at a club in Piccadilly, where he had asked me to lunch. It is a club where they afterwards adjourn to the smoking-room and talk for a breathless hour or two about style. Hardy's small contribution made no mark, but I thought how interesting that the only man among you who doesn't know all about style and a good deal more is the only man among you who has got a style. Style is the way the artist paints his picture. No, it can't be so easy as that. All sorts of things seem

so easy to me until I read clever works about them. Hardy could scarcely look out of a window in the twilight without seeing something hitherto hidden from mortal eye. That must have helped his style. He has been called a pessimist. Surely pessimists are just people without any root to them. Was he that?

Once when I was at Dorchester he showed me a letter from a firm which had presented him with a broadcasting set. They said they were delighted to hear from him that it gave pleasure, but that they were rather damped to learn from another source that it was not he who listened, but his dog. This was quite true.

We went that afternoon to a local rehearsal of the play of *Tess*, and the dog, who was with us, behaved beautifully until the time came when he knew the wireless would be putting on "the Children's Hour." It was his favorite item. He howled for it so that even *Tess's* champion had to desert her and hurry home with him. The dog afterwards discovered that a weather report, or something of the kind, was issued in the early morning, and I understand his master used to go downstairs in the cold and turn it on for him.

Hardy could easily be hurt by not ill-intended pens. He had things to do, and without meaning to they got in the way of his doing them, but he never desired his fame. If it could have been separated from his poesy he would have given it to any beggar at the door. When he published *Tess* I warned him that he was heading straight for glory—and he winced. When *The Dynasts* came out I said, "Now you've gone and done it," and I expect he said, "We won't have that man at Max Gate any more."

Whatever angel guards the portals of Elysium, he must have had to push

Thomas Hardy in. Most of them there are too dashing for that quietest figure in literature, with their Olympian revels and their boisterous talk about everything—no, not about everything—not about style. . . .

I suppose many of you have been reading the noble biography of which half has just appeared. There is a passage of two or three lines in it that may be more revealing than anything else in the book, that in which we are told how from his earliest years he disliked being touched by any one. I believe I can say that outside a relative no man alive, much as Hardy drew affection, ever put a hand on his shoulder. . . .

I have only one complaint to make of Hardy. He never read *Wuthering Heights*. The reason he gave will make you like him more than ever. He said he heard it was depressing.—Sir James M. Barrie, addressing the Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers, in London.

I was watching a young woman in a bookshop the other day. She was a brunette, willowy, but the chief thing about her was that she was reading one of my books. Several times she tried to go away from it, but she had to return to it. Her tapered fingers strayed again and again to her purse. The sun was now sinking in the west. At last she went off without buying, but I felt that if the book had been ever so little better she would have bought it.—Sir James M. Barrie, novelist and playwright.

Culture is that which remains with a man when he has forgotten all he learned.—Edouard Herriot.



THE STUDIO

From the Painting by Felice Carena

This canvas by a Florentine artist was awarded first prize (\$1,500) at the 1929 Carnegie International, at Pittsburgh, Pa., and also the Lehman prize of \$2,000, with an additional sum given by the donor for the purchase of the picture. A nude female model is depicted in an attitude of rest. In the group, directly behind her, is an artist—possibly Carena himself—who, having just posed the model, steps back and surveys her with a critical eye. There is a strong resemblance between all the central figures, denoting a family group of close relationship. The subordinate figures are friends or students.

PERSIAN PICTURES

by Gertrude Bell of Arabia

Here are two unforgettable pictures from a gallery of them bequeathed to posterity by the strange-fated English woman, whose letters, featured in the European Scrap Book last year, were published shortly after her death at Bagdad. She had spent thirty years traveling through the Arabian desert, gradually becoming a foremost Arabic scholar and Arabian explorer. Her descriptions exude perfumes, drip atmosphere, and her "exquisite prose waves a wand and produces sounds, sights, odors, flavors . . . and the mystery of Persia."

THE SHADOW OF DEATH

SLOWLY, slowly through the early summer the cholera crept nearer. Out of the far East came rumors of death . . . the cholera was raging in Samarkand . . . it had crossed the Persian frontier . . . it is in Meshed! said the telegrams. A perfunctory quarantine was established between Tehran and the infected district and the streams of pilgrims that flock ceaselessly to Meshed were forbidden to enter the holy city. Then came the daily bulletins of death, the number of the victims increasing with terrible rapidity. Meshed was almost deserted, for all whom the plague had spared had fled to the mountains, and when a week or two later its violence began to abate, flashed the ominous news: "It is spreading among the villages to the westward." From day to day it drew ever closer, leaping the quarantine bulwark, hurrying over a strip of desert, showing its sudden face in a distant village, sweeping northwards, and causing sanguine men to shake their heads and murmur: "Tehran will be spared; it never comes to Tehran"—in a moment seizing upon the road to the Caspian and ringing the city round like a cunning strategist. . . .

The cloud of dust that hung for ever over the desert and the city assumed a more baleful aspect; it hung now like an omen of the deeper cloud which was settling down upon Tehran. And still above it the sun shone pitilessly, and under the whole blue heaven there was no refuge from the hand of God. So the days passed, and the people drank bad water and gorged themselves on rotten fruit, and on a sudden the blow fell—the cholera was in Tehran.

Woe to them that were with child in those days and to them that were sick! One blind impulse seized alike upon rich and poor—flight! flight! All who possessed a field or two in the outlying villages, and all who could shelter themselves under a thin canvas roof in the desert, gathered together their scanty possessions, and, with bare necessities of life in their hands, crowded out of the northern gateways. The roads leading to the mountains were blocked by a stream of fugitives, like an endless procession of Holy Families fleeing before a wrath more terrible than that of Herod: the women mounted

on donkeys and holding their babes in front of them wrapped in the folds of their cloaks, the men hurrying on foot by their side. For the Vengeance of the Lord is swift; in the East he is still the great and terrible God of the Old Testament; his hand falls upon the just and upon the unjust, and punishes folly as severely as it punishes crime. In vain the desert was dotted over with the little white tents of the fugitives, in vain they sought refuge in the cool mountain villages. Wherever they went they bore the plague in the midst of them; they dropped dead by the roadside, they died in the sand of the wilderness, they spread the fatal infection among the country people.

Oriental fatalism, which sounds fine enough in theory, breaks down woefully in practice. It is mainly based upon the helplessness of a people to whom it has never occurred to take hold of life with vigorous hands. A wise philosophy bids men bear the inevitable evil without complaint, but we of the West are not content until we have discovered how far the coil is inevitable, and how far it may be modified by forethought and by a more complete knowledge of its antecedents. It may be that we turn the channel of immediate fate but little, but with every effort we help forward the future safety of the world. But fatalism can seldom be carried through to its logical conclusions—the attitude of mind which prevented the Persians from laying in medical stores did not save them a fortnight later from headlong flight.

The most degrading of human passions is the fear of death. It tears away the restraints and the conventions which alone make social life possible to man; it reveals the brute in him which underlies them all. In the desperate hand-to-hand struggle for life there is no element of nobility. He who is engaged upon it throws aside honor, he throws aside self-respect, he throws aside all that would make victory worth having—he asks for nothing but bare life. The impalpable danger into whose arms he may at any moment be precipitating himself unawares tells more upon his nerves and upon his imagination than a meeting with the most redoubtable enemy in the open; his courage breaks under the strain.

Such fear laid hold of the people of Tehran.

The Persian doctors, whose duty it was to distribute medicines among the sufferers, shut up their stores, and were among the first to leave the stricken city; masters turned their servants into the streets and the open fields, if they showed symptoms of the disease, and left them to die for want of timely help; women and little children were cast out of the andaruns; the living scarcely dared to bury the bodies of the dead.

One little group of Europeans preserved a bold front in the midst of the universal terror. The American missionaries left their homes in the villages and went down into the town to give what help they could to the sick, and to hearten with the sight of their own courage those whom the cholera had not yet touched. They visited the poorer quarters, they distributed medicines, they started a tiny hospital, in which they nursed those

whom they found lying in the streets, giving them if they recovered, clean and disinfected clothes, and if they died a decent burial. They tried to teach a people who received both their help and their wisdom at the point of the sword, the elementary laws of commonsense to prevent them from eating masses of fruit, and to put a stop to a fertile cause of fresh infection by persuading them to burn the clothes of the dead instead of selling them for a few pence to the first comer. . . .

Religious fervor grew apace under the influence of fear. Men to whom travel and intercourse with foreigners had given a semblance of Western civilization, exchanged their acquired garb for a pilgrim's cloak, and set forth on the long journey to Mecca. The air was full of rumors. It was whispered that the mollahs were working upon native fanaticism, and pointing to the presence of Europeans as a primary cause of evil which must be straightway removed. Today an incredible number of deaths were reported to have taken place in Tehran during the last twenty-four hours, tomorrow the news would run from lip to lip that the Shah himself had succumbed. At the time when the cholera broke out in Tehran, his Majesty was making his summer journey through the country. He at once despatched an order to the effect that the disease was on no account to be permitted to come near his camp, but it was not within his conception of the duties of kingship to take precautions for the safety of any dweller in his realms but himself. He appeared to be considerably alarmed by the approach of an enemy who is no respecter of persons. He dismissed the greater part of his followers, and hurried on into the mountains. . . .

The cholera was not of very long duration. A slight fall of rain reduced the daily number of deaths by several hundreds; before six weeks were past the people were returning to the streets they had quitted in precipitate haste; a fortnight later the surrounding villages also were free of sickness, and had resumed their accustomed aspect, except for an air of emptiness in the tiny bazaars, from which in some cases a third of the population had been reft, and a corresponding number of fresh graves in the burial-grounds. . . .

The wonder is, not that the cholera should prove fatal to so many, but that so large a proportion of the population should survive in a land where Ignorance is for ever preparing a smooth highway for the feet of Death.

* * * *

THE TREASURE OF THE KING

... In Eastern life there are no modulations. As the day leaps suddenly into night with no warning time of twilight, so, to adapt the words of Omar the Tent-Maker, between the house of riches and of penury there is but a breath. We were accustomed to strange contrasts, yet it scarcely seemed possible that this gaudy squalor could be the setting of the priceless Treasure of the King.

The stories we had heard of its magnificence must be due to the fecundity of the Oriental imagination. The East is the birthplace of wonders; there the oft-repeated tale gains a semblance of veracity which ends by deceiving not only credulous listeners, but him also who invented it. We should have received it like other fairy stories, sedulously nursing the happy faith which flies all opportunity of proving itself a superstition.

We stopped before an unregal gateway, and were conducted with much ceremony into the palace. . . .

Mounting the marble staircase, we found ourselves before a big wooden doorway, the seal on whose lock had to be broken ere it could be thrown open to us. We stood expectantly while the Minister, our guide, fumbled at the lock. Perhaps he was really some powerful efreet whom, after long captivity, our presence had released from the bottle in which Solomon had prisoned him. We were half prepared for the fairy treasures he had come forth to reveal to us.

Prepared? Ah, no, indeed! For what sober mortal could be prepared for the sight that burst upon us?

A great vaulted room with polished floor and painted walls, with deep alcoves through whose long narrow windows splashes of sunlight fell—and everywhere jewels! Jewels on all the shelves of the alcoves, thick-sewn jewels on the carpets which hung against the walls, jewels coruscating from the throne at the top of the room, jewels in glass cases down the middle, flashing and sparkling in the sunlight, gleaming through dark corners, irradiating the whole hall with their scintillant brightness. With dazzled eyes we turned to one of the alcoves, and fell to examining the contents of the shelves. Here were swords sheathed in rubies; here were wands and sceptres set from end to end with spirals of turquoise and sapphire; diamond crowns, worthy to throw a halo of light round the head of an emperor; breastplates and epaulets, from whose encrusted emeralds the spear of the enemy would glance aside, shields whose bewildering splendor would blind his eyes. Here were rings and bracelets and marvellous necklaces, stars and orders and undreamt-of ornaments, and, as though the ingenuity of the goldsmiths had been exhausted before they had reached the end of their task, rows and rows of tiny glasses filled with unset stones—diamonds, sapphires, topazes, amethysts—the nectar of an Olympian god frozen in the cup. Under glass cases lay the diadems of former kings, high, closed helmets ablaze with precious stones; masses of unstrung pearls; costly and hideous toys, remarkable only for their extraordinary value—a globe, for instance, supported by an unbroken column of diamonds, whose seas were made of great flat emeralds, and whose continents of rubies and sapphires; and scattered with lavish profusion among the cases, festoons of turquoise rings and broad gold pieces which have long passed out of use, but in which regal currency, it is related, an immense subsidy was once paid to the Czar. On the other side of the room the treasures were

scarcely less valuable and even more beautiful, for cupboard after cupboard was filled with delicate enamel, bowls and flagons, and the stems of kalyans all decorated with exquisite patterns in the soft blended colors whose freshness is immortal. These lay far beyond the criticism of captious connoisseurs, who would not have failed to point out to us that the jewels were tinsel-backed, after all, and that most of the enormous rose diamonds were flawed and discolored.

Taking an honored place among the jewels and the enamel there were some objects which raised a ripple of laughter in the midst of our admiration. The royal owner of the treasure-house, doubtless anxious to show that he considered no less the well-being of the inward than the adornment of the outward man, had filled some of his upper shelves with little bottles of—what could those silvery globules be? we wondered, gazing curiously upwards. Not white enough for pearls, and yet they could not be, though they looked suspiciously like—yes, they were!—they were pills! Yes, indeed they were pills—quack remedies which the Shah had collected on his Western travels, had brought home and placed among his treasures. After this discovery we were not surprised to find bottles of cheap scents and tooth-powder among the diamonds, nor to observe that some of the priceless cloisonné bowls were filled with tooth-brushes; nor was it even a disillusion when we were solemnly told that the wooden cases placed at intervals down the room, each on its small table, were only musical boxes, which it is the delight of the Protector of the Universe to set a-playing all at once when he comes to inspect his treasures. . . .

We were next taken to see the world-famous Peacock Throne, which is reported to have been brought from Delhi by a conquering Shah. A scarlet carpet sewn with pearls covered its floor, on which the King sits cross-legged in Eastern fashion, surrounded by a blaze of enamel and precious stones. A year ago this throne had been the center of a hideous story of cupidity and palace intrigue—who can tell what forgotten crimes have invested its jewels with their cruel, tempting glitter? We passed on into a long succession of charming rooms with low, painted ceilings, walls covered with a mosaic of looking-glass, and windows facing the smiling garden. Execrable copies of the very worst European pictures adorned them; one was hung with framed photographs—groups taken on the Shah's travels, in which his shabby figure occupied a prominent place, and all wearing that inane vacuity of expression which is characteristic of photographic groups, whether they be of royal personages or of charity school children. Here and there a wonderful carpet lent its soft glow to the rooms, but for the most part the floors were covered with coarse productions of European looms—those flaming roses, and vulgar, staring patterns, which exercise an unfortunate attraction over the debased Oriental taste of today.—From *Persian Pictures*, by permission of Horace Liveright (New York).

A LITERARY LEGEND EXPLODED

by F. E. Whitton, C. M. G.

Every schoolboy knows of the silent descent of the St. Lawrence River made by the British flotilla of troops under General James Wolfe before daybreak, September 13, 1759; how the landing was accomplished; how the French outpost was surprised; how Wolfe drew up his army on the Plain of Abraham before the French General, Montcalm, had grasped the situation; how the British captured Quebec and Wolfe was killed. But it will come as a shock to many to learn that, contrary to the histories, the British commander did not read Gray's Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard during the descent of the river and did not say he would rather have written the poem than to capture Quebec.

The author who thus refutes the popular legend is a Lieutenant-Colonel in the British Army. He is a military historian of note, among his works being The Decisive Battles of Modern Times, and The Marne Campaign.

. . . IN course of time the Battle of Quebec might have subsided into its proper place as a brilliant episode in the conquest of Canada; it might have merely challenged comparison with the capture of Louisburg in the preceding year, and with the contemporary advance under Amherst against Montreal, instead of completely eclipsing them, as actually happened. This happy consummation was, however, prevented by the rise and spread of one of the most monstrous legends connected with war—a legend which for self-evident absurdity has been matched in our time only by the story of large bodies of Russian troops passing through Great Britain in 1914.

Nearly half a century after the Battle of Quebec the conversation of an elderly professor—who, as a lad, had held a civilian appointment in the fleet coöperating with Wolfe—half remembered by his listeners, and by them inaccurately recorded, gave rise to the story that Wolfe, during the passage of the flotilla of troops down the St. Lawrence in the small hours of September 13, 1759, had recited aloud part or all of Gray's *Elegy*. The frightful weight of the *a priori* evidence against such an occurrence as a recitation aloud by a general officer commanding, during a night advance, close under the enemy's picquets was overlooked. We in the twentieth century, by a process of comparison, can afford to smile at the legend.

In more modern times a night advance preparatory to a great victory has been afforded us by the Egyptian campaign of 1882. By a curious coincidence the night march across the desert prior to Tel-el-Kebir occurred on the anniversary of the night descent of the St. Lawrence prior to Quebec. There are many survivors of Tel-el-Kebir still with us, and these will explode with

Homeric laughter if it is ever suggested to them that during the advance, when absolute silence was as essential as it was on the St. Lawrence just a century and a quarter earlier, Sir Garnet Wolseley took the opportunity to recite a poem.

The *a priori* evidence was, however, disregarded. No attempt was made to search for facts. Sentiment took the bit in her teeth, and the waning glamor of Wolfe's achievement blazed up once again when the flames were fed with the fizzling fat of fiction. To imaginative writers the silent passage of the flotilla down the river, broken by the reverie of the young commander, the presentiment of death revealed by his emphasis of the line, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave"—all this was a purple patch ready made. Consistency between the need for absolute silence and the flagrant disregard by Wolfe of his own strict orders on the subject was disregarded.

To take one of the earlier examples, Grahame, in his *History of the United States*, published in 1836, begins by stating: "Silence was commanded under pain of death, which was indeed doubly menaced." He admits that a "death-like stillness was preserved in every boat," except, however, in that occupied by Wolfe, who "in accents barely audible to the profound attention of his listening officers"—and so on.

Subsequent writers, however, have not been content with "barely audible" accents. Wolfe recited "aloud"; he recited not merely one line or one stanza, but the *whole poem* (128 lines); he followed this up by an irritable remark, certainly not in a "barely audible" accent, but with outspoken petulance. Several authors indeed, not even content with this, have given us Wolfe's thoughts at the time: how "his mind fled across the ocean"; how "he thought of his mother and betrothed"; how an "uprush of feeling" made him burst forth in recitation. Could sentimentality sink to lower depths? Even in the twentieth century the legend has persisted; even military writers have been found to follow the beaten track of error; even so great an authority on the laws of evidence as Lord Birkenhead but a few years ago repeated this legend to a literary assembly at Edinburgh.

The fairy tale which makes up the popular version of Wolfe and Gray's *Elegy* would not be worth referring to were it not for the undoubted fact that for a century it gave to Wolfe's victory at Quebec a prominence which had the effect of placing in the shade the successful efforts of other commanders likewise engaged in expelling the French from North America. . . . —From *The Nineteenth Century* (London).

*Art is only work utterly unspoil't, and
drudgery is only art gone utterly wrong.*
—C. E. Montague.

*Gay plays are made out of the incon-
stancies of men; sad plays out of those
of women.*—Francis de Croisset.

THE LOVES OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

by Elith Reumert

It was the fate of the great Danish fairy-story writer to have been in love during most of his seventy years of life, but he appears to have been too diffident to propose matrimony to any of the women of his choice and he died a bachelor in 1875. World fame came to him, but in spite of it, Andersen, purveyor of happiness to millions of children, was not himself a happy man. Hardly a day was he free from pain, and he was a chronic victim of vertigo. It appears that his stupendous imagination and poetic gifts played him many tricks in everyday life, creating imaginary troubles and greatly magnifying those which really existed. Among them were his numerous and recurrent affairs of the heart, as here chronicled.

"WHY did I not have this happiness of youth?" Andersen asked with a sigh when his friend Carl Bloch, the painter, was married.

Yes—why?

Poverty and ugliness have often been given as the reasons, but this explanation does not hold good and becomes no more convincing because he often used it himself. For instance, in the well-known verse, "*Jeg var ej rig og smuk*" (I was neither rich nor handsome), and in the answer he sent Mme. Læssøe, who, after his disappointment about Louise Collin, advised him to forget her and fall in love afresh: "God in heaven! You know well enough how ugly I am, how poor I shall always remain, and these are the things everybody looks at, whoever the heart chooses, and that is very sensible."

Outward shortcomings to a woman of any worth have no significance whatever, when they are outweighed by inner qualities. Do not many poor and ugly men make the most brilliant marriages? Andersen's ill-luck in love is to be found in his own complex personality, and in all probability the first and greatest stumbling-block in his relations with women was the feminine manner which nature and education had combined to give him. . . .

He was fully aware of the feminine element in his nature, and, honest as he always was, he did not hesitate to confess his failing. In *The Fairy-Tale of His Life*, in his mention of his friendship with Edvard Collin, he looked the matter straight in the face when he wrote: "He was antagonistic to the almost girlish nature in me."

In *The Improvisator*, which book is a perfect gold-mine for anyone desirous of probing Andersen's private affairs and opinions, he gave us a picture of Carl Bagger as Bernardo, and it is he himself who speaks when he makes Antonio say: "Bernardo was right when he said that my education by good Domenica" (meant to be Andersen's mother) "had poured goat's milk into my veins—I had to live more in the world if I wanted to depict it"; and

Antonio himself expresses the same thought: "It was all this female education which had spoilt me."

When Andersen wrote this sentence, he thought of a whole series of women in the little word "all" who had influenced him, and each in her own way helped to make his soft, feminine mind still softer. They were all sincerely fond of him, but it was the child in him, far more than the man, which attracted them. It was the child they guided, encouraged, and comforted, as when Jenny Lind stroked his forehead, speaking to him gently and softly: "Child! Child! as you are!" He was always a willing victim to that craving for guarding and protecting which so many women possess. But they themselves want to find a desire to protect and defend in the man who is to arouse their affection; and if Andersen, therefore, among the many women he met, never found the one who dared to bestow upon him that love and affection on which marriage should be built, he found by way of recompense a host of women friends who gave him sincere sisterly affection, and in more or less degree they all possessed that culture of mind and heart which was necessary for a complete understanding of his real self. . . .

Andersen, when an old man, time after time expressed his feeling of happiness at fate having made him remain a bachelor. Now and again the thought of marriage cropped up, but he finished always with the reasoning he expressed in a New Year's letter to Mme. Thora Hartmann, when he was about to complete his sixty-first year: "You wrote many beautiful wishes in your letter: I find this one the weightiest—that I should marry. But I am afraid it won't do! You know my protracted connection with the thousand years old, the ever-young Muse, her for whose unborn children you also offer up a prayer in your letter—she might be capable of leaving me without having made any payment to the widow's fund for me. She will not stand my marrying, but insists that I should go about, docile, in her leash."

When the Butterfly in the famous fairy-tale is put on a pin in the box with curios, it says these profoundly philosophical words: "Now I, too, am sitting on a stalk like the flowers, but it is not altogether pleasant! It is like being married, I should think—one sits fixed."

In the bottom of his heart Andersen felt, as probably also did the women with whom he fell in love, that he was ill-suited to be put on a pin in the curio-box of matrimony—to sit fixed—he who with his restless craving for travel constantly felt the need of seeing new countries, new conditions and people, and who right up to his last year, even on his death-bed, was busy planning visits to foreign countries.

That he could easily have married if he had been less fastidious goes without saying. . . . Especially after his world-fame had been established, excited females simply swarmed around him, more or less openly protesting their love. He took no notice of these advances, which were an abomination to him, and he punished these women by using them as models in his writings.

From Maxen he wrote to Henriette Collin: "There are many authoresses here, and one of them is very much inclined to assault me with kisses, but she is old, fat, and warm. If only I knew when these attacks were coming, I could get out of the way, but the other day I received one of these sudden embraces 'at table.'" . . .

The pure and innocent feeling which filled him in his love for true and noble women proved for him, as for so many men, the best shield in the dangerous periods of his life. During his first visit to Italy, where the scenery of the South and its warm-blooded people excited his youthful senses, his love for charming Louise Collin was his safeguard against all the temptations which surrounded him, especially in the streets of Naples. "I thought of her at her home who does not think of me, and tore myself away," he wrote in his diary. As late as in 1866, when in Portugal, he felt his senses aroused, and when people made fun of his ascetism, he thought with emotion of his love for Jenny Lind. "Old memories awoke," he wrote, "and I found myself again in my room, peaceful in mind and alone." . . .

It was in 1843, when Andersen had heard Jenny Lind, "the Swedish Nightingale," as Alice in *Robert le Diable* at the Royal State Theater in Copenhagen, which was the first time she had appeared upon any stage outside her own country, and which proved the stepping-stone to her subsequent triumphs on the stages of the great world—then Andersen lost his heart. She roused him, and all Copenhagen, to the wildest enthusiasm by her refined, womanly grace, her glorious voice, with all the freshness of youth, and her brilliant histrionic gifts. And when the students paid her homage by a torch procession and a serenade, a homage for the first time offered to a woman in Copenhagen, it was Andersen who wrote the song in her praise.

His annotations in his diary from the 10th to the 20th September, 1843, on which date she left Copenhagen, are one single love-sick sigh, and show how he is divided between jubilant hope, devastating doubt and gnawing jealousy—between love's most exalted happiness and all its torments. But he did not possess the necessary courage to make an actual proposal. On her departure he confined himself to giving her secretly a letter which she "must understand." And Jenny Lind understood. As he did not propose, her reply could not be a refusal, but he read his fate between the lines of her answer; and, as always in the past, he was left alone with his sorrowful love.

Jenny Lind was truly fond of him. She, like himself, had consecrated her life to art and, like himself, had come from a humble home and had fought her way to fame. She, who possessed a child's pure, primitive mind, as he did, no doubt understood his peculiar personality better than any of the women he had met—but she did not love him.

In the autumn of 1845 they again met in Copenhagen, where she had a great success in *The Daughter of the Regiment* and in *La Sonnambula*. She was his intimate and tender friend, nothing more. But he could not yet give

up the thought of her. "Jenny," he wrote in his diary, "is very sweet to me; I am glad and hopeful — — although I know — — —!" . . .

The love Andersen in his mature age felt for Jenny Lind has doubtless been of a rarer nature than the love he had for any other woman, and when this, too, was not reciprocated, he gave up for good any idea of marriage and settled down with the firm conviction that it was the will of Providence and that the way which fate had ordained for him was the best.—From *Hans Andersen, the Man*, translated from the Danish of Elith Reumert by Jessie Bröchner, by permission of E. P. Dutton & Company (New York).

Rudyard Kipling Talks to Boys

Men seldom do anything for the first time—except at school. It isn't as if men were original creatures. They are boy-products.

Most injustice is not inflicted deliberately, but because people do not take the trouble to think things out. Thinking gives them headaches, and, if persisted in, may cause them to change their opinions. So it simply isn't done.

Too much fussing over abstract justice leads one to stand up for one's rights and to dwell on what one owes to oneself. That is a temptation of the Devil.

Any debt that a man thinks he owes himself can stand over till all the others are paid, and standing up for one's rights and not being put upon often ends in becoming a man with a grievance, which is the same as being a leper.

All education is primary—not to say primitive. It is one's school that teaches one how to keep one's temper, and when to let it loose. If one is too clever and shows it, one's school helps one to suffer fools. If one is a fool oneself, one is told precisely what sort of a fool one is. Lots of men go through life without discovering that great fact. If one knows

how everything ought to be done (some people seem to), one is recommended to go and do it instead of standing about talking. All of which means that one can pick up the rudiments of self-control, a sense of what really matters, and even the valuable gift of burning one's own smoke—keeping one's mouth shut.

Whatever a man's natural gifts may be, he cannot slip on the virtues that build up a [fine] character a few minutes before they are required. One must practise somewhere before one plays anywhere.—From an address Mr. Kipling delivered, in memory of the late Lord Milner, at the opening of the new junior Kings School at Sturry, Kent, England, reported in the London *Sunday Times*.

There is no immediate prospect of breeding genius, if we mean by genius not merely mental faculty at a higher power, but an original and harmonious new pattern. Yet it is biologically probable that geniuses would be more frequent if there were more love marriages among the highly gifted.—J. Arthur Thomson, author of *The Gospel of Evolution*.

SEX AND THE NEW MOTHER

by Havelock Ellis

"The most intelligent Englishman of this generation," as the author of the following article has been described, is by no means in despair of human nature as exemplified by the present generation of women, particularly mothers. To be sure, the "new" mother is not a perfect mother, but, according to the eminent philosopher and social psychologist who sets forth these conclusions, "If the new mother leaves a large scope of freedom to her child and encourages him to act for himself instead of acting for him, he may have to suffer for his actions, but he is learning responsibility and is being trained in the home for the discipline of the world."

THERE is a widespread conviction among parents who were themselves brought up amid the old conspiracy of silence in the home, that this is wrong and that they must inaugurate in their own homes a new and better era of sexual enlightenment. But how are they to do it? And what ought they to tell their children? They do not know. Consequently, a large proportion of them do nothing, although still retaining an uneasy conscience. In this they are unlike their own parents, who had similarly done nothing, but on principle, with the virtuous conviction that they were "preserving the innocence" of their children. . . .

The new mother, as I have from time to time seen her, regards motherhood as a relationship of loving and natural intimacy, and she differs from any ordinary, affectionate mother of old mainly through being guided by intelligence, and not by obedience to outworn traditions. She has learned how to become the friend of her children. The relationship thus becomes more simple, and not less so, for our traditions had introduced an unnatural artificiality with endless complications. It is inevitable that any sudden attempt to be "sensible and modern" in matters of sex within this artificially woven web must often prove disturbing and unsatisfactory. . . .

The functions of sex are just as natural as the other human functions, the main natural difference being, not that they are more obscene or more sacred, but that they develop at a slower pace. They seem equally natural to the child when they come before him naturally, and it is because they so seldom come before him naturally that his attention is likely to be concentrated on them with a secret and morbid intensity. We can scarcely wonder when we realize that only two per cent. of superior men and the same proportion of women had received from any source "full and adequate information." There are innumerable children who, when they first come in contact with some fact or word of sex, have asked an innocent and perhaps even casual question about it, and received an unexpected snub which is not to be forgotten. Never

again is any question asked, but beneath the surface the young mind works at unraveling the mystery.

That need not happen. It can scarcely happen when the relationship between mother and child is so simple and natural that the germs of such morbid mysteries find no place to develop in the child's mind. . . .

The origin of babies thus comes to appear to the child at an early age as simple as the origin of kittens—more wonderful, however, by being brought home to him or her as a fact of personal experience. Nor is there room left for those unwholesome curiosities concerning the physical form of the opposite sex which so often tormented the children of a former age when they approached puberty and grew conscious of sexual differences. The social convention in regard to the body has changed so much during recent years that the path has been rendered easy for the new mother. She puts no barriers in the way of boys and girls seeing each other naked when circumstances render the occasion simple and natural, and her children from early age sometimes see their parents in the bath. Adult nakedness can thus never become that cause for the shock of fascination or repulsion which it has often been for those children from whom this sight is hidden until they are approaching puberty or later. . . .

The mother of old time by whom so many adults of today were brought up—and they will often be prepared to say well brought up—was affectionate but severe. Children were to obey and to respect, and because intimacy was not encouraged, they seldom felt any impulse toward intimacy. The mother, on her side, seemed to have found difficulty in being intimate with her children, thus soon becoming as shy with them as they were with her. . . .

The child of today is less easily moved to obey its parents, and still less to treat them with respect. He treats his mother with a familiarity which sometimes seems shocking to those of us whose attitude in childhood was so different, although we realize, as years go on, how much this method achieves that the old method could never attain. The new mother was often herself brought up by the old method, and she suffers sometimes from the freedom she leaves unchecked. But she has realized that it is but a poor preparation for life which lies in a gospel of *Don'ts*. And when that freedom becomes too extravagant, she gently explains that great truth, lying at the foundation of society, which children never understand spontaneously—that however free

Whether for good or for evil, we cannot carry over the methods of the past into the present. Every age must deal with its own problems in its own way. The new generation demands the new mother. How finely successful she can prove—especially when herself inspired by a happy love-life—some of us are already able to testify.
—Havelock Ellis.

we may be, we are not free to do the things which interfere with the equal freedom of other people. . . .

The question of discipline cannot be passed over, for it is the essence of the whole matter. At first sight it might seem that the attitude of the new mother toward her child deprives it of discipline. She allows it the utmost amount of freedom compatible with other claims. She treats it as an equal rather than as an inferior, apparently extending to children the same kind of equality which has only of recent years been accorded to women themselves. . . .

If the new mother leaves a large scope of freedom to her child and encourages him to act for himself instead of acting for him, he may have to suffer for his actions, but he is learning responsibility and is being trained in the home for the discipline of the world.—From *The Forum*.

What Makes an Authority

Nobody without some sort of outstanding talent can hope to become an Authority for the world at large. At the same time, talent without prestige is unavailing. Many men of talent have lacked authority during their life-time; authority has only come to them posthumously with a posthumous accession of prestige. In the past, men of talent could not hope to win prestige and authority unless they had either been dead for a very long time or, if contemporary, were orthodox. The dogma of the Fall carried with it as a corollary the superior wisdom of antiquity; the existence of established churches made it fruitless and even dangerous to meditate on life heretically. Circumstances have changed; the decay of established religion, the current belief in progress and evolution, the existence of the newspaper press have rendered the acquisition of prestige by even moderately gifted, heretical and contemporary men of talent unprecedentedly easy.

It is a common but quite fallacious

notion that a man who is talented in one direction must for that reason be more than ordinarily gifted in other directions. The eminent specialist is deferently asked for his opinions on subjects outside his peculiar province, on life in general, in the belief that these opinions will be valuable. And sometimes, in effect, they *are* valuable. But not always or necessarily. They are sometimes worthless. Newton, for example, was the most prodigious of mathematicians; but he was a barbarous theologian and a poor metaphysician. His theological writings remained for the most part unpublished and were little regarded; but owing to his great and merited prestige as a mathematician, his metaphysical system was accepted, with but slight modifications, as the official philosophy of science. It has led men of science into such difficulties that they are now being forced to invent a new and more adequate philosophy.

Cases similar to that of Newton abound. Kant, for example, is an admirable logician and critic of ideas. But it does not follow that, for this reason, he

is a good moralist. As a matter of fact his ethical system is absurd in its systematic rigidity. But such was his prestige as a metaphysician that the categorical imperative was for a long time taken quite seriously as a basis of behavior.

Today it is possible for any public person, whatever the nature of his success-bringing speciality, to become an Authority. Thus, Mr. Tunney [graduate of the prize ring] delivers lectures on Shakespeare and the Conduct of Life. Our first reaction is to smile. Unreasonably. For why, after all, should a specialist in boxing be less qualified to talk about life in general than a specialist in, say, mathematical logic? If we smile, it is because we have an unjustified prejudice in favor of "spiritual" as opposed to physical activities. When an eminent mathematician, like Professor Whitehead, makes a pronouncement on conduct and life in general, we listen respectfully. And yet there is no *a priori* reason why he should be better qualified to say something illuminating on the subject than the world's champion heavyweight boxer. Both are specialists; both may or may not be qualified to speak philosophically about life at large. One must judge them on their accomplishments and not before the fact.—Aldous Huxley, English novelist and essayist, grandson of Thomas Henry Huxley, in *Vanity Fair* (New York).

Motive and Morality

One age does not differ from another in the matter of fundamental morality or about the basic ideas of modesty and fidelity and sexual self-control. One age does differ from another in manner of expression, as, for instance, whether certain plain words that are used in the

Bible shall be used in the drawing-room. But using fashionable words in the drawing-room is not morality. One age does differ from another about whether skirts are reasonably long or short; but fashionable skirts are not morality. The *motive* is morality, even when the motive happens to concern these trivial things. To insult our fellow-creatures with coarse words to which they are unaccustomed may be an immoral act; it may sometimes, under certain conditions, be a highly moral act. It entirely depends on why it is done.—G. K. Chesterton, in *The Illustrated London News*.

It is the hardest thing in the world for an artist to make a success of his marriage.—Hugh Walpole.

Night

*Night falls on the lone
Sahara, and spark by spark
Arabs I have not known
Light fires in the dark.*

*Of the specks of ash in the smoke,
Which atom knows
From what fire it awoke,
Or whither it goes?*

*In the wilds of Space, in the dark,
Spiral nebulae
Twirl spark upon spark,
Whereof one are we.*

*Who can say for what task
They arose, or whither they slip?
And all the Spirits I ask
Stand finger on lip.*

—Lord Dunsany in *The Atlantic Monthly* (Boston).

THE ROMANTIC GYPSY

by Konrad Bercovici

The author of these observations is a native of Roumania, and when still a boy he left home to live and sing and dance with the colorful bands of wanderers, the Kalou (free people), who "are at home nowhere and everywhere." He migrated to America as a musician, but soon began to write, and is now a widely known author and magazine contributor. Among his recent works is The Story of the Gypsies, a book which admirably and authoritatively interprets these mysterious, gay and romantic folk.

I HAVE spent weeks, months, and years with gypsies, unable to resist the call of the road; unable to resist the urge in my blood and the charm and haunting beauty of the life more appropriate to my temperament than life between walls in a city. A trace of gypsy blood is sufficient to govern and rule all the impulses of a human being.

In France I have met gypsies on their way to Spain who had been on the road fourteen years, from Teheran, Persia, searching the world for the grave of one of their tribe. In England I have met Russian gypsies who had come to convince themselves that they had "Brothers" in the land of the "Ingleze" and Ignacio Zuloaga, the famous Spanish painter, told me he knew a tribe that had gone from Spain to India and back in twenty-five years, because they were told a black herb that cured toothaches grew there.

But who are these people who travel, year in, year out, such tremendous distances on such trifling causes? Where do they come from? Where do they go?

They go nowhere in particular; because they go everywhere. They are at home nowhere and everywhere—the gypsies. . . .

Some two thousand five hundred years ago the first batch of gypsies left the shores of the Ganges, their faces set towards Persia. Why? Perhaps because part of India was already becoming settled by staid agriculturists while this group was grazing water buffaloes and raising horses. . . .

After that first exodus, of perhaps a hundred people with their cattle and two-wheeled low carts, another group left in the same direction; because another mother had a "dor" to see her daughter. Ever since, groups of gypsies have traveled on foot or horse, moved by love of kin and by beautiful old customs, until today there are over a million of them in Europe and the Americas; tribes, families, caravans, speaking all the languages and knowing none, with the dust and dirt of a thousand roads on their heels and the winds of a thousand mountains swelling their deep lungs. . . .

Yet the gypsies have never imposed themselves anywhere. The reason

for that can be found only in the gypsies' attitude towards life. There is no word for *possession* and no word for *duty* in the gypsy language. The gypsy has no desire to accumulate beyond his immediate needs. He lives literally from day to day and from hand to mouth. If he is a sharp trader it is only because of the pleasure and joy he derives from outwitting the other man. The profits obtained mean nothing to him and are immediately shared by all the others of the tribe. The lack of a desire for private property has enabled the gypsy to roam over the world so joyfully, so care-free, despite the difficulties an un-understanding world has thrown in his path.

No sense of duty! I can hear a loud cry: "Then what? Are they savages?" To this the gypsy answers: "No law has to impose upon me the duty of loving my parents. No law has to impose upon me the duty of loving my children."

The reverence of gypsies for their elders has no counterpart in any other people. As to the purity of gypsy family life, so many students of gypsy life have written volumes on it, it would be idle to say another word. Conjugal fidelity and love and reverence for one's parents and children are not law-imposed duties upon gypsies; they are deeply felt sentiments.

The purpose of laws is to coerce a minority to live according to the will of the majority. Such things, however, are only necessary to unorganized society and to protect that majority against the marauding instincts of the few who cannot adapt themselves to the life of the fold. The gypsy needs no laws nor does he have to act because of a sense of duty.

Many things have been said as to the purity of the blood of the gypsies, and authorities on the subject hastily have maintained that the Kalou (free

Modern civilization is the civilization of good roads. Good roads will unite the world and bind it with stronger ties than scraps of paper and sealed treaties. Let people travel. The stronger element of every nation has reached out and struck out for other countries to conquer. The vigor of a people is measured by its spirit of adventure. Alexander of Macedon was the greatest ruler of Asia. The most constructive of all the Pharaohs of Egypt were those of the Greek dynasty of Ptolemy. The ruling heads of almost every European country are of a different nationality from that of the people they rule. The great Napoleon was a Corsican and not a Frenchman. And in our own day in this very country, [the United States], most men of power come from other States and cities than the ones in which they have succeeded.—Konrad Bercovici.

people) are the only people of pure blood in existence. Personal observation inclines me not to believe this sweeping assertion. There is, and there has been, intermarriage between the gypsies and the fringe of the population of every country. One tenth of the population of Hungary and Roumania, of Spain and Southern France, has gypsy blood in its veins. The celebrated Brazilian author, Professor Morano, maintains that there is not a single prominent Brazilian family in which there is not some gypsy blood. . . .

There are some sixty thousand gypsies in the United States today. Until ten or fifteen years ago the greater number of the gypsies, excluding the descendants of the original gypsy exiles, were English gypsies, descendants of gypsies who had settled in England in the fifteenth century. There were also a good many Scotch tinkers and Irish and Welsh people of the road, tinsmiths and basket weavers, yet these latter were only gypsying people, not real gypsies; the roads of England, Wales, and Scotland are thick with a nomadic element frequently confused with gypsies. In the last ten years, however, Russia, Hungary, and Roumania have furnished the greatest number of gypsy immigrants to the United States. There were less than a hundred Balkanic gypsies in 1910; there are more than twenty thousand today.

In the winter they live in vacant stores and dilapidated houses in the crowded districts of the industrial cities. One is almost certain to find gypsies after the month of December in New York and Chicago, in Cleveland and Pittsburgh, in Boston and Kansas City. During the winter the gypsy families pick up very comfortable livings. There are as many people today who have faith in the fortune-telling abilities of the gypsies as there were five hundred years ago. Italian, Spanish, and all Slavic immigrants prefer the medicinal herbs of an old gypsy to the prescription of a doctor and do believe in the powers of the love potions sold by gypsy women.

While the gypsy women are thus earning hundreds of dollars a week, selling hope and despair, the men are not idle. They play the violin at wedding festivals and at cabarets, or work as coppersmiths in shops and factories. There is no gypsy girl, worthy of the name, who cannot pick up more money than she needs posing for artists, dancing and singing.

I have known gypsy families of four or five people who earned as much as five hundred dollars in a week; yet at the first sign of spring they vanished.—From *The American Magazine* (New York).

We British think we are very efficient, and we are at the head of the world in lots of things, but to keep in the van we must be conscious of that very valuable thing—the knowledge that we learn

something new every day. To put it in three words: we must learn to adopt, to adapt and to improve.—The Prince of Wales, from an address delivered at a recent British Industries Fair Dinner.



STATUE OF A RAM CAUGHT IN A THICKET, FOUND AT UR

From a Photograph authorized by the University of Pennsylvania

This is one of two masterpieces of ancient Sumerian art in gold, shell and lapis-lazuli, unearthed by C. Leonard Woolley, head of the expedition sponsored by the British Museum and the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania. In its restored state, the work shows a gold tree set in a stand decorated with pink and white mosaic and silver, the ram peering through the branches, his golden face, set off by long lapis-lazuli horns and drooping ears of green copper, half hidden by the plant. The legs of thin gold leaf over a wooden core, which perished long since, are delicately rendered. It is estimated to be 5,000 years old.

CASTE IN AMERICA

by Count Hermann Keyserling

TWO of the most important characteristics of the Age of Democracy are, as it seems to me, its belief in differences of ability and its total disbelief in differences of State of Being. The latter disbelief is natural enough. The old order which Democracy overthrew was based entirely on the idea that there are differences, due to the original status of man, which no talent nor merit could annul. . . .

Here we find the root of the idea that Kings rule by Divine Grace; the founders of dynasties really were self-made men, but the creed of the age would not have it so. . . .

There is truth in the idea underlying Aristocracy, as there is truth underlying the idea of Democracy—the latter understood as the conception of life which admits only differences of ability, and not of Being. Accordingly, in most countries the struggle between the democratic and aristocratic conceptions of life resulted in a compromise. Personal ability got full chance to assert itself. On the other hand, differences in the State of Being were accounted for in some form or other. But in one country the indisputable truth that there *are* differences in the State of Being has been discarded completely. That country is America. There, and there alone, the whole social structure has been based on the assumption that men are born equal under all circumstances and that all differences of quality can be accounted for in terms of ability.

The American idea is as one-sided, and therefore false, as was the medieval idea; and the facts of life are proving this more and more. One may even say more: owing to the extreme one-sidedness of the American outlook, the truth underlying the medieval idea stands out, on the background of American life, more impressively than it ever did before.

First of all, the belief that all men are originally and essentially equal has not led—as it was expected to lead—to richer individual differentiations. It has not destroyed “type” for the benefit of “uniqueness,” but it has led to the absolute predominance of one single type—a type corresponding to the middle class of Europe. One meets with much less individual variation in the United States than in the Old World; and if one seldom comes across individuals belonging to the lowest European type, its superior types are equally lacking. Now, the middle-class type of man does represent a very definite State of Being, whatever his special abilities may be.

In the second place, if a man happens to have a superior personality in the United States, his real power is out of all proportion to his official standing (provided he be shrewd enough to conform, in appearance, to the democratic prejudices). It is out of all proportion all the more since there are no

rules of conduct able to canalize the activities of a superior man—he can act almost as he pleases. And his unique position is due, again, to the plane of Being and not to mere ability.

And now I come to the third and most interesting point. The democratic prejudice left *woman* out of the social picture. Accordingly, the instinctive apprehension of the truth that there *are* different States of Being, and not only differences in ability, found here its outlet. If all men in America are supposed to be equal and actually are converging more and more toward a single type, every American man instinctively admits—if not in his thoughts and words, then all the more in his deportment and in his actions—that woman represents a higher State of Being than he does.

Women actually represent in America a higher caste. That they have attained to this position, has, of course, not been brought about solely by the wish of man for an “abreaction” of his sense for differences of Being, together with the accident of woman’s having been left out of the democratic picture. But surely the decisive reason for woman’s predominance in America resides here. Were it not for this, woman would not have enjoyed for several generations comparative leisure. Were it not for this, she would not have had the possibility to develop a cultural tradition. Were it not for this, American woman would not have been able to develop a self-consciousness so entirely different from that of man. It is the *respect* of man for woman which has developed it, exactly as in aristocratic communities it is the respect of the lower classes which makes for the perpetual rebirth of superiority-feeling among the children of the higher. The American woman feels indeed superior, and she is. This results, then, in that psychological rule of women in America which provides, as far as I can see, the key to all fundamental problems of American life. . . .

Thus America is today an aristocratic country of a peculiar type. It is a two-caste country, the higher caste being formed by the women as such. And this caste rules exactly in the way higher castes have always ruled. It need not “prove” its superiority: the higher “Being” acts as such. It acts all the more effectively because of the American religion of work. There are elementary truths which prove their truth in life in spite of all theory, and one of these is that the workman is inferior to the ruler—that is, to the type who, owing to qualities the former lacks, can direct his work from above.

Thus most things are being “done” in America by man; but it is always woman who inspires him. Her inspiration and influence stand behind all American educators, as it stands behind all American prohibitionists. Her influence accounts for the infinity of laws and rules. She directs the whole cultural tradition. She also dictates in the field of moral conduct. Who wants to study the real meaning and purport of a caste system, should today not visit India, but America.—From *The Forum* (New York).

A BOOMERANG OF THE WORLD WAR

by Norman Angell

FOR ten years Germany has been at the complete mercy of the Allies so far as physical preponderance can place any State at the mercy of others. What have the overwhelmingly preponderant Allies been able to "take" in the way of wealth and trade from the practically powerless and disarmed Germany? And it cannot be said that the Allies have not tried force. Germany has had to see (in the case of the Ruhr occupation) her national territory invaded and overrun by foreign armies and has been unable to make any resistance whatsoever. . . .

And yet in our modern world before our eyes is the example of a country, possessing vast industrial riches, highly organized, daily producing great wealth, which has been disarmed, which is surrounded by neighbors all of whom are so much more powerful that if they care to invade her—as the French did but a year or two ago—non-resistance is necessarily applied because, speaking in practical terms, the country is unarmed. And yet, is German wealth more markedly insecure than in such highly armed States as, say, Poland, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia? Has her defencelessness prevented industrial and social development this last ten years? Detached observers of some authority like Mr. Parker Gilbert say that German economic renaissance since the war chaos has been greater than that of any other nation whatsoever, save alone America. . . .

If victory over Germany has been so utterly barren, why should we expect victory over America to be something better? Why? (The question is put to those Americans who attribute to Britons this motive.) What would victory enable us to do to America that it has not enabled us to do to Germany?

But the words go on. "Financial enslavement to America," says someone of the increasing "buying up" of England by America. Well, if Americans "buy up" England, presumably, they will want to make it a paying investment. For these investments in power plants, and motor factories, and cinema palaces to pay big dividends English people must get a higher standard of life by using more power, buying more cars, demanding more entertainment. And ultimately the dividends must be paid in goods or services. Would the unemployed object?

So long as the false coin of these unexamined words, hardening and crystalizing the vague ideas which make these fears and hates, pass current as good metal, we shall not make much progress. Men, as Ruskin told us long since, seem governed by words: sometimes the more meaningless the more powerful.—From *Foreign Affairs* (London).

NEEDED—MORE FREEDOM OF THOUGHT

by Alfred Zimmern

This essay is ranked, by the Manchester Guardian, with Matthew Arnold's Culture and Anarchy and John Morley's Essay on Compromise. Like them, it deals with the intellectual basis of English civilization, and the three great essays set forth much the same gospel of salvation. But "the situation of the world today gives a new gravity to such criticism." The author is Deputy Director of the League of Nations Institute of Intellectual Coöperation, and has served as Professor of Political Science at Cornell University.

MEN will not think by being told to think, or even by being paid to think. Philosophers, like poets, do not sing their best under persuasion. But what can be done, and should be done, is to analyze and thus to secure the removal of the numerous hindrances that have grown up, particularly in recent years, in the way of freedom of thinking.

The cumulative effect of these obstructions is very considerable. It has, in fact, recently been stated by a good authority that there is less freedom of thought in the world today than there was for several centuries before the war. This is no doubt an overstatement; but it is certainly true that there is considerably less freedom of thought than in the middle of the nineteenth century, in spite of the political system that prevailed at that period.

By this is not meant that there has been a deliberate conspiracy by governmental or other powers to stifle the world's intellectual life. Far from it. The Governments, almost without exception, set a higher value upon it than they did in the nineteenth century, as is clear from the great and increasingly rapid development in the number and size of universities and other public institutions of learning. The obstacles that have appeared in the way of freedom of thought are there because it was nobody's business to prevent their appearance.

They are due to the fact that the world is ruled by men who understand the necessities of action and are not thereby qualified to understand the necessities of thought. When the thinkers have developed their own corporate organization there should be little difficulty in making their needs in this respect understood and the appropriate action taken. For it is no more in the interests of the men of action to restrain the quiet processes of thought than it is in the interest of thought to promote upheavals in the world of action. . . .

Another matter calling for inquiry is the way in which the very development of the world's intellectual life has reacted unfavorably upon the free expression of opinion by intellectuals. It was lately remarked by a very distinguished student of English education that there had been a noticeable decline in the free debate and discussion, in the newspapers and elsewhere, on

which Englishmen have been accustomed for generations to rely for the formation of that all-powerful but undefinable agency, British public opinion.

He attributed it in large part to the fact that the men who should be contributing to the debate, the John Stuart Mills, the Carlyles, the Charles Kingsleys, and the rest, are now occupying public or semi-public positions and are thus inclined to be tongue-tied. . . .

We know that the photograph, the moving picture, the gramophone, the radio, have become part and parcel of modern life, and we are constantly told that they have brought art within the reach of the common man. But we do not observe that this cumulative process of invention has led to any marked outburst of artistic creation or that it has perceptibly affected the quality as opposed to the quantity of æsthetic appreciation.

On the contrary, it would seem, at any rate at first sight, as if the countries in which the use of these devices has become most widespread are those in which the public taste is by no means the most finely developed. However this may be, if science has a responsibility regarding the use made of her means of destruction she has a responsibility also for the application of her discoveries in the field of art. If in some cases these discoveries have become associated with important commercial interests, that is no reason for shrinking from the task of appraising them. On the contrary, it should be an added spur to those who hold that a civilized society should assert its control over influences which so closely affect its intimate welfare.

The same may be said in regard to the increasing power of large-scale commercial agencies over the lives of dramatic, musical and other artists. Problems such as that of a musical executant deprived by a commercial contract of the right to choose his own programs for a concert tour are as much the concern of a body dealing with the general interests of intellectual life as the analogous case of a scientific research worker who has signed away his right to decide on the use to be made of his discoveries. Here Art and Profit, Science and Commercial Advantage, are found in unnatural alliance.

Neither side is to be blamed for the development of such practices. They

Disinterested thought—thought, that is, which is directed towards an ideal object, whether the attainment of intellectual truth in some domain or the intellectual analysis of some practical issue—is the very life-blood of a civilized community.

The wisdom of mankind has long since concluded that the evils resulting from an attempt to stifle it far outweigh any temporary inconvenience which may be caused by its diffusion among immature minds. . . . Every effort should be made to promote both its exercise and its expression.—Alfred Zimmern.

are the natural result of the fact that it has hitherto been nobody's business to prevent them.

The survival of civilization depends on the collaboration between Learning and Leadership. But the immediate task of the moment is to evoke such leadership from the ranks of learning itself.—From *Learning and Leadership* (Oxford University Press).

Kultur

Now it is hard for a foreigner to find out precisely what the old-fashioned German meant by his *Kultur*, for it was more a matter of emotion than of concept. At times, as in such old words as *Bodenkultur* (agriculture) or the modern *Girl-Kultur* (the creation of a special type of flapper supposed to be native to contemporary Britain and America), it clearly meant no more than *cultivation*. Again, it often meant precisely what we mean when we speak of a *cultured* Chinese; namely, a certain refinement of instinct and manner and a familiarity with the non-material values which we class as the finest fruits of a proper civilization. But such usage does not reach far into the dark heart of *Kultur*.

At its deepest, *Kultur* would seem to have signified nothing less than *supreme human achievement in fields of conduct or spiritual creation and the reverence for such achievements by the mass of the less-gifted people who could find their own national essence expressed only through such lofty achievement*. Which means, in common language, the old Romantic belief in genius—"heroes and hero worship," as Carlyle, under the influence of the German philosophers, propounded it. Not for nothing has Carlyle been called the father of Fascism. . . .

A "*Kultur* people" neither advocated nor abhorred war, but saw in it at the worst an opportunity for heroic deeds

and national aggrandizement—therefore, for more *Kultur*.—Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Berlin correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*, in the *Survey Graphic* (New York).

Origin of the Christmas Card

In 1845 a reverend gentleman, one Rev. Edward Bradley, who (1827-1889), under the pen-name of "Cuthbert Bede," is remembered as the author of *The Adventures of Verdant Green*, thought he would save time, and perhaps demonstrate his originality, by sending to his friends a printed message of his goodwill and wishes for the Christmastide.

He gave the order to a firm of printers and stationers in Newcastle-on-Tyne, the head of which was a Mr. Lambert. In the following year, when a repeat order came, this astute printer thought there must be more in it than a fad of a somewhat eccentric old parson. With or without permission—history is silent on this rather important point—he engaged the services of an artist and had prepared a series of designs which he reproduced on fancy cards, and offered them for sale in time for the Christmas of 1847 and the New Year of 1848.

These interesting details we found in a back number of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, and it is said that they are vouched for by a Thomas Smith, who, at this period, acted as foreman printer in the Lambert establishment.—Edgar D. Ward, in the *Millgate Monthly*.

FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT

by C. Whitaker-Wilson

The composer of the immortal C Minor Symphony, The Erl-King and more of than 600 songs and other compositions, finished and unfinished, died in Vienna a hundred years ago, at the age of thirty-one. His friend, the poet Grillparzer, wrote an epitaph for his gravestone (since replaced): "Music has here interred a rich store, but yet finer hopes."

Marking his centenary, in every concert-hall throughout the civilized world the songs of Schubert were sung and his music played; the sweetness of his harmonies were wafted from "the flood unto the world's end"; the press of both hemispheres emblazoned his name, reiterating that "the rich, abundant store of his compositions, greater in quantity and variety perhaps than that of any other composer, has earned for Schubert a place in the musical Olympus." There were processions in the streets of Vienna and a huge effigy of him drawn by ponies and followed by children in the costume of the period. And so the world of our day honors the God-sent Songster of Vienna. Yet—in his day—he went hungry!

RARELY has there been such fluency as that of Schubert. The year 1815—his nineteenth—has no parallel in the history of art. In that year alone Schubert wrote two symphonies, two masses, a *Dona nobis pacem*, a *Salve Regina*, a *Stabat Mater*, two quartets, five operas (two were left incomplete, but he finished the other three), four piano sonatas and a host of other smaller works for the same instrument, and no less than one hundred and forty-six songs. A fairly good output for a lad of just over eighteen!

The story of his opera-writing is pathetic in the extreme. In this one year he set five *libretti* simply because five happened to come his way. It never occurred to him to obtain a sound opinion upon any one of them before beginning to work; indeed, it is doubtful if he could have brought himself to trouble a friend to read one for him. He wrote, or began to write, eighteen altogether, of which he finished ten. Of these, six obtained a hearing, but not one of them a success. No composer, not even Mendelssohn, ever attempted more forms of composition than Schubert; certainly no composer failed in so many.

Song-writing was as simple to his lyrical mind as writing a letter: he wrote fifteen songs in two days in October, 1815. . . .

When his friend Lachner called on him one morning he found him without any money in the house. Schubert begged him to take half a dozen songs down to a publisher and sell them for him. "Don't come back without having sold them," he said; "I have no money in the house, not even enough for a cup of coffee." Lachner went to each of the publishers in turn. The only one

who would look at the songs was Haslinger, who generously offered five shillings for the six—*tenpence each!* Lachner tried to make him see the value of them, but he was told to take it or leave it as he chose. . . .

Michael Vogl, the famous baritone, who was devoted to Schubert and who toured with him on two occasions, would periodically become indignant at the lack of recognition upon the part of the publishers. He almost dragged Diabelli to hear a concert at which he was singing the *Erl-King*. He proceeded to deliver it with such a force of declamation that the audience roared its applause. "That will make Diabelli publish it," he said to Schubert afterwards. In which he was right: Diabelli engraved it eventually, offering Schubert a ridiculous sum for it. But Schubert could never argue on a business matter: he was far too nervous. He simply took what was offered him and went home to write more.

Schumann said that he [Schubert] could "set a placard to music." As a matter of fact, no one more than Schumann realized Schubert's fluency. Ten years after Schubert had gone, Schumann arrived in Vienna bent upon making some sort of survey of his compositions. The originals were dispersed all over the town: the most unexpected people had something to show him. He unearthed a bulky-looking parcel, inches thick in dust, from the recesses of a cupboard. He beat the dust out of it and proceeded to examine his find. When he realized that he had found Schubert's crowning work—*The C Major Symphony*—tears coursed down his cheeks. He thought of Mendelssohn and of all his triumphant successes—he may not have been unmindful of his own—and compared it with the lot of poor Schubert who had never heard a bar of that wonderful work performed. He took a copy back with him to Leipzig and showed it to Mendelssohn, who was amazed. Mendelssohn subsequently performed it at one of the *Gewandhaus* concerts with immense success.

Beethoven was living in Vienna throughout Schubert's lifetime. For thirty years they never met. It was Schindler (afterwards Beethoven's biographer) who suggested the meeting. Schubert had consistently worshipped Beethoven from afar all his life. It had never entered his head to try to come to know him. "Well," said Schindler, "you have dedicated those variations for piano duet to him; why don't you take him a copy?" Schubert promised to think it over. In about a week's time he hinted to Schindler that he was prepared to visit Beethoven if an appointment could be made. "Appointment?" said Schindler. "What do you want an appointment for? Let us go round tonight and see if he is at home." They went round—and he *was* at home. And, seemingly, quite pleased to see them. Schubert was too nervous to speak and Schindler had to do all the talking for the first few minutes. He nudged Schubert and pointed to the variations. Schubert laid them before Beethoven. The great Master had gradually been shrinking within himself for some years now: his appalling deafness made it a matter of utter impossibility to carry on a conversation with him. He pushed a pad of paper and a

pencil towards Schubert for him to write down anything which he wished to say. This terrified Schubert so much that he could not write a word. Beethoven, seeing that he was nervous, turned and examined the variations. He pointed to a passage which had attracted his notice, obviously with the intention of remarking upon it. But Schubert had gone. Unable to endure seeing his idol's affliction he fled the room and the house. But Beethoven kept the variations, which he always liked.

When Beethoven fell ill all Vienna became anxious. No one could believe that he was going to die: they had grown so accustomed to seeing him taking his evening walk in one or another of the parks. When he lay at death's door Schindler took him some of Schubert's songs to look at. Beethoven was surprised at the number: there were about sixty. When Schindler told him that there were over 600 of them altogether he was amazed. "There is no doubt about it," he said; "Schubert has the divine spark." Beethoven greatly regretted that he had not troubled to know Schubert more intimately.

Franz was one of the pall-bearers at Beethoven's funeral. Twenty thousand people witnessed it: it took two hours for the *cortège* to proceed from the house to the church, a matter of a few hundred yards. As Schubert walked back with Lachner and Randhartinger they called at a tavern. After they had drunk a solemn toast to the memory of the great soul who had just passed away Schubert suddenly raised his glass again. "Now," he said, "let us drink to the next of us three who shall follow him." They did so—to Schubert himself.

As a matter of fact, he had been ailing for some time. The following year he, too, was seized with a kind of typhoid; within a fortnight he was dead. Outside Austria his death caused little comment. But two understanding souls wept for his loss—Schumann burst into tears at the news, Mendelssohn also. But these men knew him for what he was; they knew that he had worked

It seems strange that Schubert should be remembered by a symphony called Unfinished, and yet not strange: his whole life was unfinished. His education, his technique, his development—all unfinished. He had genius enough for a dozen: he never had a real chance. He wrote 600 songs: he did not make so much as six hundred pounds sterling all his life.

Eighteen operas, eight symphonies, fourteen quartets, six masses, and hundreds of pianoforte works bore his signature; he never earned enough by them to keep himself. It is unique in the history of art; most of the composers have managed to earn their daily bread; he alone seems to have been the exception.—C. Whitaker-Wilson.

long hours for his art, striving to leave the world a little richer than he found it. As for his funeral, it does not do to compare or contrast it with that of Beethoven. Where were the twenty thousand people? There were scarcely more than twenty, let alone twenty thousand. When we think of the public funeral of Mendelssohn, when the shops were shut and the streets draped in black, or of that of Chopin in Paris—the most moving event of Parisian life in 1849—our hearts go out to this poor soul whom Fate had managed to cheat out of everything during his life and even after his death. . . .—From *The Fortnightly Review* (London).

Unmusical America

There is an immense hunger for beauty in America. All your clubs and leagues and endowed institutes that exist for the purpose of practically begging the young to do something outstanding by way of composing or performing, prove that. And yet you have so little spontaneous beauty, so little human, inevitable beauty, of the sort that depends not at all on fellowships and organizations and public encouragements! There is little spontaneous naturalness about your means of seeking beauty, either. Feeling the need of tradition, you imitate the tradition of other people.

A Charles I room on Park Avenue is an admission of poverty that the price of the room doesn't make up. And the imitation of continental ideas in music is another sign of the same poverty. America has given nothing to music but jazz, and observe how she treats it: either she consistently ignores it, to imitate the lead of other lands in expressing meanings that have nothing to do with America, or she is artificially, externally trying to "doll up" her impulsive jazz into something it was never meant to be. Yet instead of being discouraged about American music, I think it amazing that it has advanced as it has. Nevertheless, it is true that America has produced nothing

great in music; nor, personally, do I think that she will be ready to do so before 2129 or thereabouts.—Beverly Nichols, author of *The Star Spangled Manner*, interviewed in *Musical America*.

Are the English Unmusical?

Is it possible to say that a nation is unmusical? Has such a statement any meaning? Recently, at an hotel where I was staying, a young French girl remarked to me that she disliked Germans, and when I told a German friend of this remark he said, "What does it mean to say 'I dislike Germans'; it is merely a phrase; one might as well say one disliked the Atlantic Ocean." To some extent I agree with him, and no doubt such phrases as used by the majority of people are empty and devoid of personal significance. . . . To say that the English nation is unmusical is simply meaningless and ridiculous; yet our public is constantly being reviled in this way.—W. J. Turner, in *The New Statesman* (London).

But for women I would be nothing. They have inspired everything I have done. Art, music, all.—Feodor Chaliapine, internationally famous opera star.

GERMAN WOMEN IN REVOLT

by Dr. Marie Elizabeth Lüders

CONSEQUENCES of the War have profoundly changed the status of women in Germany. They had no vote, no right to participate in parliament or local legislatures, though in some especially progressive cities they were permitted "advisory" functions with regard to certain charity and "welfare" matters. All efforts of women's organizations to open the way for women in public life were thwarted by the opposition of the men and the indifference of the women themselves. . . . Only those of the Left or the Middle parties, and the Socialists, supported the women—and that mostly on paper. The others, and the government, totally rejected these ideas, and the conservatives beheld them with a kind of terror; regarding the whole movement as inappropriate, even contrary to divine order. The influence of the churches is to this day adverse, and that deters many women.

During the War, however, millions of women found themselves suddenly and for years *alone*, confronted by unwonted responsibilities. They had not only to continue their domestic duties and cares, but to earn the means of bare living. Often they had to assume the command of offices and farms, taking the place of the absent husband or other man or men. For years women had to bear not only the grief and loneliness but the heaviest burdens of circumstances.

So, after the War, such women were no longer objects for the protection and domination of men; no longer were they disposed to obey the will of the male partner; no longer were they mystified by the wonders of his employment.

This total revolution in the position of women, not only in the political but also in the economic field, and in the human intimate personal relations, is not realized by many to this day. But I believe it is one of the most important factors leading toward acknowledgement of the right of women to equality in all fields, everywhere, unconditionally.

It is now quite impossible for the German woman that man shall rule the economic and political life; that only he shall determine the content of the laws, the rights and duties of women. Many men, too, are now quite reconciled to the fact that their sole dominance is past, formally and practically; *that henceforth woman stands and will stand, both in professional and in personal life, no longer behind, but beside the man. . . .*

The women are especially eager to keep the rights which the new Constitution has given to them, and they are very eager too that these rights shall be exercised in the most loyal sense. Also in self-defense, because in some matters—such for instance as questions of equal conditions for women in the

public service—men still try to evict or exclude them. So also in matters of wages and salaries.

In spite of the fact that many things rightly demanded by women have not been gained; that many are indifferent and unappreciative, many others afraid; it would be an error to suppose that German women on the whole do not know their political position and powers, or that they would go backward one step in the field that they have gained. They are determined to keep what they have gained; to conquer what they do not yet possess, with the great will to keep their rights and to do their duty to the whole people.—A member of the Reichstag, in the *Survey Graphic* (New York).

The "New Woman" in Germany

Today in Germany women are an intimate part of industrial life and even those who do not need it seek a profession. The good, do-nothing, home girl who was led about by a holy alliance of aunts and relatives and had to wait for a husband chosen by her parents has entirely disappeared. The number of wives who are so dependent upon their husbands that they have to put up with their ill humors has markedly decreased. There has been a vast increase in the number of free unions which can be dissolved without great external difficulty. The trend to erotic self-determination has won the day with the women; and thus a new element has come into society, which cannot be described in traditional terms.

The forms of the new feminine society are still uncertain. This at least is sure: the women are constantly evolving toward a new class predestined by the possibilities of their sex. They have one common trait: they have broken the solidarity of the old classes. The ex-aristocrat is attracted by bourgeois life, and the daughter of a common laborer, as salesgirl or stenographer, is striving toward the same goal. The middle-class girl throws herself into art and literature, enlarges the population of Bo-

hemia, and popularizes the ideas of her friends. . . .

Self-determination, and self-control; freedom, but renunciation of distant and cloudy Utopias—that is the unwritten but deeply felt program of our women of today. I should like to add as a post-script a document which once landed upon my editorial table and which shows how a clever woman who has much esprit and little money faces reality:

The trouble with modern men is their neuroses. Learn to understand their worries and juggle before their eyes a paradise of possible methods of escape. If you are yourself weak, for heaven's sake do not turn to your lover but go to a clever nerve specialist; he will advise you how to get along with neurotic men. Have nothing to do with men who dominate you. Sex docility may create a short and stormy joy, but you will buy it at the expense of your own personality. Never delude yourself with the dream of 100 per cent. happiness. That is a criminal speculation. Content yourself meanwhile with 20 to 70 per cent. cases; in the end they will add up into a stately total, and the time is short. And always remember that it is more blessed to give than to receive! Amen.

Amen.—Carl von Ossietzky, editor of *Die Weltbühne* (Berlin), in *The Nation* (New York).

CRIES FROM THE GERMAN TRENCHES

*Written with iron pens dipped in tears and blood are these war letters which Professor Philipp Witkop, of the University of Freiburg, has collected with the assistance of the German educational authorities. Entitled *Kriegsbriefe Gefallener Studenten*, they are part of the correspondence of twenty thousand German university men who were killed in action. Written with no thought of publication, these vivid accounts of personal experience and emotion tell the things that the field marshals and cabinet ministers never mentioned because they never saw them. The authors are dead. But they live as the historians of the human (German) side of the World War. The letters are written to parents, sweethearts, friends. Some pour forth the longing for home, for love, for understanding. Some are fatalistic. Some, like the first of those given here, by a twenty-three-year-old student, voice the protest of the writer struggling to survive the crass materialism gradually induced by the constant horror of the battlefield.*

“ONE thing always depresses me—I am so afraid of coarsening inwardly. It is indeed sweet of you to wish me a magic cap to protect me from bullets—but, strangely enough, I am not afraid of shells or grenades; what I fear is this great inner loneliness. I am afraid that I am losing all faith in humanity, in myself, in everything good in the world. . . . How can it help me if I am spared by shells and grenades if my very soul is being killed?”

Here and there sounds the cry of a starved love of beauty, that has, after a long interval, once again found nourishment. One man writes of a farewell celebration on the eve of departure for the first-line trenches, whence he never returned:

“Beethoven sonatas, Chopin ballades and nocturnes, Schumann waltzes—how very beautiful it was! How very beautiful, my friend, is all of life! And now I shall walk in the sunshine . . . and dream . . .”

These men were starved, both physically and mentally. After months of privation there was no longer any peace, even in philosophy. Reason revolted against the injustices suffered by ordinary soldiers. In January, 1915, scarcely six months after the War began, one writes:

“You will not believe this scene I picture for you. In the open trenches, three men fight for a single piece of bread. Meanwhile, in the dugout, officers carouse amid wine and plenty. It makes one’s heart bleed.”

Some speak in accurate detail of the violence that maimed and mutilated bodies, of terrible wounds, of burials under the enemy fire. These were the physical touches that first tried the soul, and that finally brought to these men the anticipation of a universal peace which they were destined never to experience.

In the trenches, Douaumont, September 22, 1915.

"Dear Father,

"Today I write to you only, for there is something dreadful that I must tell you about. Not quite three hours ago, at ten minutes past eleven, our dear, good H., my truest comrade, was killed by a grenade that tore out his abdomen. I was asleep in the dugout when the terrible thing happened. H. was on duty. Someone waked me with the shocking news. I rushed to the scene of the disaster and found him lying in his blood, his body torn open. I went near him; he did not speak to me, although I called to him and he was fully conscious. When a comrade showed him that I had come he appeared to say, 'It is all useless.' I could not bear the fearful sight for long, but I stayed near him on the next breastwork so that I could hear everything that he might say. He suffered horribly and uttered convulsive cries. He called repeatedly, 'My poor parents, my poor parents,' and 'Too bad, too bad.'

"When the stretcher bearers and the surgeon gave him first aid he must have suffered unspeakable torture. Judging by what I could hear, he protested against the bandage, and begged for a narcotic, which could not be given him, I suppose on account of the wound in his intestines. The surgeon and others spoke hopefully to him, but he took no stock in what they said and realized that he would never live to reach Point 80, where there was a dressing station. The last thing I heard him say was, 'I can't see any more—I am getting faint!' With that he lost consciousness, just as they lifted him on to the stretcher. On the way to Point 80 through Trench 6, he died. . . ."

Another:

"Flanders, July 6, 1915.

"To my dead friend's sister!

" . . . Even though his body lies obscurely in a foreign land, his death was the most glorious that any German could have had since days of old. And whatever of him lived in our hearts and in the hearts of those who were close to him will continue to live as long as our hearts have life. . . .

"I have had other friends, and others have counted me a friend, but with them I felt continually, even during the happiest hours, that I was alone; with Remmer I did not have that feeling. And now has that all gone by forever? I cannot believe it; when we make our way at night through a dense green wood with the stars glowing above us and the murmur of the night wind, then space and time and all that is of the past vanish and he and I walk side by side as we did before. Or when we are standing on the shore and a mild breeze makes the little rippling waves disappear on the sand, if we close our eyes and listen to the enigmatic voice of the sea, that satisfies our questioning as to whether he is still with us. . . .

"Death is no friend—but I know him so intimately that he can come to me without hesitation. I had never known death until the War came—then my father died and now Remmer is gone. And now let him come to me if he

will. . . . And when I go out every day into the thunder of the cannon and the whistling of the bullets I feel that the War has taken from me everything that can be taken. What remains, which is all that I still am fighting for, no one can take away. . . .”—From the *Berliner Tageblatt* and *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*.

A Warning to Europe

The alternative before us in Europe is very simple and the choice ought to be easy. We must either keep faith with the spirit of the [Kellogg-Paris] pact that we have signed, or in time we must go down the steep place all together like the Gadarene swine and perish eternally.

Let us all tonight—and there are representatives here of many great powers—accept this opportunity which has been given to us for a new start and go forward with new faith and new hope. . . .

I believe the time may come when in the histories of this period there will be no greater act credited to the United States than this—that in this year she had the high honor of voicing the aspirations and desires of mankind in presenting that pact to the nations for signature.

Only let us remember what it is we have signed. It is so tremendous a thing that few of us realize it, and the result of every signature will be nothing unless the nations, realizing to what they are committed, make up their minds that their signatures shall be honored to the end of time.

In that spirit every nation that signs the pact has got to keep it before its mind whenever it examines its own armaments and whenever it prepares estimates of its own armaments. When so much of the world that signed the pact realizes and believes the implications of that pact, then for the first time will the

nations be able to talk disarmament in a way that will lead us into that path.—Ex-Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, in a speech at the London Lord Mayor's annual banquet.

The Good Use of War Memorials

It has been suggested widely and often of late that the representation of men armed for or engaged in fighting, and the preservation in public of guns and similar emblems, must impress those who constantly see them—and particularly the young—with “wrong ideas.”

It is for those who have seen it or know of the World War at first hand to take care lest it come to be regarded as just one among many similar wars of history, past—and *therefore also future*. Let its unique memorials stand—the more nearly realistic the better.

Let us see again and again the grim battle photographs and cinema films which now are hidden away; let us read and hear the most terribly vivid accounts of the horrors of modern fighting. Only thus can we learn and teach to the full the great lessons of human strength and will, danger and madness, which were being given to the world ten years ago at such a ghastly price.—Patrick Lacey in the *Yorkshire Post* (Leeds, England).

Half the trouble in Europe would be solved if statesmen would balance their budgets and would talk less.—Count Bethlen.

FROM "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"

by Erich Maria Remarque

Both heart- and mirth-shaking are these illuminating passages from the "great War novel of the year," which has found and is still finding masses of readers throughout the world. It is largely autobiographical, its German author having himself served the Fatherland through the War on the Western Front.

Here is shown, with the diabolical effect of bursting rockets and Verey lights, the common soldier engaged in the business of killing and being killed, chained to his dangerous, desperate existence in the trenches, behind the lines, in hospital. It is a frightful story—tragic, truthful, crude, in spots relieved by comic episodes and examples of rough good-comradeship, often a moving depiction of truck-horse heroism. The initial episode here given is from the English edition of the work, and does not appear in the American edition.

. . . THE oldest man in our room is Lewandowski. He is forty, and has already lain ten months in the hospital with a severe abdominal wound. Just in the last few weeks he has improved sufficiently to be able to hobble about doubled up.

For some days past he has been in great excitement. His wife has written to him from the little home in Poland where she lives, telling him that she has saved up enough money to pay for the fare, and is coming to see him.

She is already on the way and may arrive any day. Lewandowski has lost his appetite, he even gives away red cabbage and sausage after he has had a couple of mouthfuls. He goes round the room perpetually with the letter. Everyone has already read it a dozen times, the post-marks have been examined heaven knows how often, the address is hardly legible any longer for spots of grease and thumb-marks, and in the end what is sure to happen, happens: Lewandowski develops a fever, and has to go back to bed.

He has not seen his wife for two years. In the meantime she has given birth to a child, whom she is bringing with her. But something else occupies Lewandowski's thoughts. He had hoped to get permission to go out when his old woman came; for obviously seeing is all very well, but when a man gets his wife again after such a long time, if at all possible, a man wants something else besides.

Lewandowski has discussed it all with us at great length; in the army there are no secrets about such things. And what's more, nobody finds anything objectionable in it. Those of us who are already able to go out have told him of a couple of very good spots in the town, parks and squares, where he would not be disturbed; one of us even knows of a little room.

But what is the use, there Lewandowski lies in bed with his troubles.

Life holds no more joy for him if he has to forego this affair. We console him and promise to get over the difficulty somehow or other.

One afternoon his wife appears, a tousled little thing with anxious, quick eyes like a bird, in a sort of black, crinkly mantilla with ribbons; heaven knows where she inherited the thing.

She murmurs something softly and stands shyly in the doorway. It terrifies her that there are six of us men present.

"Well, Marja," says Lewandowski, and gulps dangerously with his Adam's apple, "you can come in all right, they won't hurt you."

She goes the round and proffers each of us her hand. Then she produces the child, which in the interval has done something in its napkin. From a large handbag embroidered with pearls she takes out a clean one and makes the child fresh and presentable. This dispels her first embarrassment, and the two begin to talk.

Lewandowski is very fidgety, every now and then he squints across at us most unhappily with his round goggle eyes.

The time is favorable, the doctor's visit is over, at the most there couldn't be more than one sister left in the ward. So one of us goes out to prospect. He comes back and nods. "Not a soul to be seen. Now's your chance, Johann, set to."

The two speak together in an undertone. The woman turns a little red and looks embarrassed. We grin good-naturedly and make pooh-poohing gestures, what does it matter! The devil take all the conventions, they were made for other times; here lies the carpenter Johann Lewandowski, a soldier shot to a cripple, and there is his wife; who knows when he will see her again? He wants to have her, and he should have her, good.

Two men stand at the door to forestall the sisters and keep them occupied if they chance to come along. They agree to stand guard for a quarter of an hour or thereabouts.

Lewandowski can only lie on his side, so one of us props a couple of pillows against his back. Albert gets the child to hold, we all turn round a bit, the black mantilla disappears under the bed-clothes, we make a great clatter and play skat noisily.

All goes well. I hold a club solo with four jacks which nearly goes the round. In the process we almost forget Lewandowski. After a while the child begins to squall, although Albert, in desperation, rocks to and fro. Then there is a bit of creaking and rustling, and as we look up casually we see that the child has the bottle in its mouth, and is back again with its mother. The business is over.

We now feel ourselves like one big family, and the woman is rather quieter, and Lewandowski lies there sweating and beaming.

He unpacks the embroidered handbag, and a couple of good sausages

come to light; Lewandowski takes up the knife with a flourish and saws the meat into slices.

With a handsome gesture he waves toward us—and the little woman goes from one to the other and smiles at us and hands round the sausage; she now looks quite handsome. We call her Mother, she is pleased and shakes up our pillows for us.

* * * *

Muller is dead. Someone shot him point blank with a Verey light in the stomach. He lived for half an hour, quite conscious, and in terrible pain.

Before he died he handed over his pocket-book to me, and bequeathed me his boots—the same that he once inherited from Kemmerich. I wear them, for they fit me quite well. After me Tjaden will get them, I have promised them to him.

We have been able to bury Muller, but he is not likely to remain long undisturbed. Our lines are falling back. There are too many fresh English and American regiments over there. There's too much corned beef and white wheaten bread. Too many new guns. Too many aeroplanes.

But we are emaciated and starved. Our food is so bad and mixed up with so much substitute stuff that it makes us ill. The factory owners in Germany have grown wealthy;—dysentery dissolves our bowels. . . .

Our artillery is fired out, it has too few shells and the barrels are so worn that they shoot uncertainly, and scatter so widely as even to fall on

I am young, I am twenty years old; yet I know nothing of life but despair, death, fear and fatuous superficiality cast over an abyss of sorrow. I see how peoples are set against one another, and in silence, unknowingly, foolishly, obediently, innocently slay one another. I see that the keenest brains of the world invent weapons and words to make it yet more refined and enduring.

*And all men of my age, here and over there, throughout the whole world, see these things; all my generation is experiencing these things with me. What would our fathers do if we suddenly stood up and came before them and proffered our account? What do they expect of us if a time ever comes when the war is over? Through the years our business has been killing;—it was our first calling in life. Our knowledge of life is limited to death. What will happen afterwards? And what shall come out of us?—Erich Maria Remarque, in *All Quiet on the Western Front*.*

ourselves. We have too few horses. Our fresh troops are anæmic boys in need of rest, who cannot carry a pack, but merely know how to die. By thousands. They understand nothing about warfare, they simply go on and let themselves be shot down. A single flyer routed two companies of them for a joke, just as they came fresh from the train—before they had ever heard of such a thing as cover.

“Germany ought to be empty soon,” says Kat. . . .

The storm lashes us, out of the confusion of grey and yellow the hail of splinters whips forth the childlike cries of the wounded, and in the night shattered life groans wearily to the silence.

Our hands are earth, our bodies clay and our eyes pools of rain. We do not know whether we still live.

Then the heat sinks heavily into our shell holes like a jelly fish, moist and oppressive, and on one of these late summer days, while bringing food, Kat falls. We two are alone. I bind up his wound; his shin seems to be smashed. It has got the bone, and Kat groans desperately: “At last—just at the last——”

I comfort him. “Who knows how long the mess will go on yet! Now you are saved——”

The wound begins to bleed fast. Kat cannot be left by himself while I try to find a stretcher. Anyway, I don’t know of a stretcher-bearer’s post in the neighborhood.

Kat is not very heavy; so I take him up on my back and start off to the dressing station with him.

Twice we rest. He suffers acutely on the way. We do not speak much. I have opened the collar of my tunic and breathe heavily, I sweat and my face is swollen with the strain of carrying. All the same I urge him to let us go on, for the place is dangerous.

“Shall we go on again, Kat,”

“Must, Paul.”

“Then come.”

I raise him up, he stands on the uninjured leg and supports himself against a tree. I take up the wounded leg carefully, then he gives a jump and I take the knee of the sound leg also under my arm.

The going is more difficult. Often a shell whistles across. I go as quickly as I can, for the blood from Kat’s wound drips to the ground. We cannot shelter ourselves properly from the explosions; before we can take cover the danger is all over.

We lie down in a small shell hole to rest. I give Kat some tea from my water bottle. We smoke a cigarette. “Well, Kat,” I say gloomily, “we are going to be separated at last.”

He is silent and looks at me. . . .

Suddenly Kat gurgles and turns green and yellow. "Let us go on," he stammers.

I jump up, eager to help him, I take him up and start off at a run, a slow steady pace, so as not to jolt his leg too much.

My throat is parched; everything dances red and black before my eyes, I stagger on doggedly and pitilessly and at last reach the dressing station.

There I drop down on my knees, but have still enough strength to fall on to the side where Kat's sound leg is. After a few minutes I straighten myself up again. My legs and my hands tremble. I have trouble in finding my water bottle, to take a pull. My lips tremble as I try to drink. But I smile—Kat is saved.

After a while I begin to sort out the confusion of voices that falls on my ears.

"You might have spared yourself that," says an orderly.

I look at him without comprehending.

He points to Kat. "He is stone dead."

I do not understand him. "He has been hit in the shin," I say.

The orderly stands still. "That, as well."

I turn round. My eyes are still dulled, the sweat breaks out on me again, it runs over my eyelids. I wipe it away and peer at Kat. He lies still. "Fainted," I say quickly.

The orderly whistles softly. "I know better than that. He is dead. I'll lay any money on that."

I shake my head: "Not possible. Only ten minutes ago I was talking to him. He has fainted."

Kat's hands are warm, I pass my arm under his shoulders in order to rub his temples with some tea. I feel my fingers become moist. As I draw them away from behind his head, they are bloody. "You see——" The orderly whistles once more through his teeth.

On the way without my having noticed it, Kat has caught a splinter in the head. There is just one little hole, it must have been a very tiny, stray splinter. But it has sufficed. Kat is dead.—From *All Quiet On the Western Front*, translated from the German by A. W. Wheen, by permission of Little, Brown & Company.

I composed my Hymn of Hate not as a fundamental confession of warlike ideals, but in my country's direst hour of need and out of years of distress. My poem at that time expressed the sentiment of virtually the entire German people. But soon I turned to other tasks and wrote less martial poems, like Psalms.

Every feeling and thinking man must oppose war and do his utmost to prevent new wars. Naturally, the experiences of the World War made a deep impression upon me. Now I am convinced that a closer union of European States is a prime necessity.—Ernst Lissauer, German poet.

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